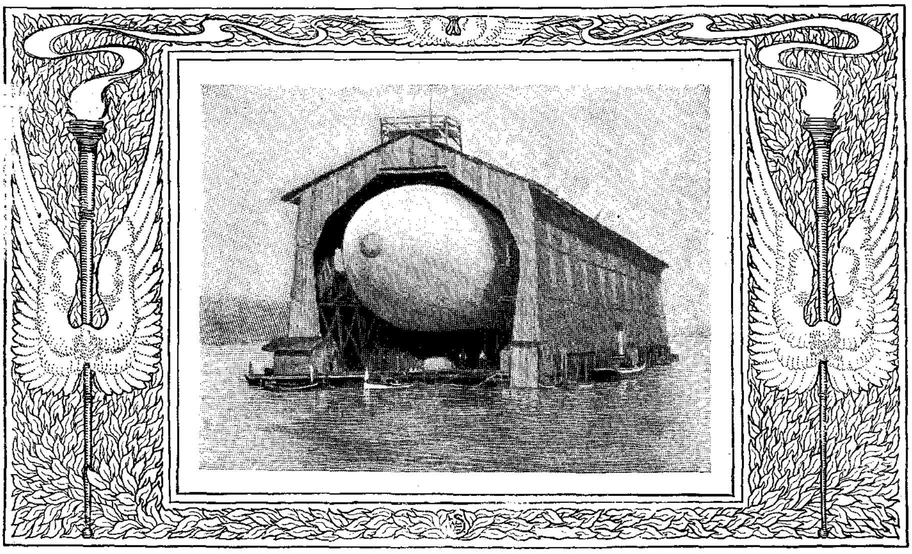
McCLURE'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XVI. NOVEMBER, 1900. No. 1.

The air ship in its boat shed, ready for the ascent.



THE FIRST FLIGHT OF COUNT ZEPPELIN'S AIR SHIP.

BY EUGEN WOLF,

THE AËRONAUT AND AFRICAN EXPLORER WHO WAS IN CHARGE OF ONE OF THE SHIP'S TWO ALUMINUM CARS IN THE ASCENT.

ILLUSTRATED FROM PHOTOGRAPHS FURNISHED BY THE AUTHOR.

INASMUCH as a good many misrepresentations concerning Count Zeppelin's air ship have appeared in the public press, I owe it to Count Zeppelin, and to the Society for the Promotion of Air Navigation, to give a correct account of the ship and of her first trial flight, during which I was in charge of one of the two aluminum cars.

Count Zeppelin's invention marks an epoch in aërial navigation. To judge from what I have seen and participated in—and I am not a new hand at ballooning, having made ascents for more than twenty years, and having often spent an entire night traveling through the air—I believe that Count Zeppelin has solved the great problem upon which hundreds of men have been engaged for years and large fortunes spent. His new air ship, no more an experiment since the memorable ascent of July second, is bound soon to revolutionize the world's methods of locomotion.

Count Zeppelin has devoted much of his long life, and a considerable fortune, to the study of aërial navigation. As he is an

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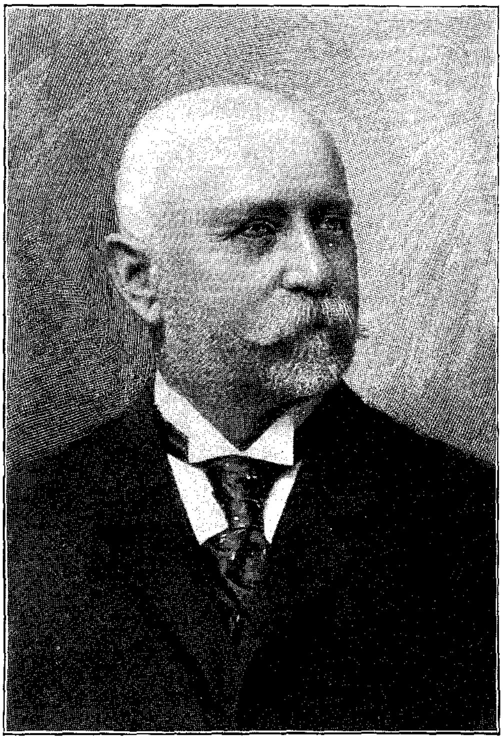
officer in the German army, his interest was primarily that of the military tactician seeking for a new and terrible engine of war, for it is everywhere recognized that a successful air ship would give a vast advantage to the nation by which it is used. At the same time he did not forget the possibilities of such a ship for the great tasks of exploration, such as the searching of the wilds of Africa, or the survey of the polar regions, or the discovery of the source of the Yangtse or Niger rivers, when those almost insuperable difficulties of hostile natives, fever-infested jungles, ice-fields, and mountain ranges would be swept aside as if by magic. Beyond this, he saw the greater practical value to humanity when his invention should be so developed as to serve the ends of commercial transportation of passengers and mails by the most direct of routes, literally as the crow flies.



Zur Erinnerung an die gemeinsame Luftfahrt am 2ten Juli 1900

Zeppelin

PORTRAIT OF COUNT ZEPPELIN.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH PRESENTED TO THE AUTHOR.

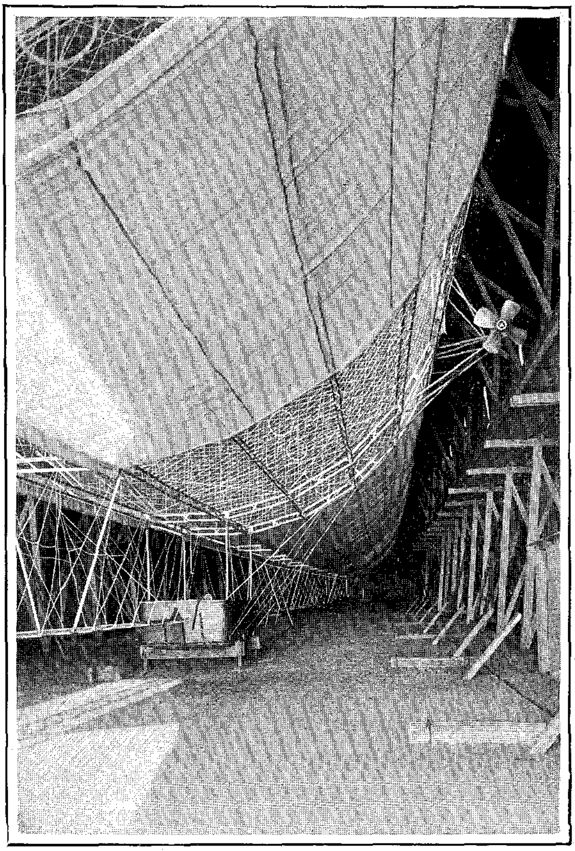
The inscription on it, reproduced in facsimile, is translated thus: "In memory of our air journey together, July 2, 1900."

Count Zeppelin's air ship is not a balloon, but rather a row of seventeen balloons confined in an enormous cylindrical shell with pointed ends shaped like a cigar. The balloons serve to lift the structure in the air, where it is driven forward or backward by means of large air-screws operated by two benzine engines. A double pair of rudders, one forward and one aft, reaching out like great fins, serve to steer the ship. The crew and passengers—there were five of us in all during the trial trip—occupy two aluminum cars which are suspended below the body of the balloon shell. From these cars, which are connected by speaking-tube, all the machinery of the ship—engines, air-screws, rudders, balloon valves, ropes, weights, and ballast devices—is operated. In the trial trip Count Zeppelin, Baron Bassus, and an engineer occupied the first car; and the writer, with a machinist, occupied the second. The ship is made to run on a horizontal or inclined plane by means of a weight which slips back and forth on a cable underneath the balloon shell. When the weight is far aft the tip of the ship points upward, and the movement is upward; when the weight is forward the movement is downward, and when it is exactly in the center the ship is perfectly poised and travels in a horizontal plane.

This brief description, which gives a rough idea of Count Zeppelin's air ship as it appears to-day, conveys, I fear, no adequate conception of its enormous size. The mere fact that it has required longer to build it than to construct an armorclad ship is not without importance. The work was all done at Manzell, near Friedrichshafen, on Lake Constance. First an enormous floating shed or boat-house was constructed on the waters of the Lake, and within it the ship has grown, in spite of many difficulties and mishaps. Once a storm blew the shed from its moorings, and did other damage; and once the balloons had to be recovered throughout because the india-rubber composition first used proved insufficiently tight; and so by the time the ship was ready to run out on the long floating pontoon from which it was to make its flight, it had cost the inventor more than $100,000.

We who had seen the ship familiarly inside of its house did not realize fully its hugeness until it was moved out-of-doors. Then it looked gigantic enough, being of the size of the largest men-o'-war; but entirely out of water, all of its huge dimensions impressed the spectator. It has a length of nearly 420 feet, and the diameter of the body of the ship is something over thirty-eight feet, with a volume of 14,780 cubic yards. Beneath the seventeen balloons confined in the huge shell, there runs a gallery or bridge 346 feet long, offering a walking space 326 feet long, or longer than the promenade of the largest ships. A feature of the bridge is the two aluminum cars, each about twenty feet long and three and one-third feet high. In spite of its size, however, and the amount of machinery which it contains, the ship is surprisingly light in weight, every attempt having of course been made to unite strength and lightness. Its total weight as it rises into the air, crew included, is about twenty-two thousand pounds, or eleven tons.

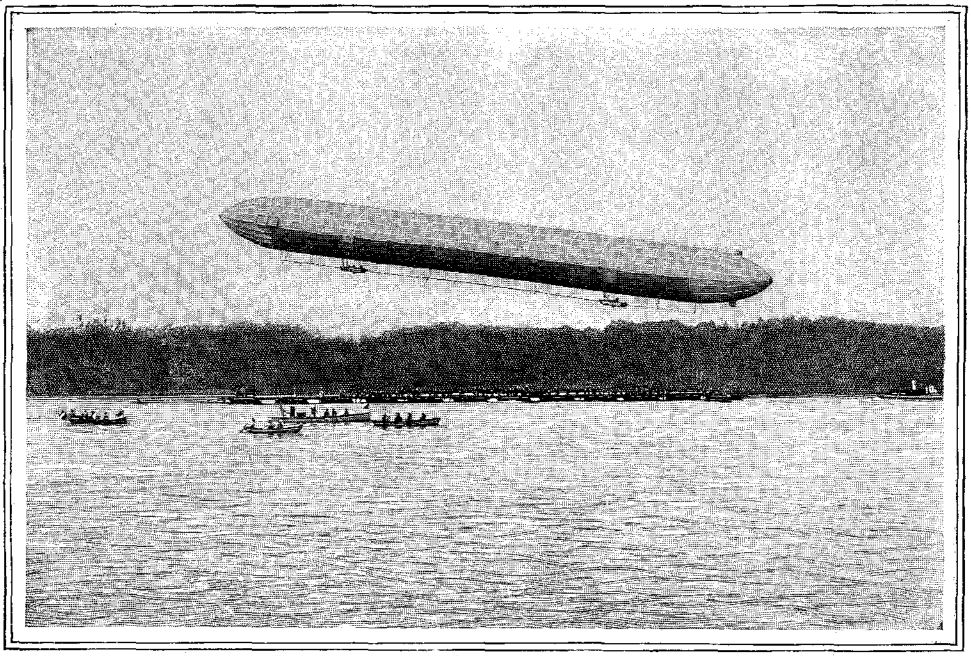
Great size was required to support the machinery necessary to drive the ship through the air at from eighteen to twenty-one miles an hour, this speed being needed to overcome any ordinary winds which might be encountered. It may well be imagined that such a huge body would be easily influenced by air pressure, which had to be counterbalanced by driving power.



A view of the air ship in the boat shed, showing the framework, the covering, the bridge, a car, and one of the air-screws.

The frame of the ship is very strongly and firmly built of aluminum trellis work, and divided into seventeen compartments, each having its own gas bag. There are eleven balloons of cylindrical form twenty-six and two-thirds feet high and about thirty-five feet in diameter; two balloons thirteen feet high, and four balloons which are so formed that they will fit into the pointed ends of the air ship. All of these gas bags are made out of a tightened cotton material, especially devised for the purpose. Each balloon is entirely separate from its neighbors, and each moves individually within its own cell, thereby avoiding a disturbance of longitudinal stability. All the balloons are provided with safety-valves, but only four have regular outlet valves at the top, these being controlled by ropes which lead downward through aluminum tubes to the cars. An empty space of nearly two feet is left between the exterior cover of the air ship and the inclosed balloons to serve as a protection from the heat of the sun and the consequent expansion of the gas.

In order to strengthen the skeleton framework of the ship, and to furnish the various balloons a staying and leaning surface, a large quantity of aluminum wire is spanned diagonally back and forth in the interior of the ship. The frame is covered all over with soft ramie fiber (from a Mexican and Mauritian cactus); and outside of this, on the upper part, there is a water-tight covering of pegamoid, the lower part being covered with very light silk. No attempt has been made to have the exterior shell



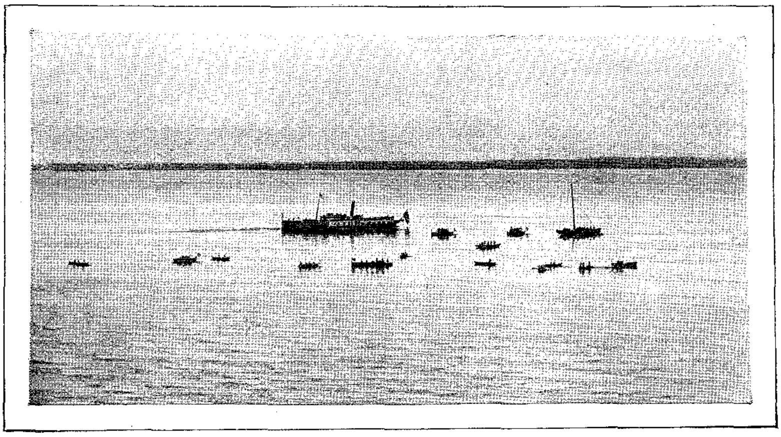
THE FLIGHT OF JULY SECOND.

"The air ship rose very smoothly, quietly, majestically."

gas-tight, but only to provide a smooth surface, in order to reduce the aërial friction to a minimum.

Very much depends on the rudders; they are the test of success in the important matter of dirigibility. The two forward ones work in air which is being divided or split up by the moving point of the ship; and their action in directing the ship being most important, they required great solidity of construction. The rear rudders, working as they do in comparatively quiet air, do not require as great strength, nor do they have so much effect in steering. The latter have rectangular surfaces, with dimensions of about six and two-thirds by fifteen feet.

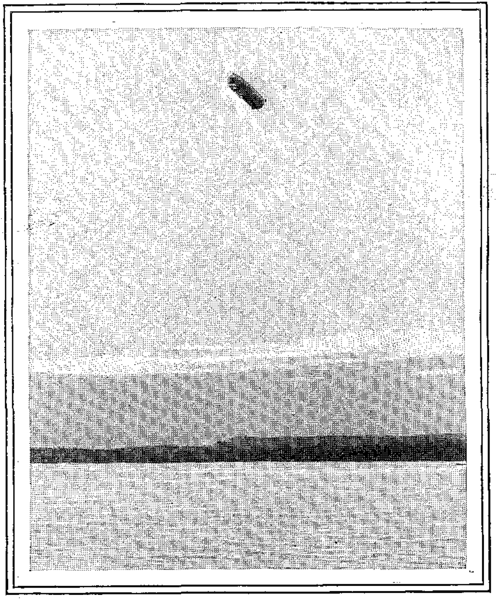
I have already spoken of the long gallery suspended beneath the body of the ship, and of the two aluminum cars which furnish a place for the crew. These cars are provided with double floors, the space between which is filled with water. In case of emergency this ballast can be instantly and easily dropped, a very great advantage in an air ship. Each boat is also provided with a Daimler benzine engine, and an oil tank containing



LOOKING DOWN FROM THE AIR SHIP.

A snap-shot taken by the author.

enough fuel for a ten hours' run. These engines have been made so light that each, though giving sixteen horse-power, with 700 revolutions a minute, weighs only 715 pounds, or about forty-four pounds for every horse-power. The air-screws which are propelled by these motors are located to the right and to the left, above each car, being attached to the body of the air ship. They have four wings each, and a diameter of three and three-quarters feet.



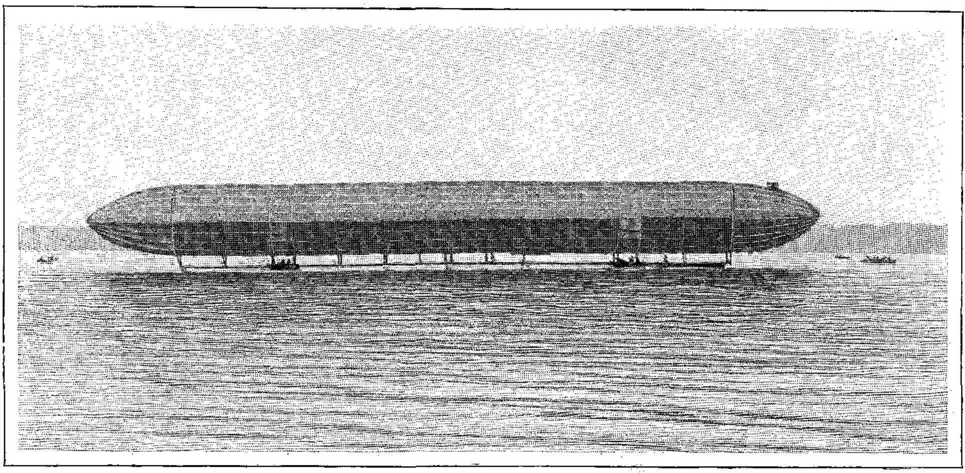
The air ship traveling some thirteen hundred feet above the Lake.

There is every reason to believe that Count Zeppelin's air ship will attain a velocity of twenty-six feet a second—about seventeen miles an hour—a speed which must be counted a great achievement in aërial navigation, especially if it can be kept up during thirty or forty hours. But further trials will be necessary to show the possibilities of the ship. Experiments have shown that with a third sixteen horse-power engine the ship should make fully thirty feet per second, and there is little doubt that weight can be saved in certain parts of the construction.

This question of speed is a most important one, owing to the fact that the navigators must expect to meet winds of greater or less velocity. Before being really practical, an air ship must be able to travel at a speed which will overcome at least all ordinary winds. And wind is a most difficult factor to calculate upon. Its velocity varies at different heights, and is continually changing. In a general way, it increases with the altitude; but in the lower air strata up to a height of 1,300 feet—the range in which an air ship might travel—generally speaking, it may be said that the winds are changeable, though seldom very strong.

Forty-two balloon trips made at different times of the year, and during all sorts of weather, have, in thirty cases, or 71.4 per cent., shown wind velocities which Count Zeppelin could overcome with his air ship going twenty-six feet a second. In the other twelve trips the wind velocity was too high for such a ship.

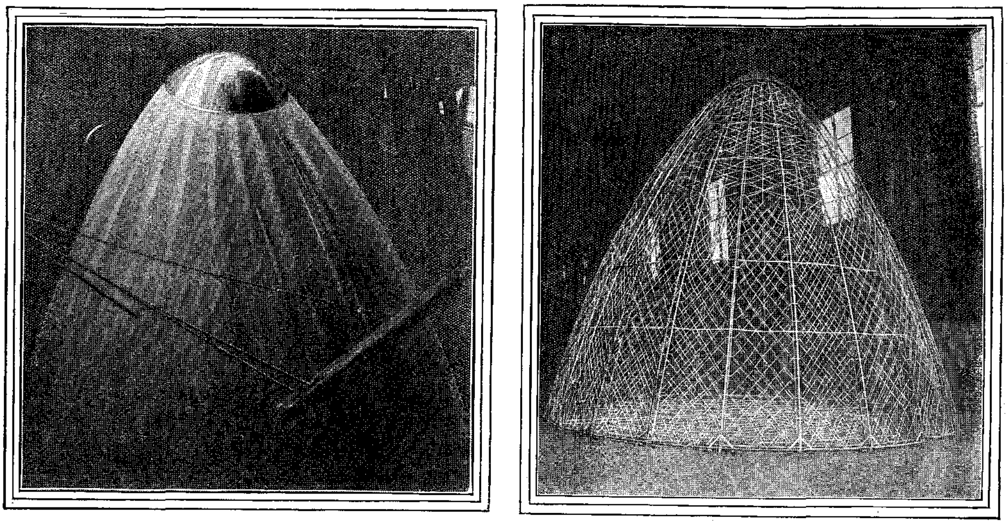
Another series of experiments with an anemometer placed on a mast yard ninety-



THE LANDING.

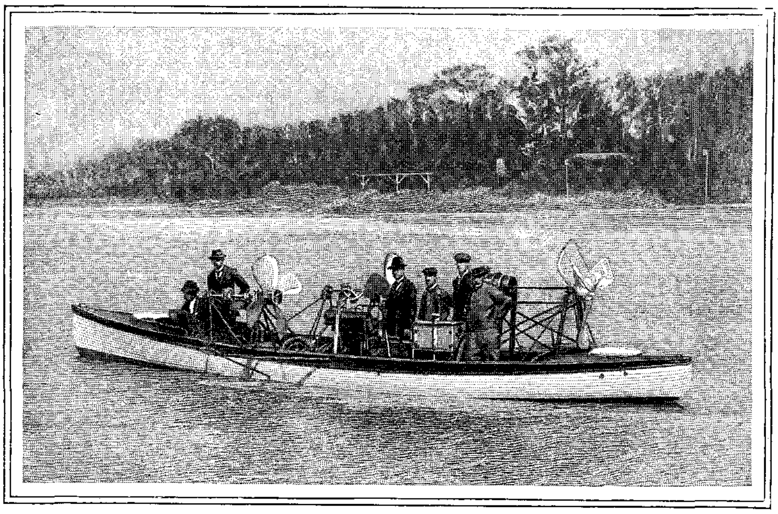
"*The ship sank slowly and rested on the water as smoothly as a sea-gull . . The cars dipped only two inches into the water.*"

two feet above the ground show a probable wind velocity of twenty-six feet a second or less during 57.3 days out of every hundred, and of thirty-three feet a second or less during 70.8 days out of every hundred. These figures, which are not so favorable as those taken from the records of the forty-two balloon ascents, are still quite favorable enough for Count Zeppelin's air ship, for what more could an aëronaut ask, in making a trial of a new air ship, than to have more than half the days of the year at his disposal for safe experimenting ?



Two views of one of the cigar-shaped ends of the air ship, showing the aluminum framework and the final protective covering of ramie fiber.

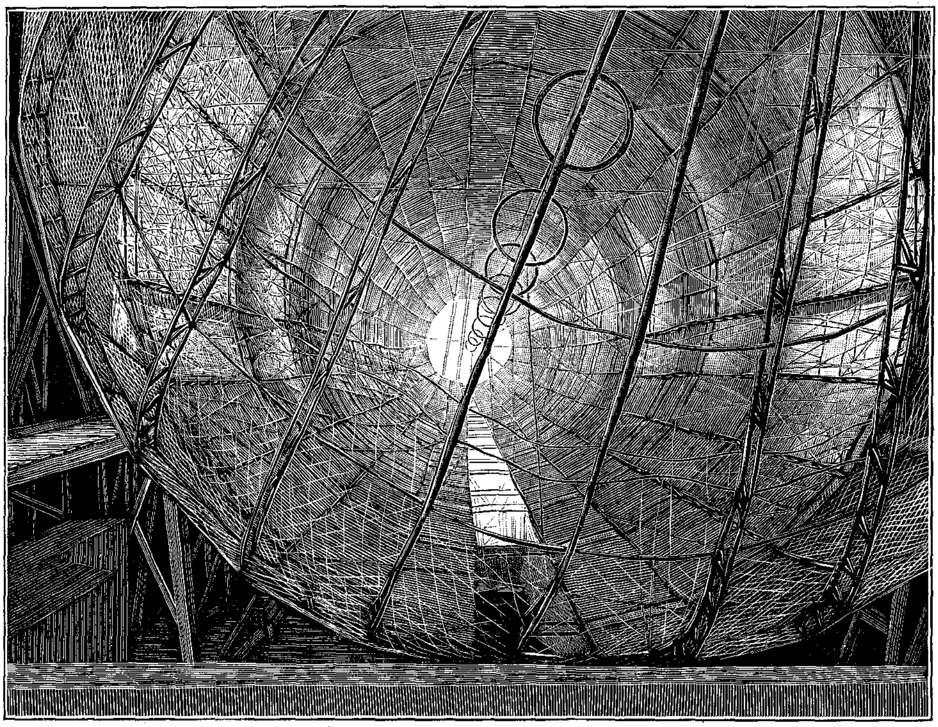
It was not at all Count Zeppelin's intention to make his first trial trip public, but it was necessary, of course, to take the ship out from its boat-house in order that the long-expected experiment might be made. The different steamer companies of the countries adjoining the lake—Austria, Baden, Bavaria, Würtemberg, and Switzerland—advertised daily that the trial trip was about to take place, although they did not know that this first ascent was intended for any specific day, and filled their vessels with passengers who were doomed to be disappointed. Correspondents of all sorts of newspapers appeared like a crowd of grasshoppers; and the fact that admission to the great boat-house could not be granted to



The launch in which the inventor and his assistants tested the ship's engines and screws.

everybody while the final preparations were going on, put the spectators somewhat out of humor, especially those who had paid steamer fares several days, perhaps for no other purpose than to see us smashed to a jelly. They did not realize that this was a serious scientific experiment which must needs be made under the most favoring conditions.

The ascent was planned to take place on Saturday, June thirtieth, but toward the evening of that day, when the seventeen different balloons which represent the lifting power the anemometrical measurements taken at different observation stations on the Lake showed a velocity of wind exceeding thirty-three feet a second. We were all of opinion that an air ship which had never been tried should not make its first trip in such a wind as this. About eight o'clock in the evening, however, the wind calmed down, and the air ship was taken out upon its pontoon, although it was then too late to venture an ascent. This was the first time the ship had ever been moved out of the shed.



THE ALUMINUM SKELETON FRAME OF THE AIR SHIP.

The peculiar construction shows how the problem of getting great firmness and strength, as well as the necessary lightness, was solved. This photograph was taken in the boat-house, when the air ship was but half constructed.

of the air ship were nearly filled, it was decided by those who were to make the ascent that further tests of the water-filled ballast bags were necessary. The ascent was therefore delayed. Some anxiety had been felt as to the filling of the balloons, but it was conducted in a manner entirely satisfactory, one of the officers of the Berlin Balloon Navigation School conducting the work on the inside of the shed and Engineer Grademvitz superintending the work outside. It was somewhat widely reported that one of the balloons burst in filling; but this was an impossibility, because every balloon had a safety-valve and could not burst.

On the following day, Sunday, July first, Chief Engineer Kober, of Munich, who has been Count Zeppelin's right-hand man for many years, improved the time while the ship was out-of-doors and ready for an ascent, to make trials of its solidity and steadiness, that there might be nothing out of order when the first flight should be made. At the same time the men whose duty it was to hold the ropes—they were recruited from the Friedrichshafen fire brigade and from the gymnastic society of the same small town—must needs be trained to manœuver with the air ship. Lastly, the two engineers in the aluminum cars were set to work, and the air-screws on each side of the ship developed such power that they moved not only the ship itself, but the heavy pontoon to which it was fastened. Indeed, the screws were easily able to force the ship back into its shed when the experiments were finished late that night. These trials of July first proved that the air ship was entirely stable and had plenty of rising power, and that the propellers developed the desired energy.

On the following day, Monday, the ship was again taken out on the pontoon, but the day being excessively hot the ascent was delayed until toward evening. We had to give up all idea of a long trial trip such as we had planned, fearing that the heat of the sun, expanding the balloons, would necessitate the loss of gas and the corresponding expense of ballast, and would compel us to shorten the trip. At sunset the air ship was weighed under the very accurate control of one of the officers, and upward it went. It rose very smoothly, quietly, majestically, then described a large circle, and executed different manœuvers to try the usefulness of its various mechanical devices.

We rose some 1,300 feet over the waters of the Lake, and traveled three and three-quarter miles in seventeen minutes in the direction we wanted, that of a small village on the shore, called Immenstadt. The ship had proved its dirigibility.

Being in the rear car, where I was watching the proceedings and taking Count Zeppelin's orders through the speaking-tube, I noticed that one of the rudders suddenly ceased to obey, and through my field glass I saw that the steering apparatus in the front boat was out of order. It seemed that the handle for the running weight had broken and that the starboard rudder refused to act, part of its gear having become entangled with a wire. Night was falling, and the breakages preventing our going on manœuvering as we had intended, it was decided to descend. Accordingly, Count Zeppelin hoisted a large blue flag, the signal for all steamers and boats on the water below to keep clear while we landed.

EUGEN WOLF.

The air ship sank slowly and rested on the water as smoothly as a sea-gull, with no bump, no crash, no rise, no jumping, no sensation whatever. The aluminum cars now performed the other function for which they were intended; and I realized that we were really riding on the waters of Lake Constance. The cars dipped only two inches into the water, and the air ship stood full and safe above us. This excellent landing was mainly due to Baron Bassus, who was engaged in the front car, and who very cleverly measured the spending of the hydrogen as we descended.

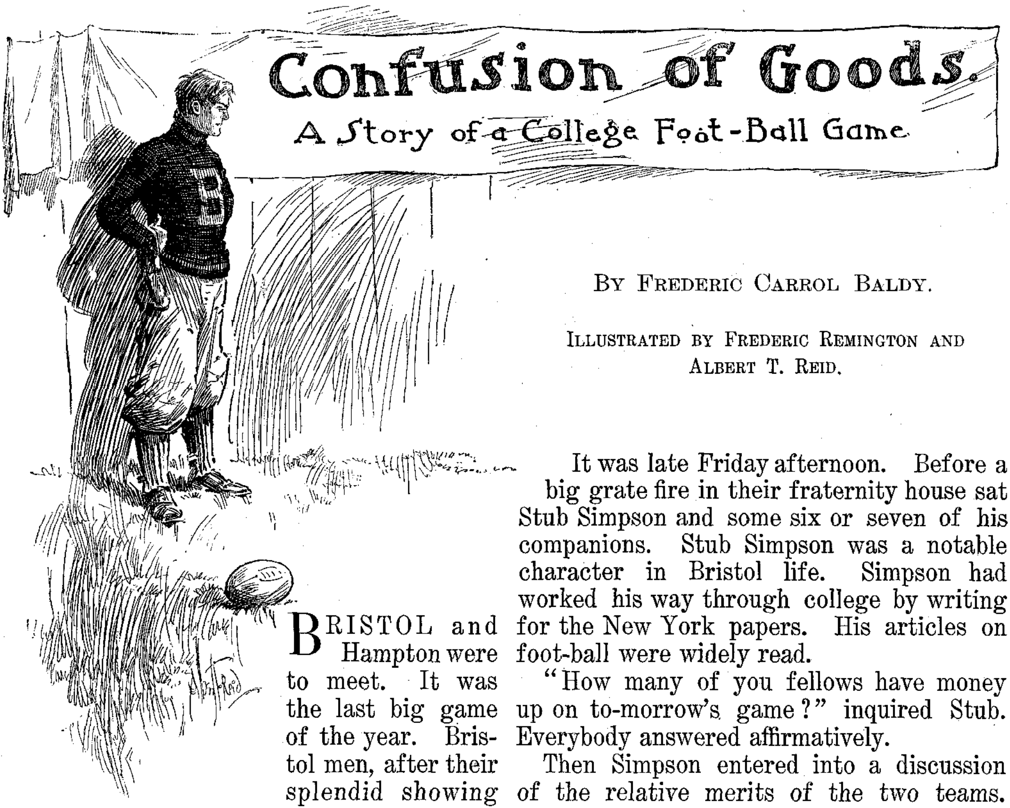
But we were not done yet with accidents. Once in the water, the outer covering of the air ship was caught in a wooden pole projecting fourteen feet out of the water. We sawed this off, but unfortunately about five feet of it were still left above water, so that the rope of the running weight, which dragged in the water under the boats, was caught and had to be released.

These were minor accidents, and they in no way detract from the real success of the experiment. Next time the rope will be hung higher between the two cars, and the steering-gear that gave way will be made of bronze metal instead of aluminum, so that it will be stronger. Apprentice-fee must be paid, in air ships as in all things.

After settling on the water we remained quietly in the boats while the rope of the running weight was cleared, and then we prepared to go upon the pontoon which was to carry the ship back to the boat-house. It might seem difficult to get so large a structure as the air ship back on the pontoon, but it was a simple matter. The crew of the forward car stepped out, thus lessening the weight at that end of the ship by some 550 pounds. Instantly the forward car was lifted out of the water by the balloons, and it was then moved on to the pontoon without the slightest difficulty. The crew of the rear car observed the same proceeding, and the rear end of the ship promptly rose upward as soon as my engineer and I had left the car. Then the whole ship was rolled on the pontoon by using the two rubber-tired landing wheels fixed under the aluminum cars. Upon arriving at the boat-house we found that the air ship was intact in all its parts, except for the broken rudder—certainly evidence of its durability.

Summing the whole matter up, this first trial of Count Zeppelin's ship is cause for congratulation to every one interested in the navigation of the air. Its absolute and conclusive success demonstrates the ingenuity and soundness of the basic principles from which it was evolved. This step was the first and most difficult. That done, the rest is easy. With the great headway which engineering is making in the production of light and effective motors, and the possibility of still further reducing the weight of the body of the ship, other great improvements will not be long in coming. In fact, the Count and his assistants are now hard at work improving upon every point, and one can look forward confidently to ultimate practical, far-reaching, every-day results.

Lastly, let me try to illustrate the great value of such a ship as Count Zeppelin's, by pointing out what a help to civilization a practical air ship would have been in the recent difficulties in China—a ship that could have floated over Pekin, learned the truth about the condition of the legations, found the positions of the Chinese forces, and assisted in placing the troops of the allies!



Confusion of Goods.

A Story of a College Foot-Ball Game

By Frederic Carrol Baldy.

Illustrated by Frederic Remington and Albert T. Reid.

BRISTOL and Hampton were to meet. It was the last big game of the year. Bristol men, after their splendid showing against Kingston, were confident of victory. Already Hampton men stood shoulder to shoulder, and were ready to stake their last dollar on their eleven. Such an air of confidence was extremely pleasing to the public, and awakened an uncommon amount of interest in the approaching struggle.

It was late Friday afternoon. Before a big grate fire in their fraternity house sat Stub Simpson and some six or seven of his companions. Stub Simpson was a notable character in Bristol life. Simpson had worked his way through college by writing for the New York papers. His articles on foot-ball were widely read.

"How many of you fellows have money up on to-morrow's game?" inquired Stub. Everybody answered affirmatively.

Then Simpson entered into a discussion of the relative merits of the two teams. He had not progressed very far when the colored butler pushed his head through the door and cried "Dinner," and every one scrambled away. Stub had no more than seated himself at the table when a note was handed him. This is what it said:

> Stub, come to training quarters at once. Must see you before we are all packed off to bed. Drop everything and come. ARCHIE.

"The devil!" muttered Stub, crushing the note and pushing back his chair.

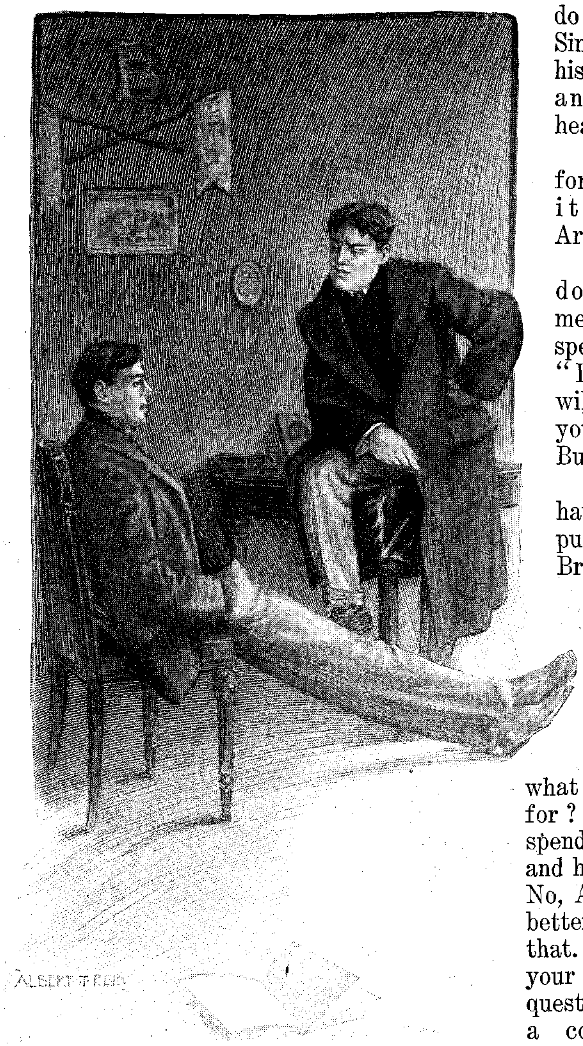
Stub made his way to the training quarters, and found the men just rising from the table. It was not long before the newspaper correspondent was closeted with the captain of the Bristol eleven. Stub was the first to speak.

"Now, Archie, don't make a fool of yourself."

"Stub, you know as well as I do that Bristol can't possibly lose."

"Why, Archie, Bristol has lost before, and why not now?" queried Stub.

"You never will understand, Stub," answered the big full-back, drawing up his large frame. "Just look at Bristol's defensive play in the Kingston game. Why, man alive, we held the Maroon on our one-yard line right under our goal posts. You know, Stub, that Kingston can play all around Hampton. You told me that yourself only last week, before the Bristol-Kingston game. What is Bristol's standing, then? Then, besides, have you seen Shorty King drop goals from the field? Maybe he won't surprise all good people to-morrow! No, Stub, my mind is made up. I'm going to bet every cent I have, and what is more, I've borrowed some—and up that goes too. Here is $500." And as he spoke young Ferbert pulled a wad of bills from his waistcoat pocket, and shoved it at Stub, adding: "You know, Stub, that my position on the team prevents me from going into the betting ring and putting this money up myself, so I'm trusting you to place this amount for me at even money."



"SHOULD HAMPTON WIN, IT MEANS THAT YOU MUST QUIT COLLEGE."

"Archie, I can't do this," answered Simpson, dropping his eyes to the floor and shaking his head.

"Quit it, Stub, for pity's sake, quit it," entreated Archie.

"No, Archie, you don't understand me," answered Stub, speaking earnestly. "I would do this willingly for you if you could afford it. But you can't.

"Think how you have had to work to put yourself through Bristol. Before you commit such a rash act, think of your mother and sister, who are making every sacrifice for you. And what do they do it for? That you may spend lots of money and have a good time? No, Archie, you know better. It is not for that. It is because your father's last request was that you get a college education and study law. It makes me sick at heart to see you risk everything on this one game. Just think for a minute what it means. Should Hampton win, it means that you must quit college, for you could not possibly afford to go on. That would nearly kill your poor mother. Think better of what I have said, old man."

"Stub," said Archie, and one could plainly see that young Ferbert was having a hard time keeping back the tears, "I know that only the highest motives prompt you to say what you have. I know you are my strongest and best friend. You have been kind to my mother, to Rosamond, and to me. And I honestly thank you for it. If I really thought there was a possibility of Bristol's losing, I might hesitate—but no such possibility exists, Stub. Why, man," and Archie began to warm to his subject, "it's a perfect cinch; and if I could borrow $500 more, I would put it up without the slightest hesitation. But say, Stub, answer me this question truthfully—truthfully I say: Do you expect to bet yourself?"

For a moment Stub did not reply. He was painfully counting the seams in the hardwood floor. Then he muttered something about that being different, and that their two cases were not parallel. Archie kept on pressing the matter, until Stub finally admitted that he had determined to back Bristol at even money. Stub tried to show Archie that he had no mother and sister to support, and that it made little difference to the people at home whether he continued in college or not. However, it was all to no purpose.

Archie arose when he heard the head coach inquiring for him. He told Stub that unless he posted his money for him he would get Billy Hawkins or Jerry Rich to perform the task. This brought Simpson to terms.

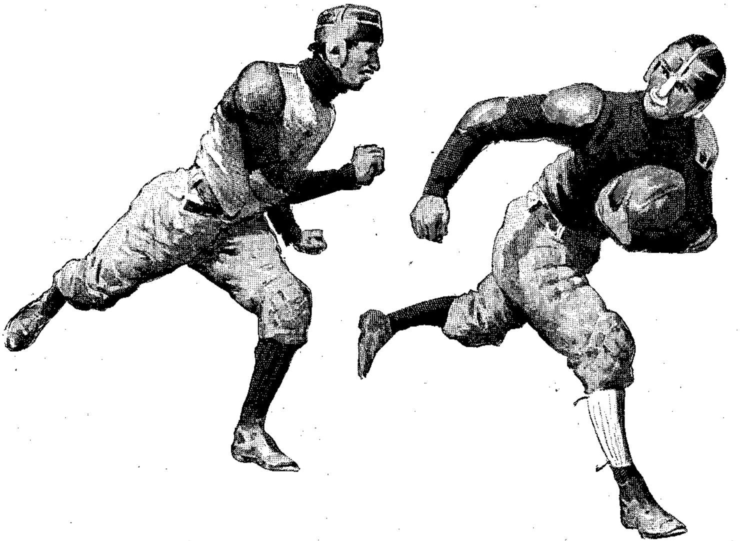
"I'll do it, Archie," Stub added; "but only under the heaviest kind of a protest. I see your mind is made up, but those two spendthrifts must not handle your money."

The Hampton team, with its coaches, trainers, and rubbers, with over forty men in the party, reached New York Friday night. The next morning they moved into New England. The Hampton eleven had engaged quarters at the Vendome. As Captain Harding pushed his big burly form through the doorway there was a big demonstration. Each man on the Hampton team was cheered as he came in view.

"An even $500 on Hampton," shouted a large man with a big diamond stud, and Harding did not even try to suppress a smile.

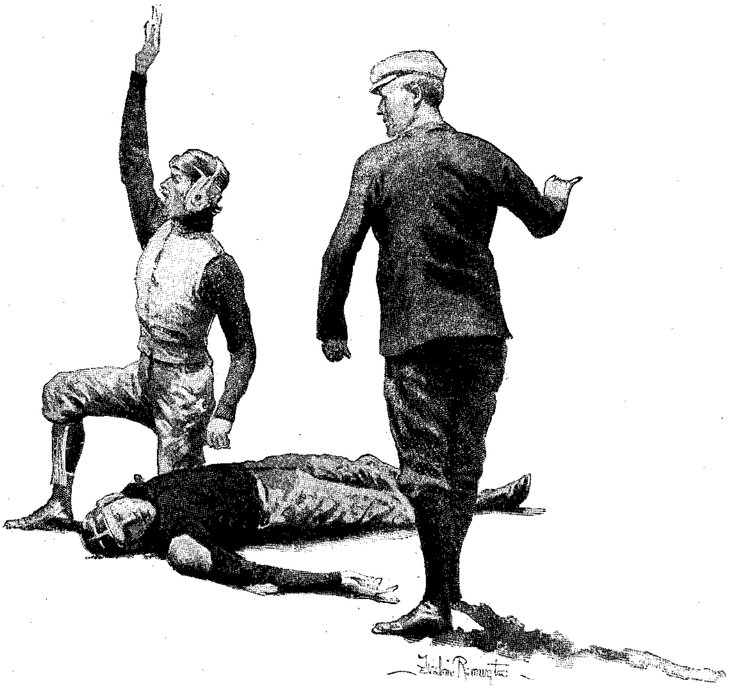
"Taken," came the quick response.

Immediately there was a big rush. The betting was on in earnest.


Frederic Remington.

"WRIGHT HAD A CIRCULAR COURSE, SO THE BIG STALWART GUARD GAINED ON HIM."

"Got any more?" asked Stub. The two entered a small room and took seats at a table. Simpson knew his friend to be an old Hampton "grad," who was dealing in Wall Street stock for a livelihood. Stub knew he was up against a real live plunger, but he never quailed. He had $1,000, so he told McPherson, which he wanted to put up. He did not tell the Scotchman that $500 of it belonged to the Bristol captain, and $500 to himself. Neither did he tell his companion that only the day before he had received a letter from home telling him of his father's failure in business. What good would it have done? It was finally agreed that $500 apiece should be wagered. Stub took a large roll of bills from his pocket and carefully counted out $500. The other $500



"WHEN THE PLAYERS WERE PULLED OFF HE LAY THERE PERFECTLY STILL."

he put in his pocket. McPherson had come with his money done up in packets of $500. In his business he had adopted such time-saving devices. So the broker was not forced to count. The two men left the table and sought out the clerk at the office desk. The money was counted again by the clerk, who placed the bills in an envelope. Then the envelope was carefully marked and stowed away in the safe of the Vendome. As Stub was leaving McPherson, Johnny Snow, the stroke oar of the Bristol crew, hurried up.

"Give me $500, Stub. I can get odds of ten to seven for you."

"Where?" asked Stub excitedly.

"It's a snap and I can't give it away," answered Johnny hurriedly.

"You're sure of your man, Johnny?" questioned Stub, fumbling in his pockets.

"Perfectly." And off trotted the bold stroke oar with Simpson's other $500.

Stub hastened to a writing table and scratched these hurried lines:

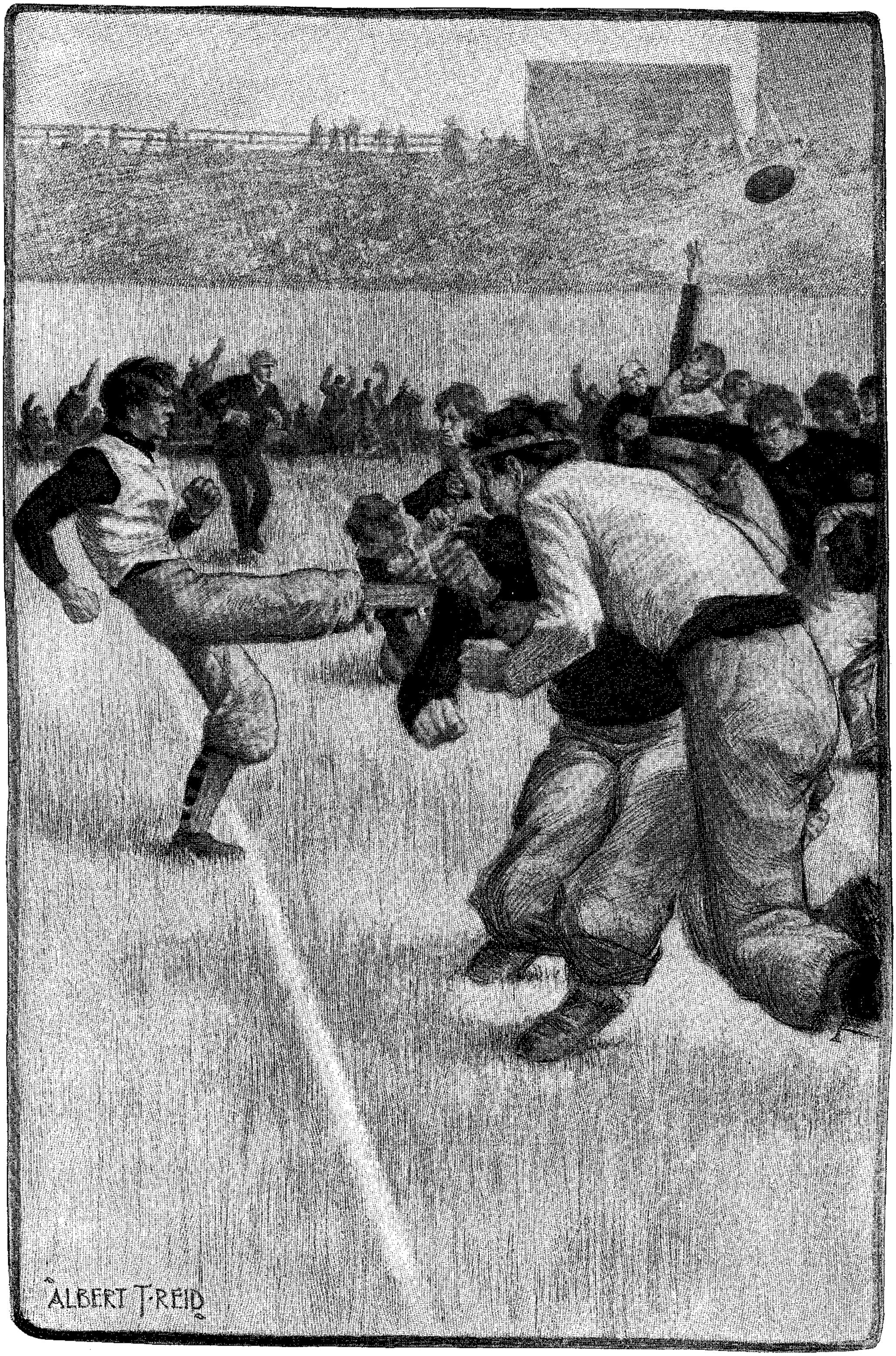
Archie, your five hundred up. Now go in and win.
STUB.

Calling a messenger boy, Stub dispatched him with instructions to deliver this note to Captain Archie Ferbert without fail. Then Stub got ready to report the game.

It was nearly two o'clock. For the past three hours big crowds had been passing through the gates. Fully 20,000 people had been seated, and more were still coming. On one side of the field were massed the supporters of the Purple, with colors waving and streamers flying. Just opposite them were located the strong cohorts who came all the way from Hampton to cheer their warriors on. Pretty girls in tailor-made jackets, wearing the colors of old Bristol, vied with the smart Southern set, who were decked out from head to foot in flaming cardinal. Men prominent in all walks of life studded the stands. From Washington came cabinet officers with their wives; judges of the highest courts in the land found time to once more rally around the flag they loved so well; Annapolis and West Point were represented; men whose faces are familiar in the halls of Congress shouted their old college battle-cry. In the Hampton delegation sat an ex-president of the United States. From one of the middle States came a noted governor to lead the cheering for his alma mater. Across the field came floating the notes to:

A hot time in Hampton to-night.

Bristol answered vociferously with her sharp, stubborn, "*U-rah-rah!*" It was a


ALBERT T. REID

"THE GAME WAS WON."

grand sight, and one that would stir the most sluggish blood. Every one was anxious for the fray to begin. Already the officials were on the side lines. In the press box sat Stub Simpson with his hand on the ticker.

It was just 2.02 when the Bristol eleven jumped the ropes and bounded into the field. A mighty roar arose. One might have thought that the dogs of war had been let loose, so terrific was the din. The noise had just started to subside when McPherson shouted through his megaphone:

"Here comes Hampton."

Like a flash every Hampton man was on his feet, frantically waving his arms and shouting madly. Out trotted a long file of warriors belonging to that "dyspeptic ice-water drinking nation." Striped stockings marked each man.

After a preliminary skirmish the referee's whistle brought the two teams together, and the crowd to their senses. The ball was in position, and Archie Ferbert stepped back to kick off. As he did so, Stub Simpson turned in his seat and caught sight of Archie's mother and sister. He was ready to swear that he had never seen the girl look prettier. Rosamond's black, wavy hair and dark eyes were muffled somewhat by the upturned collar of her jacket. The brisk cutting air had brought a bright, healthy color to her cheeks. Stub took time to notice that she wore the flowers which he had sent her that morning.

"Are you ready, Bristol?" called out the official.

"We are," came the determined response.

"Hampton, are you ready?"

"We are ready, sir," and in that reply there was much of the tenacity of the bulldog displayed. Bristol braced herself on the 55-yard line ready for the whistle. On each man's face was written something indescribable. You may call it what you will. Men are at their best when they can fight on "nerve." It was "nerve" that was to pull these two teams through to-day!

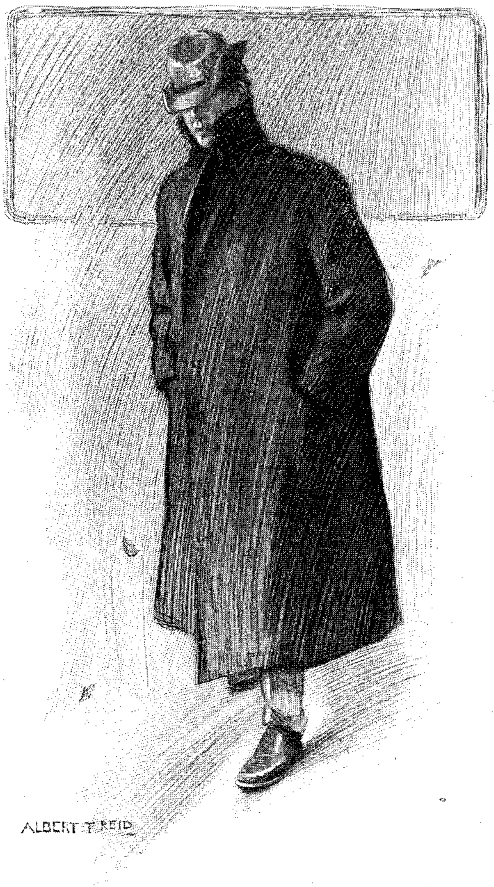
A shrill sound—and the whistle has blown.

"They're off," excitedly shouted a Bristol man who had horses on the track. "Just watch that pole-horse *kick*," he continued, by way of explanation to his companion. As the old war-horse finished speaking, Ferbert started forward. There was a slight thud. Down the field flew the ball, right into the arms of Hampton's star half-back. Wright started forward, and, by splendid dodging, ran the oval back twenty-five yards. How those Hampton rooters cleared their lungs. The game was on in earnest.

"9-42-3-8," shouted Hampton's little quarter.

Smack-biff-bang! and Wright was pushed and pulled through left guard and center. Eleven men got into that play.

"First down," called the referee, and the Hampton faction let out an awful roar.



"HE STALKED OUT OF THE GROUNDS."

Hampton used her close formation and kept hammering the Bristol line. Her revolving wedge was sure to net something. Bristol's tackles could not handle the mass plays directed against them. Teddy Wright skirted the Purple's right end for a big gain, and things looked "blue" for Bristol.

"Hold them, Bristol, hold them," chorused many.

"Get down on your knees and play low," shouted a Bristol partisan.

"Grab their legs," chimed in another.

"Smash that interference," interposed a knowing one.

"— or get smashed," blurted out a Hampton follower.

"Watch Wright," added a man in the press-box, nudging Stub.

"Yes, 2.22," answered Stub, looking at his watch. Stub had missed connections.

Hampton had worked the ball well down into Bristol's territory, when the Purple, urged on by Ferbert's brilliant defensive game, braced and held the Cardinal for "downs." Hampton was playing the better ball, and Bristol knew it. Both elevens kicked freely, Ferbert getting the best of it on every exchange of punts. It was Hampton's ball on Bristol's 40-yard line.

"15–18–3–9," signaled the quarter.

"That's Wright," explained the man next to Stub. "Now watch!"

Around the end shot the stocky half-back. Bristol's end was completely boxed. Behind perfect interference he escaped the savage lunges of the Bristol back-field, and breaking away from his interference, he dashed down the field.

"Go it, old man, go it," cried a Hampton man.

"Catch him, do catch him and bring him back," screamed a pretty Bristol girl, who was probably seeing her first big game. Then she colored and subsided completely, when she saw how every one stared at her.

But already Wright was beyond recall. Everybody was on his own, or some one else's feet, shouting like a madman. On sped the runner toward the goal posts. Suddenly out from the bunch shot a Bristol guard. Wright had a circular course, so the big stalwart guard gained on him. Wright heard him come lumbering on but dared not look back. He imagined he heard the big fellow's heavy breathing. Over the white chalk marks flew the two pairs of legs. The purple pair was certainly gaining. Everyone held his breath. But three more chalk lines must be crossed—now two. On the 5-yard line big Stanley made a desperate lunge forward, and down came Wright on Bristol's 1-yard line. It was a beautiful tackle. No signal could be heard above that awful wave sound. Two times Hampton battered away at that stone-wall of a line, and twice it refused to yield.

"Third down, five yards to gain," shouted the referee.

If Bristol could but hold this time their goal would be saved. Every man braced himself for the final effort.

"27–2–9–4," came the signal.

Wright was given the ball, and slipping by just outside of tackle, he rolled over the Bristol goal line. In the turmoil hats were smashed, canes broken and heads cracked, but nobody cared. If they did, it would do them little good to protest. But the game did not stop here. It went on. Bristol was now playing madly. Ferbert was in every scrimmage and showed reckless abandon. He smashed into the Cardinal line and broke up their interference repeatedly. He bucked the center or hurdled the line for good, substantial gains. He and Stanley were the mainstays of the Purple team. Bristol had worked the ball down to Hampton's 25-yard line, when the sons of old John Hampton held. Then the Cardinal got ready to kick.

"Break through and block the kick," shouted hundreds of Bristol men.

"Tear 'em up, Bristol, tear 'em up," was heard on all sides.

Back went the ball. Stanley was through like a shot, and right behind him thundered Ferbert. Up went Stanley's arms, and as the ball rose under the mighty kick, Stanley pushed his hands squarely in front of the pigskin, and down fell the ball, rolling toward the Hampton goal. Like a flash, Ferbert was after it, and as the piece of leather bounded behind the ragged white goal line Ferbert threw his cumbersome form upon it, and now it was Bristol's turn to cheer. Bristol missed her try for goal, and, when the noise subsided, the score stood, Hampton, 6; Bristol, 5.

Only a few minutes were left in this half. Bristol got the ball on Hampton's 40-yard line, and Ferbert determined to try for a goal from the field. True as a dart, the sturdy Shorty King put the oval squarely between the uprights. That kick brought the Bristol men to their feet, and right lustily did they cheer old Shorty.

Hampton, with desperation, got back into the play. They employed all kinds of tactics, such as are used in actual military warfare to-day. They assaulted the Bristol center, but were always repulsed. They massed their columns on tackle, but Bristol's reserve force was always hurried up. Then Hampton attempted to turn their enemy's flanks, but Bristol ends refused to be boxed. Hampton next tried her "guard-back formation," but these heavy field-pieces were too slow in starting. The whistle blew, and the first half closed with the score standing, Bristol, 10; Hampton, 6.

The two elevens were hurried off to their dressing rooms, where the coaches began their perfunctory system of chastisement. The men sweated and steamed under the hard names applied to them. All this time the trainers and rubbers were giving the men a hard massage treatment. No wonder those big, powerful frames glowed and glistened.

Stub Simpson sat in the press-box throughout the ten minutes' intermission. He was madly excited. If Hampton could only be kept from further scoring, the game would belong to Bristol. One thousand dollars was no small sum for two boys to divide.

Just then a messenger boy rushed up.

"Is Ralph B. Simpson here ?" he shouted.

"Here," quickly answered the ever active Stub, reaching forward and grasping the envelope, which was thrust at him. Stub hastily tore open the envelope, and this is what it said:

> Stub, I could not get 10 to 7 for you. Have tried in vain to find you. Have left your five hundred at the Vendome. Phil Kennedy will bet you *even.* The Cardinal is weakening. JOHNNY.

The seriousness of the situation dawned upon Stub in an instant. Whose $500 had McPherson covered—Archie's or his own ? Whose $500 was lying dormant in the vaults of the Vendome—Archie's or his own? Stub was about to curse that bold stroke oar, but thought better of it and quit. He looked at the note and saw that it was written at 12.30. Look, these lines had been scribbled over two hours ago ! Then Stub thought of cursing the messenger boy, but that lad had disappeared. Already the two elevens were appearing in the field. He must make his decision at once. No time was to be lost. *Whose* $500 *had McPherson covered?* Stub knew that Archie must have received his note, telling him of his money being covered. Stub thought that he might divide the $500, regarding $250 of it as Archie's, and the other $250 as his own. That certainly would be the square thing. Then the awful thought came to him that this would never do, as his honesty might be questioned. The boy was in a terrible predicament.

Well, something must be done. A decision must be reached, and that decision abided by, come what might. Stub turned in his seat and stole another glance at Rosamond. Rosamond must have been looking his way, for Stub gallantly raised his hat. No longer did he hesitate. "Archie needs the money more than I do. My money is at the Vendome and Archie's is with McPherson's." Thus muttering to himself, he turned again to his ticker and began sending off dispatches to his paper:

Click, click, click—3.05. "Betting slightly favors the Purple."

Click, click, click. "Bristol is cheering madly."

Click, click, click. "Hampton's line-up slightly changed ; Bristol's intact."

Foot-ball teams never fought more desperately than did Bristol and Hampton during this second half. From the kick-off spectators went mad. They cheered their favorites until some got really hoarse. The megaphone man was using his lungs with telling effect. The Cardinal still showed superior form, and the Purple the better endurance. Hampton was continually throwing in substitutes. Her star tackle had to be forcibly carried from the field. Next the quarter-back had to go. In came Blake with bandaged ankle and twisted shoulder.

"Now they have that rotten quarter-back in," said Stanley. "Just watch us run up a big score." Blake only bit his lip and bided his time.

Hampton was certainly putting a lot of fresh men into the game, and, for a team of substitutes, they were playing wonderful foot-ball. The Cardinal would force the pigskin into Bristol territory, then Bristol would brace wonderfully and take the ball away on "downs." Then Bristol would begin to cheer, as Ferbert booted the ball down the field.

It was Hampton's ball, near the center of the field. Hampton went at the Bristol line hammer and tongs. They were using their tandem play with telling effect. Down the field they marched. Big holes were opened in the Purple line, through which Hampton shoved and jammed her heavy men. Something must be done to stay that terrible onslaught. Would Bristol run up the white flag ? Never. Hampton next made a mass play on Bristol's right tackle. It was bravely met. Twenty-two forms were heaped high, and at the bottom of that fearful pile lay the right tackle. When the players were pulled off he lay there perfectly still. Out from the side lines bounded the Bristol doctor. The players gathered around the apparently lifeless form, waiting the return of consciousness. The crowd was grimly silent, and awaited tidings from the battle-field. It is surprising how silent a big crowd sometimes becomes.

"What's the matter, Stanley ?" shouted Simpson from the press box.

"Nothing much," came back the answer. "Dillon has broken his collar-bone, but he will be all right just as soon as we get this harness on him."

Bristol men heaved a big sigh of relief

as they heard this comfortable assurance. Three minutes were given to repairs, and, at the expiration of the allotted time, the two elevens were at it again.

Time was rapidly drawing to a close. Only a few minutes were left to play. On the side lines, wrapped in a blanket, lay Teddy Wright, crying. Long before he had been removed from the game on account of injuries. He fought when the coaches carried him off the field, and he had a lot of fight in him yet. It was Bristol's game, so everybody said. Bristol held the ball on her own 25-yard line. A kick—and her goal would be out of danger. But, no! Captain Ferbert determined to keep possession of the ball. Just one year before, Bonny Kerr, Kingston's doughty right-end, had picked the oval up and sprinted the entire length of the field for a touchdown. Ferbert did not intend that any Hampton man should repeat the trick; so he determined to hold on to the ball. Bristol made three fierce assaults on the Cardinal line, and then was forced to hand the pigskin over to Hampton on her 28-yard line. But one minute was left to play.

"Good God, can't something be done?" wailed a Hampton coach.

But four of Hampton's regular men were in the line-up. Captain Harding called his men back for a conference. Stub could not help admiring the splendid nerve of the men as he saw them file back.

"Look out for a fake play," warned one.

Captain Harding saw that, with but one minute left, something must be done.

"A goal from the field," and as he gave the order, he looked nervously at the men grouped around him, clamoring for recognition. Camp claimed the right, as being the only kicker left after the regulars had been retired.

"Camp will—"

But he got no further, for by that time little Blake had pushed himself through, and, reaching hold of Harding, hotly exclaimed:

"Camp will do nothing of the sort. I'm the only senior left on this battered up team. It's my last year in college, and you've just got to let me kick this goal."

Captain Harding looked at the lad, wavered a minute, and then remembering the nerve of the youngster, and his previous record, replied:

"Blake *will* kick the goal."

The men jumped back into the line with the alacrity which carries a battery into action. Their faces were pale, but their legs were steady. This kick would decide the game. That Hampton line had one more duty to perform. That line must hold, and not a Bristol man must get through. When the crowd saw Blake drop back, some one started to cheer. Then as Blake held out his hands for the ball, the stillness was something awful. Back came the ball as true as could be. A step forward, a swing, a tension in the line, a snap as when a string on a banjo breaks—ah, that Bristol line was through—but just a second too late. Up rose the ball in its mad flight, and with it the crowd. It twisted and turned and made somersaults in the air, and it never swerved from its true path. In a second it was flying between the coveted uprights, and the game was won. The score stood: Bristol 10, Hampton 11; and Blake knew that his time had come.

Stub Simpson sat in the press box alone. After everybody had left the grounds he roused himself. Buttoning up his long ulster, with his collar turned up and his hands deep in his pockets, he stalked out of the grounds. Stub was intensely absorbed in thought. "Why didn't Archie kick?" he kept saying to himself. He reached the Vendome, held a brief conversation with the clerk, then sat down and wrote these hurried lines:

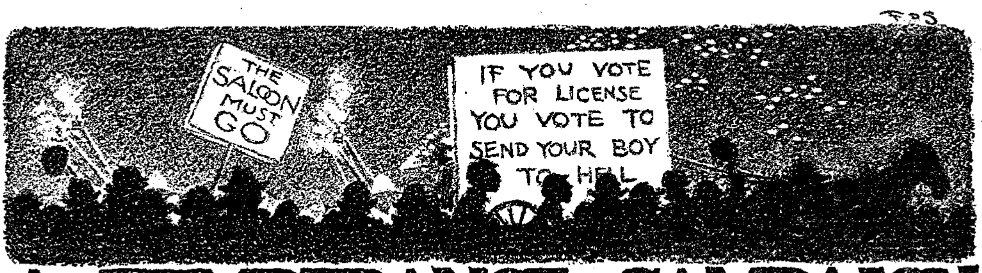
DEAR ARCHIE,—

I have been called home suddenly. Will not be back again this year. Through some misunderstanding your money was never up. You can get it from the clerk at the Vendome. Yours in haste,

STUB.

Then Stub barely had time to catch the first train home.

QUERY: Did Stub do right?


THE SALOON MUST GO
IF YOU VOTE FOR LICENSE YOU VOTE TO SEND YOUR BOY TO HELL

A·TEMPERANCE·CAMPAIGN

ILLUSTRATING THE SELF-SACRIFICE OF THOSE PATRIOTIC CITIZENS WHO CONTRIBUTED MONEY AND BRAINS TO ITS SUPPORT.

BY G. K. TURNER.

ILLUSTRATED BY FREDERIC DORR STEELE.

JUST before the municipal campaign the local papers all printed this pathetically innocent little item on one and the same morning:

> "The Ward 7 Republican Club held a large and enthusiastic meeting last night, and organized for the campaign as follows: President, G. B. Shaw; Secretary and Treasurer, J. Moody Morgan. It was unanimously voted to support all regular Republican nominees."

This was brought up into the offices by no less authority than the President himself, accompanied by the Secretary-treasurer.

"Here's something for you to put in in the morning," said the President to the political reporter. "Say, you ought to been up there. It was a great show. We're goin' to have a rouser this fall. It's goin' to be a great year with us, sure. The boys are all red-hot; eh, Mood?"

"Yep."

"You bet they are. Well, say, I won't take any more of your time, but just shove that in in the mornin', will you? We'll keep you posted when we've got anything more. Ta-ta," said the President, sailing cheerfully out the door.

"Well—see you later," ejaculated the Secretary-treasurer, seriously following after his superior officer, his eyes fixed on the floor.

The President of the Ward 7 Republican Club was a short, vivacious, alert young man, with a florid taste in neckties and trousers, a red-brown derby with a slight but unmistakable tendency to rake over his left ear, and a personal preference for bright yellow shoes. He was rigidly erect, his short coat was buttoned tightly around him, and his hair conformed to the highest ideals of the Ward 7 barber. He had quite the grand air with a cigar. He was extremely social. In the hearts of his fellow-wardsmen he was ever Birdie Shaw.

The Secretary-treasurer was a tall, dark, deep-eyed man, with glasses—a far, mysterious intelligence, expressed to the world through a few melancholy monosyllables and a sad, innocent smile. His clothes were loose and uncertain, and when he smoked a cigar, it continually went out. In the Ward he was popularly known as "The Ghost." The two were never apart during a political campaign. It was clear to the most superficial that here was an ideal union of the man of thought with the man of action.

Once outside, the President and the Secretary walked seriously together under the electric lights.

"Well, do they use it?" said the latter.

"Sure, sure," said the President, "they'll use it."

Ward 7 was the center of all municipal campaigns. The people of the city fondly imagined that they settled their own questions by popular vote, but in the last analysis everything depended on Ward 7. It decided nominations and elections; issues and principles and men came before it to be passed upon. Now it would be folly for us to believe that this grand truth was hidden from the wise founders and builders of the Ward 7 Republican Club.

A casual observer might have expressed

surprise on seeing, on the following evening, the Ward 7 Republican Club in full and harmonious session gathered at its headquarters. On first sight this headquarters would have seemed to be a bedroom; in fact, it *was* a bedroom—the room of Birdie Shaw over the Half-Dime Lunch. The two chairs of the bedroom set were occupied by the full membership of the Ward 7 Republican Club. Unknown to the world this unique organization was limited to a club who had authorized themselves to stimulate, to gather, to have and to hold, and finally to divide all contributions, revenues, and accruements of any kind whatsoever which could in any way be made the property of this remarkable institution.

The simplicity and strength of this masterful idea, originating in the brain of J. Moody Morgan, and now being executed by Birdie Shaw, will be appreciated by all true students of American ward politics. Its formal announcement in the papers was the first move in the grand campaign which it was about to inaugurate.

The Club was now met for serious discussion of the effect of this first official act. The Secretary-treasurer broke silence.

"Did it work?" he inquired anxiously.

"Sure, sure," said the President; "we've got 'em thinkin'. I had more'n fifty fellers speak to me about it. They saw it in the newspapers. Oh, that scheme of yours is all right. We'll keep workin' the papers; that's the thing."

"Not too much, though."

"No, that's right; just enough. Oh, I'm all right with those fellers, I'll fix 'em. You just watch me."

The President leaned his chin on the back of the chair he was straddling. The supreme question was about to be propounded.

"Well, then," said he, "what is there in it this trip? Got it figured out?"

"Yep."

"What is it?"

"Temperance."

"Well, how'll we work it? Same old thing? Saloon-keeps' Association?"

"Yes, and something else."

"What is it? Have it out."

"Perkins."

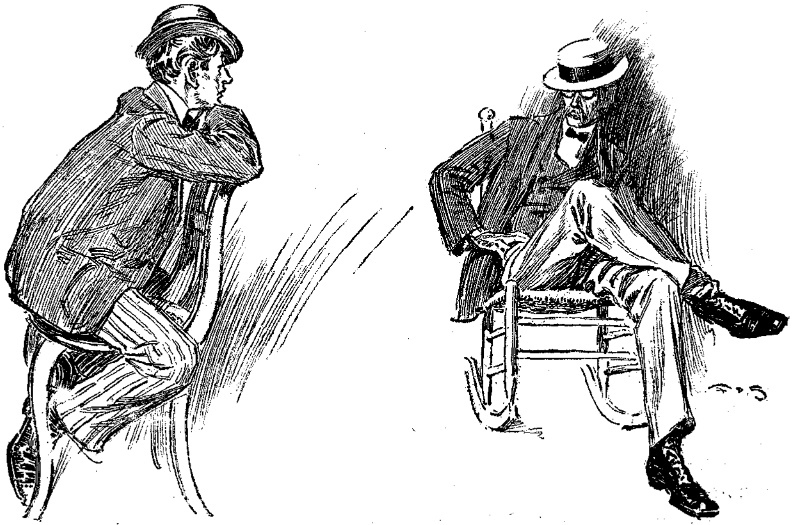
"What, old Perk, the meat man?"

"Yep. Perkins and the Temperance Home Defenders outfit. Now I'll tell you how," said "The Ghost." He proceeded to elaborate his scheme.

"That's the stuff," said the President ecstatically. "Perkins is our man. We won't forget the saloon-keeps either; we'll work both ends. But it'll be mostly Perkins and the cold-water cranks. We'll get them first, and we'll start right off now."

Observe, then, Perkins, the rich wholesale meat man, and the Temperance Home Defenders marked for destruction or tribute, with Birdie Shaw starting out boldly on their trail, armed with a great cigar.

Mr. Elijah S. Perkins was a force—in business, in the home, in church, in temperance. When he believed a thing, he felt himself justified in demanding that all the rest of mankind should believe it with him or be exterminated. But outside of the



"THE WARD 7 REPUBLICAN CLUB."

wholesale meat business, his soul was largely confined to the Cause of Temperance. His Neal Dow cold-water fountains for man and beast irrigated the whole county; he gave munificent prizes for the youth of the city to express their solutions of the temperance question in essays and declaim them to a waiting world.

It was only by the use of the utmost tact and diplomacy that the President of the Ward 7 Republican Club was able to penetrate to the inmost business lair of this great man. When he was at last admitted, he was confronted sternly with the bushy eyebrows and furrowed front of Elijah S. Perkins in business hours.

"Morning," grunted the great Perkins.

"Howdy do?" said Birdie Shaw cheerfully. "This is Mr. Perkins, ain't it? Well, I'm glad to see yer. My name's Shaw—George B. Shaw. You don't know me, but I know you; I don't have to tell yer that."

"Well," said the affable Perkins, "what can I do for *you?*"

"Well, then, Mr. Perkins, you ain't no ordinary man; you've got things waitin' for you. I know that. I want just five minutes to talk temperance to you. It won't take you any longer. You're a practical man, and I want to talk the thing over the way practical men talk."

Mr. Perkins grunted again.

"Now, here," said Birdie Shaw, laying his finger confidentially on his coat collar, "I'm President of the Ward 7 Republican Club, and we've got the finest little club in this city, if I do say so. It ain't so little neither, unless you call a hundred and seventy-five husky young fellers little. Say, and they're all workers, too.

"Now you know and I know what Ward 7 is. I tell you this town'll come pretty near goin' the way Ward 7 goes—and don't you think it won't. It always has, and you and I won't live to see the time when it won't.

"Well, then," continued Birdie Shaw, in the deepest of confidential tones, "on the quiet, our fellers don't like the way this liquor business's been goin'. There's lots of good young fellers that ain't no better for it. You know that." Elijah S. Perkins nodded solemnly. "And I tell you they're gettin' kind of tired of it—of seein' these liquor dealers lollin' round with their horses and carriages, and they scratchin' hard to pay the rent. Oh, I tell you, Mr. Perkins, things are advanced from what they used to be. Those fellers can see through a pane of glass just as well as you and me."

"True, true," said Elijah S. Perkins.

"So they got talkin' it down in the Club, and I says to 'em, 'If you mean business the man you want to see about this is Elijah S. Perkins. He is the temperance movement in this town.' So they sent me up to see you."

Again the great Perkins nodded.

"And now I'm goin' back and I'm goin' to tell the fellers that your people'll stand by 'em, and 'll be glad to have 'em come in with you. Is that right?"

"That's right, my boy," said Perkins heartily. "The temperance cause is the place for young men. You tell 'em I'm glad to see our young men gettin' their eyes open."

"Will they be glad to hear it?" said Mr. Shaw. "Well, I guess *not.*"

Jumping from his chair, he shook the great temperance leader by the hand and escaped. The two new friends parted in the deepest mutual confidence.

Emerging from the office of the great Perkins, the leader of Ward 7 young men started down into the city with a look of deep determination on his face. There was still work to be done. He was, in fact, headed for the Secretary of the Meadville Liquor Dealers' Protective Association.

Mr. P. Hickey, the Secretary of this high moral organization, was a rotund, middle-aged gentleman, with a smooth-shaven face, embossed with a large and meaty nose. He was ornamented with a very heavy gold watch chain, and a shirt front displaying a small bow tie and a great electric diamond. His sleek hair and his expanse of white linen gave him an uncanny appearance of cleanliness.

Birdie Shaw discovered him in the glass-lined private office of his saloon.

"Hello, Hick," he said, seating himself.

"Hello, Bird," growled the fat liquor dealer, "what ails yer now?"

"Say, Hick, what are you goin' to do for us this fall?" returned the visitor.

"Do for what?"

"The Club down in the Ward, of course."

"You're President of it, ain't yer?"

"Yep."

"I thought I saw something about it in the paper. Well, we'll treat you all right."

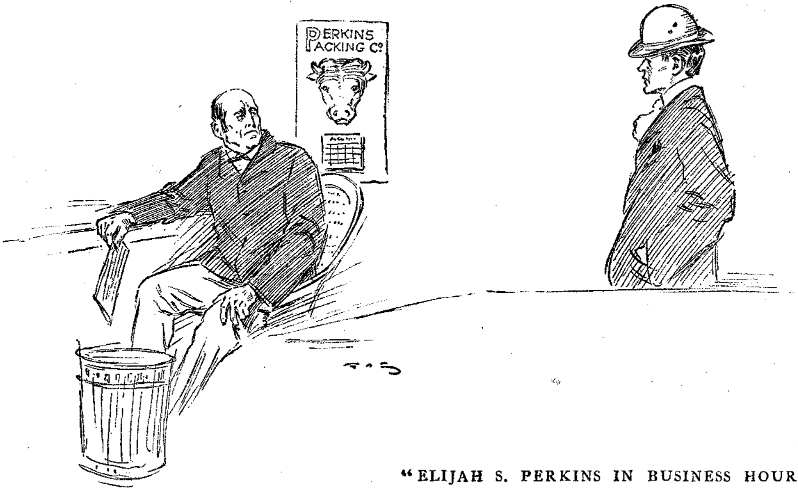
"You'd better. The fellers are all friendly to you now, and you want to keep 'em that way, 'cause you're goin' to have the fight of your life on your hands this fall.

"Say," said the President, lowering his voice to a hoarse whisper, "there's temperance money comin' into the ward in bunches, and I know the fellers that's got it. Oh, I'm onto 'em; I know all their little tricks. This feller thinks he's all right, too. He comes to me and he says, 'We've got 'em this time, sure thing.' So I says to meself, 'I'll just go up and see my old friend Hick and put him onto this right off now.' "

Mr. P. Hickey nodded with serious appreciation.

" Well, that's all," said Mr. Shaw, rising. " But say now, you want to do the right thing by our fellers this fall. It won't do you no harm; I'll tell you that."

" Don't you worry; we'll take care of 'em," said the liquor man. " Better have something before you go. Here," he called to the bartender, as Birdie Shaw emerged, " you give this man what he wants."



"ELIJAH S. PERKINS IN BUSINESS HOURS."

For a temperance worker Mr. Shaw wanted pretty strong stuff.

He had scarcely come out on the sidewalk, when he encountered the political reporter.

" Hello, Shaw," said the latter, " what's new to-day ? "

" There's something comin' along," said Birdie hesitatingly, " but I don't know as it's just ripe to give out yet."

" Oh, go on, tell us," said the reporter. " What is it ? "

" Well, here," said Bird, finally overcoming his scruples. " I'll give you a pointer, and you can work it out for yourself. This is goin' to be a red-hot campaign for temperance. The Christians are out after the saloon-keeps with an ax. After this election they say when a man wants a drink, he's got to take a train to get it. That's right, too; you can put that down.

" Oh, it'll be a great fight. And say, while you're at it, you might say that Ward 7 talked over the temperance question at its last meeting. Oh, I'm tellin' you, it was a lively one at that. Some of the fellers are sore on the saloon gang, and you can't tell what they're liable to do.

" But don't give it away where you got this. If you do, you won't get any more news from me, I'm tellin' you that."

The " Morning Standard " announced the approaching temperance warfare at length.

Having launched the temperance campaign, its originators were concerned that it should be run on proper lines. There was at once great enthusiasm with Elijah S. Perkins and his friends, and great anxiety among the followers of P. Hickey. The city had always gone " license " by a very small margin.

The solicitude of the officers of the Ward 7 Club was naturally greatest for making a proper impression on Mr. Perkins. With this in view, it was decided to inaugurate a new movement. This was nothing less than to run Mr. Perkins for Mayor.

Immediately upon this decision the Ward 7 Republican Club was to be seen gathered at the desk of Elijah S. Perkins—the President boldly gesticulating; the Secretary-treasurer dangling his black hat between his legs in an uneasy way, and staring innocently into the other corner of the room through his spectacles.

The President had soon come to the point. " Now look here," he said, " I'll give it to you straight, without any foolin'. Our fellers want you for Mayor. Now, you needn't say no; they won't take it. You're a popular man down in our ward, if I do say it to your face.''

"That's right," jerked out the taciturn Secretary-treasurer, blinking earnestly through his spectacles.

"Well, I should say it *was* right. You ought to see 'em warm up to it. 'If he'll run,' they says, 'we'll give 'em a temperance law, with a temperance Mayor to run it.' That's what this town needs; and you people won't get it unless you do run.''

"Maybe you're right,'' said Mr. Perkins, modestly.

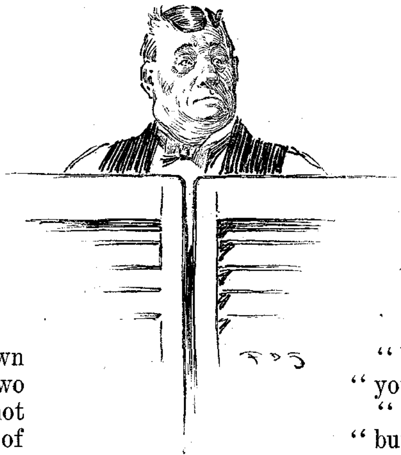
"Sure, sure,'' said the President, "and you're the man we want—we're all agreed to that, and we won't take no for an answer.''

"Gentlemen,'' said Mr. Perkins, with his best air, "I will not say no; I will give the matter my attention.''

The Ward 7 Republican Club bowed themselves out.

"Will he take it?'' asked the Secretary-treasurer.

"Will he take it? Well, I should say he would,'' said the President gleefully. "You couldn't pry it away from him with a crowbar.''



"P. HICKEY."

On their next trip down street that evening, the two temperance workers did not avoid the blazing saloon of P. Hickey. They found the Secretary of the liquor dealers in the center of the glare, walking slowly about with his fat thumbs in the pockets of his tight trousers.

"Come in here,'' said the President of the Ward 7 Republican Club, jerking his head toward the glass-lined office.

"Say, Hick,'' he said, when they were duly caged, "I've got something new and novel for you. The cold-water workers have got a new candidate in the convention, and he's all right, too. They've got out old Perkins, the meat man.''

"What er you givin' us?'' grunted Hickey.

"Honest, that's right, every word of it; and he's goin' to give you fellers the fight of your life. There ain't no limit to the money they're goin' to put into this thing; he's just crying to spend it.

"Now, you've got that the first of anybody in this city. Only don't you say a word yet. You just wait and see if what I tell you ain't right.''

The next morning the President of the Ward 7 Club, faithful to his trust, appeared again at Mr. Perkins's office.

There was still doubt in the great Perkins's mind.

"Here,'' said Mr. Shaw, finally, "I tell you what I'm goin' to do. I'm goin' to get your name before the people, and you can see for yourself.''

"How'll you do it?''

"Oh, I'll have to fix the papers a little.''

"Fix the papers! Have you got to pay the papers to get political stuff in?''

"Got to fix the papers? Well, I should say you had. The trouble with you temperance people is, you're too innocent. You know what you can do with 'em. Well, you just watch me.''

"What does it cost?'' queried Perkins.

"Oh, you can get it done for twenty-five dollars—a good one, I mean.''

"Well, here,'' said Perkins, "you try it.''

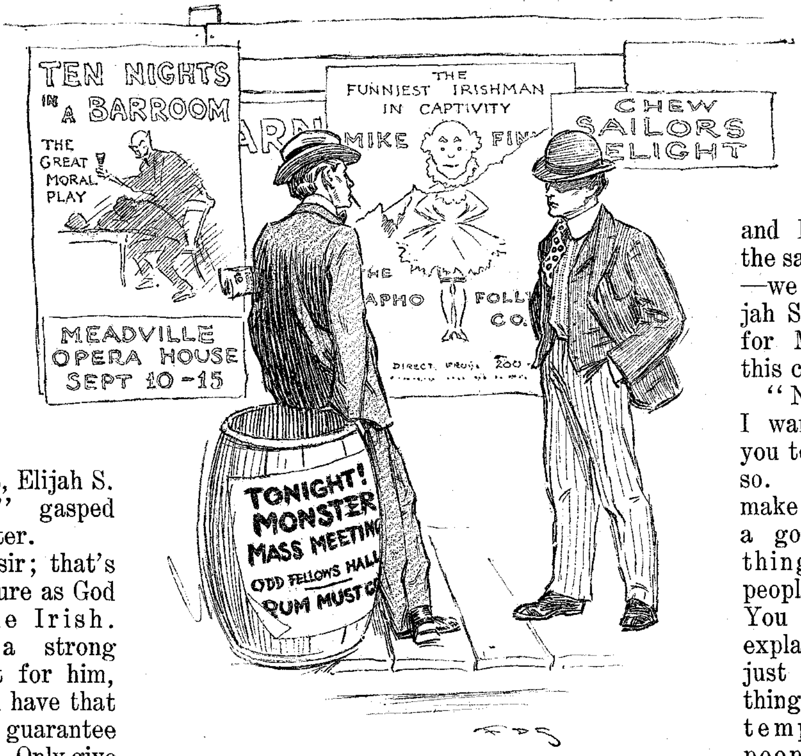
"All right,'' said Mr. Shaw, "but I kind of hate to take this from you. I'd pay it out of the treasury of the Club—if I thought it was the right thing to do.''

"Oh, that's all right,'' said the magnificent Perkins. "When Elijah S. Perkins does a thing, it's *done;* you'll find that out if you do much business with *me*.''

Steering straight down street with his faithful fellow-officer, Birdie Shaw soon encountered the political reporter and assailed him with friendly vigor.

The reporter accosted him for news.

"Now look here,'' said Bird, "I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll tell you a piece of news that's right; and nobody else ain't got it but you, and they won't have it neither—not till after you print it. They're goin' to run old Perkins for the nomination for Mayor.''


TEN NIGHTS IN A BARROOM
THE GREAT MORAL PLAY
MEADVILLE OPERA HOUSE SEPT 10-15
THE FUNNIEST IRISHMAN IN CAPTIVITY
MIKE FIN
SAPHO FOLLY CO.
CHEW SAILORS DELIGHT
TONIGHT! MONSTER MASS MEETING ODD FELLOWS HALL RUM MUST GO

"HE ENCOUNTERED THE POLITICAL REPORTER."

"What, Elijah S. Perkins!" gasped the reporter.

"Yes, sir; that's right. Sure as God made the Irish. There's a strong movement for him, and you'll have that first. I'll guarantee you that. Only give him a kind of a good send-off, will you?

"And say, you might say the Ward 7 Club had another big meetin' last night and voted in six new members. Oh, they're red-hot."

The political reporter went away and wrote an article full of enthusiasm. It was a "scoop."

The political reporter's friendship was established for one fall; Perkins was gratified; and the twenty-five dollars remained in the treasury of the Ward 7 Club. Thus all were pleased.

There was no doubt that the announcement made a stir. Delight suffused the temperance ranks, and much consternation the souls of the Liquor Dealers' Association.

Possibly this event alone would have been enough to fix in the breast of that citizen-patriot, Elijah S. Perkins, the determination to sacrifice himself for his city. However, the President of the Ward 7 Club would leave no stone unturned.

He next visited the President of the Women's Temperance Home Defenders, Mrs. Jabez O. Pratt. He found her in a church vestry at the close of one of the Defenders' afternoon meetings.

"Excuse me, Mrs. Pratt," he said, "for intrudin' myself on you. But I knew you and I wanted the same thing—we want Elijah S. Perkins for Mayor of this city.

"Now, what I want is for you to tell him so. You can make him do a good many things other people can't. You want to explain to him just how the thing is. We temperance people have got to have him to win."

"I'll do it," said the head of the Defenders, decidedly.

"Well, thank you, ma'am," said Birdie Shaw. "I won't take any more of your time then."

The President of the Defenders was a tall, unhealthy-looking woman, with a bluish-white complexion. She wore a black dress and black cotton gloves, and a little flimsy black cape that huddled up about her neck.

"That's a smart young man," she said to herself, as Birdie Shaw sailed away.

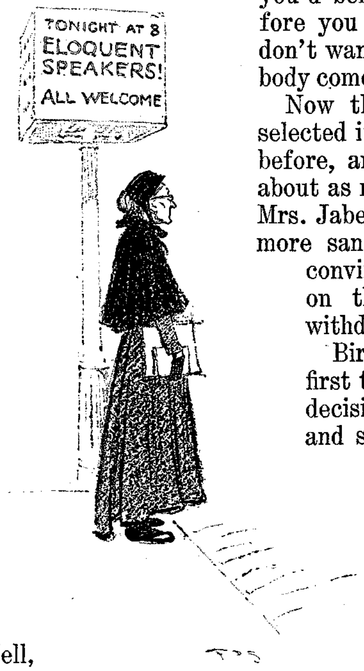
Mrs. Pratt started immediately for Mr. Perkins. She was an earnest woman—one of those strong personalities who take a personal pride in speaking their opinion, and make fully as much display of moral courage in doing it when it happens to be good as when it is bad.

She entered the office of the great Perkins with a flourish, and started immediately on her God-given task of speaking her mind.

"I don't care, Mr. Perkins," she said, "if you are a big, rich man, and I'm only a poor, hard-workin' woman. I'm just going to tell you what I think, and it won't make any difference to me whether you like it or not.

"You've got to run for Mayor of this

beautiful city; she needs you. You've had all the expenses of the Cause all these years, and now you ought to have some of the honors of it, and everybody I've talked to says the same. The people are aroused this fall; they're going to elect a temperance mayor, and you're going to be the man.”



“MRS. JABEZ O. PRATT.”

Her visit, with that of other devoted and unselfish enthusiasts, went far to demonstrate to Mr. Perkins how widespread was the call for him through the city.

The same evening of these two conferences, the Secretary of the Liquor Dealers' Association was met by the President of the Ward 7 Club.

“Hello, Hick,” said Bird, “how are you to-night?”

“All right. How's yourself?”

“First rate. Well, say, Hick, was I right about Perkins, or wasn't I?”

“Guess you hit it that time.”

“You bet your life I did. Well, say, have you got it all fixed up what you're goin' to do for us?”

“I dunno but what I have.”

“Well, you'd better; with all this temperance money floatin' round I'm havin' all I can do keepin' the fellers in line this fall—and your people not doin' a thing yet. Say, Hick, you'll have to raise it a little this fall, honest.”

“A feller was in here last night,” said Hickey stolidly, “who said that Perkins business was all a bluff.”

“Oh, I dunno about that,” said Birdie Shaw. “The old man might be weaker in the convention, and don't you forget it.”

“This feller says,” continued the liquor dealer unmoved, “that the whole show ain't got any chance, and he'd think we'd drop the whole thing, and save our money.”

“Did you believe him?” asked Bird scornfully.

“I dunno but I did.”

“That's all right,” said the President of the Ward 7 Club fiercely, rising with sharp decision from his chair. “You just go ahead and see what you can do without us.”

“Say, here,” said the Secretary of the liquor dealers, hurriedly, “don't get excited. I was only givin' you a little jolly. Here's the usual thing. I'll give it to you now, and maybe I'll raise you a little later. Does that suit you?”

“That's all right, Hick,” said the mollified leader of Ward 7 voters; “I knew you'd behave sensible about it before you got through. Only you don't want to believe what everybody comes along and tells you.”

Now the machine had already selected its man for Mayor weeks before, and Elijah S. Perkins had about as much chance against it as Mrs. Jabez O. Pratt herself. The more sane of his friends finally convinced him that it would, on the whole, be better to withdraw.

Birdie Shaw was one of the first to approach him after his decision. There was a deep and settled depression on his face.

“Our fellers will be mighty sorry to hear it, Mr. Perkins,” he said. “But I'm goin' to tell 'em the fight ain't off yet by any means. It ain't no personal matter with you. You're one of these men that's got principles, and there ain't any too many of 'em in politics, I'm tellin' you that. The principle of this thing's the same, and you're goin' to stick.”

“Yes,” said Perkins, feebly. “The principle's what I'm after.”

It remained to announce Mr. Perkins's withdrawal to the public. To see that this was properly done Mr. Shaw himself went to the “Standard” office, and imparted the news exclusively to his dear friend, the political reporter.

It was a rich political year. The breweries put in to both parties their regular contributions—those great unseen moral forces, which always disappear in the report of expenses—divided under the names of a large number of friendly politicians, who never gave a cent in their lives. The saloons did likewise. The Ward 7 Republican Club, with touching self-sacrifice, made no attempt to share in the division of this spoil. It modestly preferred to keep away from the attention of the general political managers.

It was with this self-effacing purpose that the chief executive of the Ward 7 Republican Club now sallied forth. In the Secretary of the Liquor Dealers' Protective Association he found an easy convert.

"Just you keep still and say nothin'," said Mr. Shaw, tapping the chest of Mr. Hickey with his forefinger. "It'll all be fixed. *You* don't want to get into this fight. You ain't in no position to in your business."

Incidentally Mr. Shaw wrapped up and put into his pocket the additional tribute of the liquor dealers.

The great Elijah S. Perkins he approached in a different way.

"It's a great temperance fight you're puttin' up, Mr. Perkins," said he. "I tell you it makes a difference who's runnin' such things."

"Well, I generally manage to do what I set out to," said the modest Perkins.

"Sure, sure. Everybody's talkin' of it. It's great."

"The saloon is the curse of this country," continued Mr. Perkins, didactically.

"Sure, sure."

"And we've got to stamp it out."

"That's right," said Birdie Shaw, fervently, "and you're the man to do it in this town.

"Say, now," he continued, "I came up here to talk over Ward 7 with you and take your advice. Now, I tell you what I thought."

Mr. Shaw then spoke warmly in favor of allowing the women and clergymen to conduct an earnest and thorough campaign of education, but favored quiet work in Ward 7.

"You let your ministers and women loose on the city all you want to. It's a great thing in its way—great. I understand that. But you run Ward 7 yourself. This is your campaign; you're the man that's runnin' it; and that's the ward in this town, and we want it run right. Now every day or so I'll come up here and talk it over with you and get directions. What do you say? Am I right?"

Mr. Perkins was much pleased with the arrangement.

Mr. Shaw fulfilled his part of the contract to the letter. Day by day he reported the great growth of membership, and boldly told the high respect entertained for Mr. Perkins. "You'd be surprised to see what an influence you've got on those fellers," he confessed. "I'll bet there's more'n fifty good young fellers took the pledge in that Club since you first came in with us."

Mr. Perkins was touched by this recital. Shaw carried home a heavy burden of paper-covered literature.

"Look a-here, Mood," he wailed. "Get onto what he gave me!"

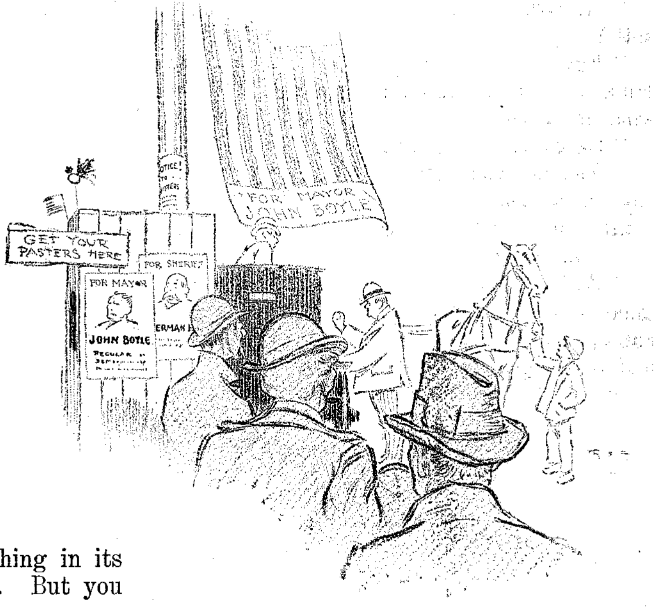
"What?"

"Little temperance lessons for the Club."

"Let's look at 'em," said the Secretary-treasurer, blinking over the titles through his glasses.

"Say," said Bird, picking one up, "listen to this: 'Business *vs.* Beer, by Elijah S. Perkins.'"

"That's it," said Mood, "work that."



"'I'LL SHOW YOU,' SAID P. HICKEY."

It appeared on the next visit to Perkins that the club members had been much impressed by the literature. "There's one thing there that hit 'em hard," said the President. "It's called 'Business *vs.* Beer,' or something like that. Say, who wrote that?"

"I did," said the author.

"Well, say," said the surprised Shaw, "it's all right, anyway. It's a good thing those books come in as they did, too."

Mr. Shaw then described vividly the efforts of the Liquor Dealers' Protective Association to debauch the young men from the paths of rectitude and Perkins.

"What!" said the great Perkins, bristling, "a gang of saloon-keepers banded together to intimidate the voters of this city?"

"That's right."

Mr. Perkins then demanded a detailed description of their methods and officers. He was particularly impressed by P. Hickey. His purpose became alarming; he threatened to seek out Mr. Hickey and defend the members of the Ward 7 Republican Club in person.

"When I see that fat rum-seller," he said finally, "I'm going to speak my mind to him as an American citizen."

"Say, don't you think you'd better wait a while?" said the terrified Birdie Shaw.

"Am I goin' to run this thing, or ain't I?" asked the charming-mannered Perkins. "If I ain't, I want to know it."

Birdie Shaw retreated in dire fear, with the champion of Ward 7 young men still in a belligerent mood.

A great danger hung over the Ward 7 Club—the open discussion of it by its friends. Moreover, the days were growing few and the harvest was not yet.

At a serious conference of the organization, it was deemed wise to choose Mr. Perkins an honorary member.

"If that don't bring it," said the President, "we won't get it short of murder."

Mr. Shaw presented the honor with much feeling; Mr. Perkins appreciated it very much.

"There's enthusiasm in this campaign, everywhere," he said. "I tell you it's fine. We're goin' to win, and as far's I'm concerned, I ain't goin' to spare any expense to do it. You tell your fellers I'm goin' down, and I'm goin' to get the finest crayon picture of myself in this town and send it down to 'em. When a thing like that's done to Elijah S. Perkins, he don't forget to show his appreciation of it."

"They'll be mighty glad to hear of it," said Birdie Shaw, looking cheerful by main strength.

There was truly no lack of heat in this no-license campaign, which the Ward 7 Republican Club had so ruthlessly awakened. The blast of the temperance emotionalist echoed through the overheated town; the cohorts of the saloon were working their insinuating wiles in the nether darkness of ward politics. Gray-faced women in black gowns—vestals of the Cause—went from door to door assailing the women in this wise:

"How would you like to have your darling boy wrecked by the Demon Drink? Well, then, if you wouldn't, make your husband vote against its being legally countenanced in our beautiful city. If you don't you're responsible for other women's sons."

Red-faced gentlemen, committed to the interests of the saloon, industriously inquired of the young men: "Say, are you goin' to let a lot of old women dictate what you're goin' to do?" But amidst it all—the clamor and turmoil and the dust—the high gods who laugh their fill annually over American politics were most moved by the sight of the great Elijah S. Perkins and the spectral Ward 7 Club still haunting the saloon side by side in Ward 7. Gaunt anxiety covered the officials of the Club like a garment. The end of the campaign was here, and the tremendous issue for which the Ward 7 Club was formed was still unsolved. A hundred hints—open, concealed, ingenious—had fallen flat. Their most heroic efforts to secure Perkins's financial contributions had been in vain.

"We're done," said the despondent President; "we're beat to a standstill."

Silence from the Secretary-treasurer.

"Well, what do you think, you undertaker's assistant?"

"Try him again."

"Got another scheme?"

"Yep."

"Well, then, what is it this time?"

"Anonymous letter."

"How's that?"

"Here," said "The Ghost," passing it over.

"What's this?" said Mr. Shaw, beginning to read. "Oh, yes."

> "Dear Sir: Probably you think you know all there is to this Ward 7 Club, but you don't. They're foolin' you. Take my advice. Ask Shaw how many debts they've got.
>
> "A Friend."

"Understand?" asked "The Ghost."

"Wouldn't wonder if I did. We've got debts and Perkins pays 'em. That it?"

Nod from the Secretary-treasurer.

"This letter starts the thing goin'."

Another nod.

"Perkins breaks loose again. Then there's where I come in and lay it out before him."

Nod.

The anonymous letter was posted by loving hands that night. The President of the

Ward 7 Club nerved himself for the final desperate attack.

As Birdie Shaw entered the silence of the awful office the succeeding morning, the roar of the cunning Perkins greeted him.

“You’re the feller that thought you’d fool me,” said the voice.

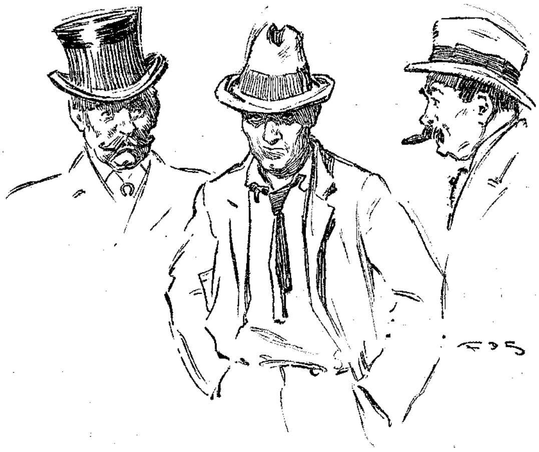
Mr. Shaw was stricken with surprise. “What do you mean, Mr. Perkins ?”

“How about those debts of that Club of yours ?”

“Say, what are you coming at ?” said the innocent caller.

“You look at that,” said Perkins, shoving the letter in his face. “Oh, you can’t fool me. I’ve got my ways of knowin’.”

Mr. Shaw was almost speechless with rage.



“‘SAY, ARE YOU GOIN’ TO LET A LOT OF OLD WOMEN DICTATE WHAT YOU’RE GOIN’ TO DO?’”

“Lemme look at that!” he demanded, snatching it and devouring it with his eyes. His anger settled into a calm and deadly determination.

“That’s all right,” he said, passing it back. “I know who that is, and he’ll know who I am before this day’s over. I’ll leave my mark on him.”

“Well,” said the amiable Perkins, in a loud, barking voice, “what have you got to say for yourself ?”

“Well, say, here,” said Mr. Shaw, throwing aside all attempt at concealment, and standing forth in absolute candor. “I’ll tell you just how this thing is. Our Club’s in debt — that’s right — we’ve got all we want to carry. We’re meetin’ expenses for this campaign, understand, and it costs money to run a good fight. Well, then, all this fall these liquor men have been round tryin’ to pay it, and we’ve fought ’em off. But a few of the fellers in the Club thought as long as we was goin’ the other way, we’d ought to get some help out of the temperance people. They was goin’ to have somebody tackle you—only a few of ’em, understand, not the whole Club.

“‘No, sir,’ I says, ‘we’re doin’ this thing ourselves, we ain’t beggin’.’ And we beat ’em out. I tell you it was red-hot. I told ’em what I thought of ’em. But afterwards I heard some of ’em said they was goin’ to write you, anyhow.

“And that’s what they’ve done,” said Mr. Shaw, with a desperate gesture. “Say, I’d rather been assassinated than had that happened.”

“What’s the reason you didn’t want me to know about it ?” asked the relenting Perkins.

“What’s the reason ? Well, here, I’ll tell you that right off. Did I ever ask you for anything ?”

Apparently negative grunt from Perkins.

“Did anybody else in that Club ?”

Second grunt.

“No, nor I didn’t intend they should. I know you; you’re generous and big-hearted. The first thing you’d done, you’d wanted to pay off that debt.

“Well, you know it all now, and you can watch us payin’ that debt off. It’ll be worth it. We’ll do it, too. That Club ain’t goin’ to break up this election either. It’s goin’ to keep right on. It’s a good thing for those fellers, and I don’t mean to have it stop.”

“You look here!” burst forth Perkins. “How much is that debt ?”

“Oh, probably $375, when everything’s all in.”

“That’s all, is it ?”

“Sure, sure, we’ve paid off some of it already.”

“And you say you ain’t goin’ to let anybody else pay anything ?”

“That’s right.”

“Well, now, you are!” said the tremendous Perkins, dragging the unwilling Shaw after him like a lamb to the slaughter, as he proceeded to work his awful will. “You are! I’m goin’ to pay it myself!”

“Say, here,” said Mr. Shaw feebly, “I didn’t come up here lookin’ for this.”

"You sit still right where you are," said the meat merchant, ringing a bell.

"Here, you," he said to the cowering clerk who appeared. "You go out to the safe and get me $400. Hear? I tell you *my* clerks don't wait around when I give 'em an order," he continued.

Beaten down and overcome with shame, Birdie Shaw left the office of the great Perkins with $400 in his pocket.

"Did I get it?" he reported to his fellow-officer, waving a gigantic cigar gracefully toward the sky. "Well——"

But the troubles of the Ward 7 Club were not over yet. Mr. Perkins still threatened assault on sight on the person of Mr. Hickey.

"Say, if they get together," predicted Mr. Shaw, "they'll get to talkin' about us, sure. That's where we come to a close."

The opposing forces crashed up to their crisis in election day. It was a time to be remembered. The Ward 7 Republican leaders went in and out of the precincts of the ward and lingered earnestly about the ballot-boxes. The hours had passed without untoward incident; the dangers of the campaign were nearly over. Suddenly at the last moment there appeared on the horizon the two forces of danger moving from either direction. P. Hickey was driving his colt in his red-wheeled sulky; Elijah S. Perkins was advancing in a hack, accompanied by the President of the Women's Temperance Home Defenders. Both parties arrived at the curbing together.

"Take care there," yelled the fat liquor dealer; "look out where you're goin'."

The hack-driver hesitated. The intrepid Perkins, seizing the situation, stuck his head out the window.

"You go ahead in there," he said; "never mind him. If he gets in your way drive over him."

P. Hickey, in his light vehicle, gave way, and swung out opposite Perkins in the carriage. The end was at hand; the two forces were joined; the very existence of the Ward 7 Republican Club was threatened. Its members on the curbstone waited in silent horror for the final blow.

"Say, who do you think you are?" asked the sweet-toned saloon-keeper.

"My name's Elijah S. Perkins, sir, if you want to know!" shouted the opposition.

"Well, Perkins, you want to be careful the way you drive round here. You can't run *me* down in the street."

"Who are you?"

"My name's Hickey. P. Hickey, that's who I am."

The worst was now known. Perkins was nearly inarticulate.

"Oh, you are, are you? You're Hickey, the rum-seller, that's been bribin' and debauchin' the people of this town to vote for your filthy business. Say, you, I'd like to give you my opinion of you!"

"You would, hey?"

The heat of battle had reached the borderland of apoplexy on both sides. The loafers about the polls gathered close around to drink in the delights of this unexpected gladiatorial treat.

"You would, hey?" repeated Hickey. "Well, why don't you then?"

"Because I don't need to; the people of this town are goin' to show you by their votes what they think of you and your gang. When the good people of this town get roused, you can't buy 'em off with your dirty saloon money."

The aroused Celt began to speak in the bosom of P. Hickey. "Say, when it comes to spendin' money on elections, you're pretty good, ain't ye?" he remarked. "You don't want to be hollerin' round here too much, or somebody might be around that'll show you up. I s'pose you think because you've been fillin' every fist in town full of money, every one else's been doin' the same."

"I don't need to spend money. The people of this city have decided for themselves."

"Aw, go on, you big, fat butcher, you!"

"The trouble with you is," proceeded Perkins calmly, "you've lost your grip. You've lost the young men's vote—right here in this ward."

"See here, ye blaggard," said P. Hickey, descending with great care from his sulky, and giving charge of the horse to a small boy at its head, "I'll tell you what I'll do."

He had advanced to the hack and was shaking his unterrified Irish fist under the nose of the great Perkins.

"I'll bet ye fifty dollars we've got the young men of this Ward with us! Hey, there, you," he yelled to Birdie Shaw on the curbstone.

The representative of Ward 7 young men stood transfixed—held by heavy fear to the spot. The hour of desolation was at hand for the Ward 7 Republican Club.

Then it was that the beneficent influence of woman intervened. P. Hickey, in his earnestness, stood close to the hack door. The two men glared at each other at short range.

"I'll show you," said P. Hickey, "I'll——"

All at once the President of the Home Defenders smelled the liquor on his breath.

"Mr. Perkins," she said with great dignity, "that individual is intoxicated. Do not pay any more attention to him; we cannot afford to demean ourselves by standing here in conversation with a drunken man. Drive me away from here—immediately!"

Her voice was rapidly rising. "I insist!" she cried. "Driver, go on immediately! And you," she said to Hickey, "if you have a spark of manhood left, you will leave that window now and at once!"

The hack-driver, turning about on his seat, slowly and doubtfully drove away; the influences of good were borne further and further away from the polls. The victorious Hickey stood triumphant, surrounded by admiring friends. Of all the rest, none were so eager to congratulate him on his great moral victory as the officers of the Ward 7 Republican Club—after the temperance host had quite disappeared.

The polls were closed, the people of Meadville had registered another careful, thoughtful, uninfluenced, unprejudiced decision on municipal affairs. The temperance vote showed a slight suspicion of gain through the city. In Ward 7 it had jumped forward seventeen votes. Yet license, after all, prevailed.

The Ward 7 Republican Club encountered the reporter of the "Morning Standard," searching for the true interpretation of the vote.

"Say, here," said Shaw, "you're writin' up this thing? I'll tell it to you just as it is. You just say in writin' about Ward 7 that there was a good deal of liquor money spent there, but the temperance vote showed a gain. And say, never mind puttin' anything in about the Ward 7 Club; we've had enough advertisin' for one year."

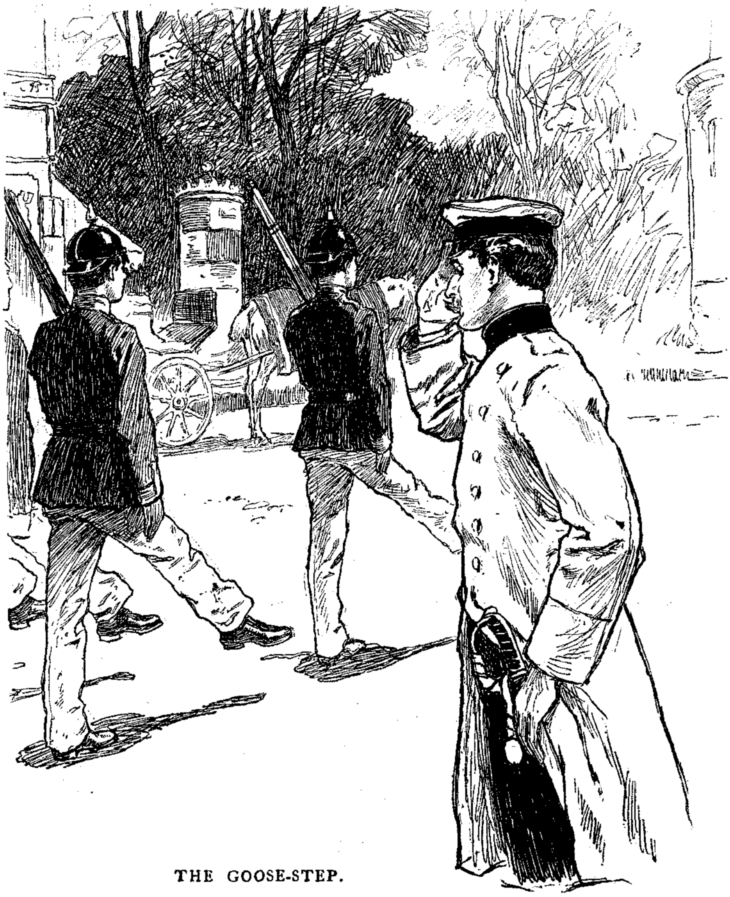
MAKING A GERMAN SOLDIER.

By Ray Stannard Baker.

A PICTURE OF THE LIFE OF THE RECRUIT—HOW THE "FREIWILLIGE" AND THE TWO-YEAR MAN ARE BROKEN IN.

THREE words, the facets of the same idea, will express the national atmosphere of Germany: order, system, discipline. From the moment one sets foot on the soil of the Fatherland, particularly if he enters by way of the French border, he feels this atmosphere. It radiates from the soldierly railroad guard who stands sharply at attention at the crossing as the train rushes past; he feels it in the forests all planted properly in rows, and in the neatly kept railroad grounds and rights of way; he feels it in the policeman who demands his address, his nationality, his business, and how long he is going to stay, so that he may be properly tagged and pigeon-holed; and, above all, he feels it in the endless system—and it is nothing short of a system—of military and civil uniforms, which quite relieves him of the responsibility of being a judge of character, for every man wears his character on his back.

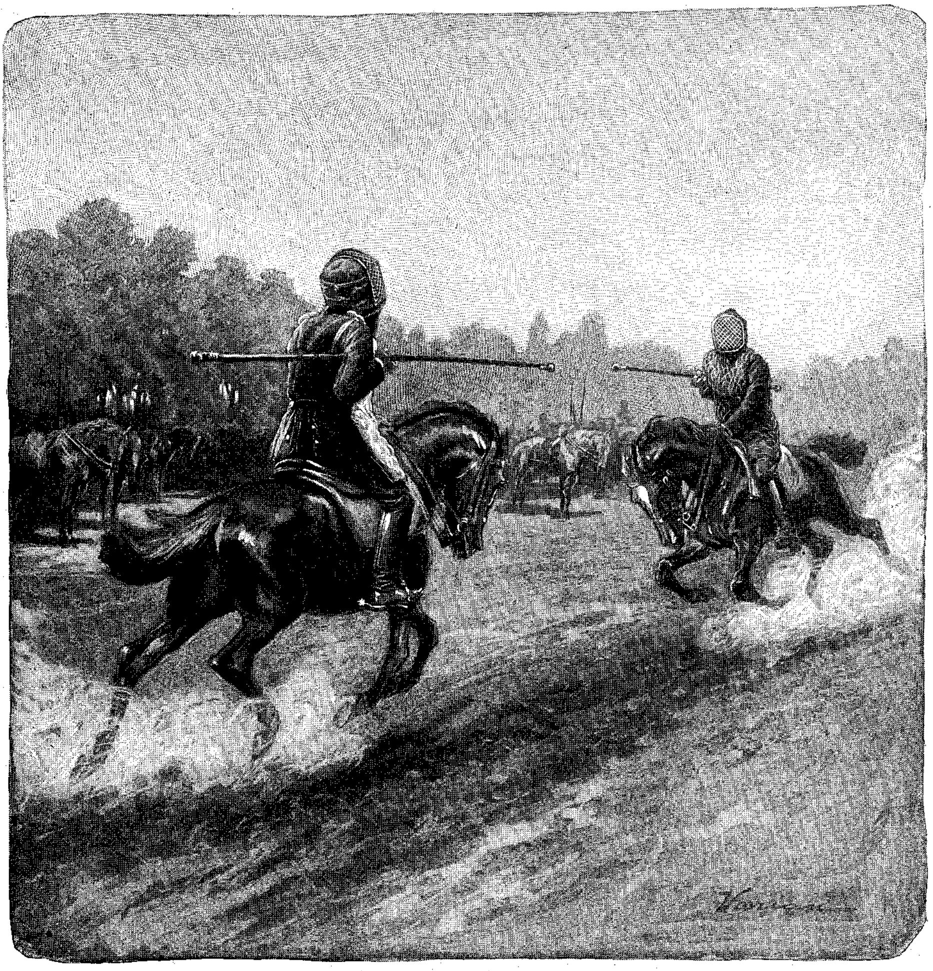
And this national atmosphere of Germany is, in reality, the atmosphere of the military camp, as the spirit of the government is the military spirit. Indeed, every German is a soldier. I do not mean, of course, that the German actually drills and studies the tactics of war every year, but until he is beyond the years of military service he is always on call, and he looks upon himself as a soldier of the Empire. Indeed, after the German has finished his regular compulsory service, he is called back from time to time for a few weeks to keep him in training, to drill him in the new formations, or to give him a clear understanding of new arms and ammunition. His life is divided into exact periods—the actual service period, the reserve period, the *landwehr* period, and the *landsturm* period; and the military authorities always know just where to find him and at what call he must shoulder arms. As he grows older, there is less likelihood that the government will put its finger on him; but in cases of great danger, even the old *landsturm* must march forth.



THE GOOSE-STEP.

Every boy is born a soldier; his birth is registered with the authorities, and twenty years later, with automatic precision, he is called upon to do duty. As a consequence, when one speaks of the making of a German soldier, he deals to a large extent, at least, with the greater subject of the making of a German citizen, and indeed with the making of the German nation.

Germany has no regular army in the sense in which that term is used in America and in England. There are no regular soldiers who enlist for long periods of time and make soldiery a business. Germany is wholly without a counterpart of that picturesque character Tommy Atkins, who has served everywhere in the world, and who knows no life outside of the army; nor has she any type corresponding to our own hard-riding, daredevil regulars. Although a country of soldiers, it is a curious fact that Germany has produced little or no soldier-boy literature—literature in which the English language is so rich. There is no glamour in soldier life to the German, no heroes adorn the service; soldiery is simply one of the plain duties of life—if pleasant, to be enjoyed; if disagreeable, to be endured. And so, although Germany is a nation of soldiers, the soldier does not exist. Even the non-commissioned officers, although they serve for longer terms than the privates, and learn more of the business of soldiery, do it not so much for the love of the service or because it has irresistible attraction for them, as in the case of the English or the American "non-com," but with the definite purpose of making it a step to better things in civil life. For after all is said, the German hasn't a drop of Irish blood in him; he is not a natural-born soldier, and he doesn't like fighting. And yet he does his duty in his German way with absolute faithfulness, serves his time, and is proud of it afterward. But because he does not become intoxicated with the military life, like the Frenchman, there



LANCE PRACTICE.

is no reason why he should not be a good fighter.

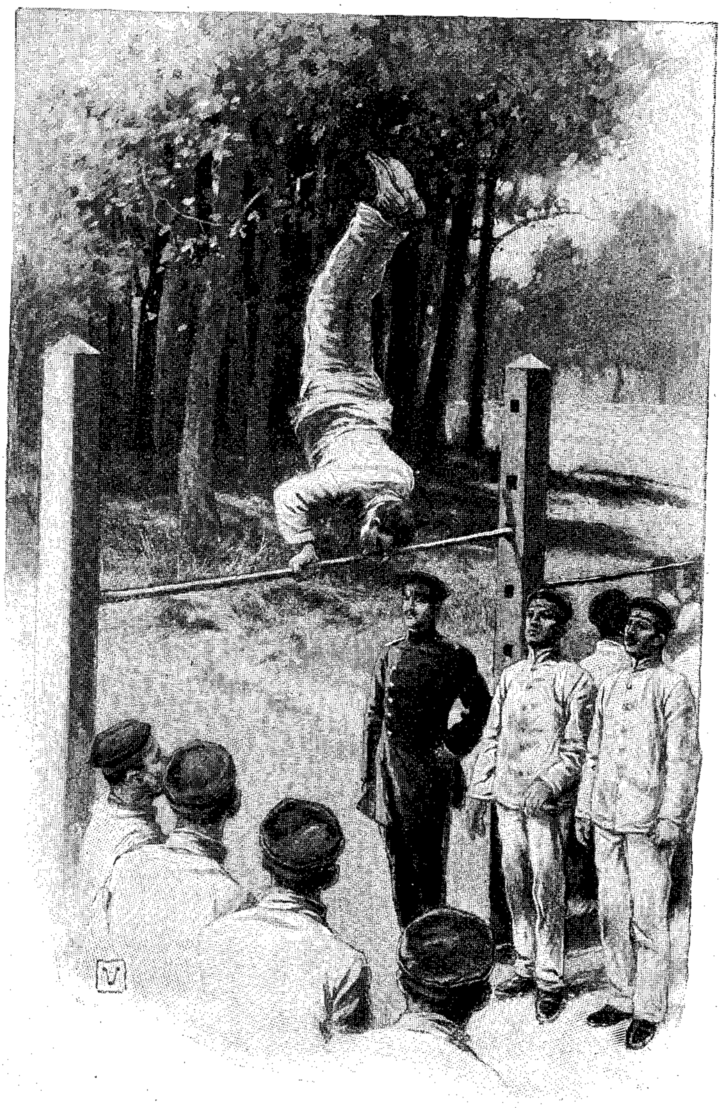
It is curious that a nation thus deficient in military enthusiasm should become, by common consent, the greatest of military powers, with the most perfectly organized fighting system and the most perfectly trained individual soldier.

The German army, like the German nation, has been squeezed into existence. Germany, open on every side to attack, has been the great battle-ground of Europe through all the centuries; and by constant pressure within and without, the army has had its growth. It was the result of stern necessity for defense. It was defense or death; and that, in spite of the commonly reported military aspirations of the German *Kaiser*, is the keynote of the system. The army must be made powerful enough to defend the country from the attacks of any one power or all of them together. If it is necessary to march into France in the course of such a war, well and good; but that is not the fundamental purpose of the army.

And this idea of defending the Fatherland is, significantly enough, the idea which animates every citizen German. In France, the popular attitude is just the reverse. There an army is for attack, it is a weapon for offense, and whenever the army becomes about so strong or when an ambitious officer arises, immediately there is talk of war with England, or Germany, or some other nation. There have been signs recently that the attitude of Germany, in high official circles at least, was changing, that a new spirit of conquest and extension had been born; but, if that is so, it has not yet affected the German citizen-soldier.

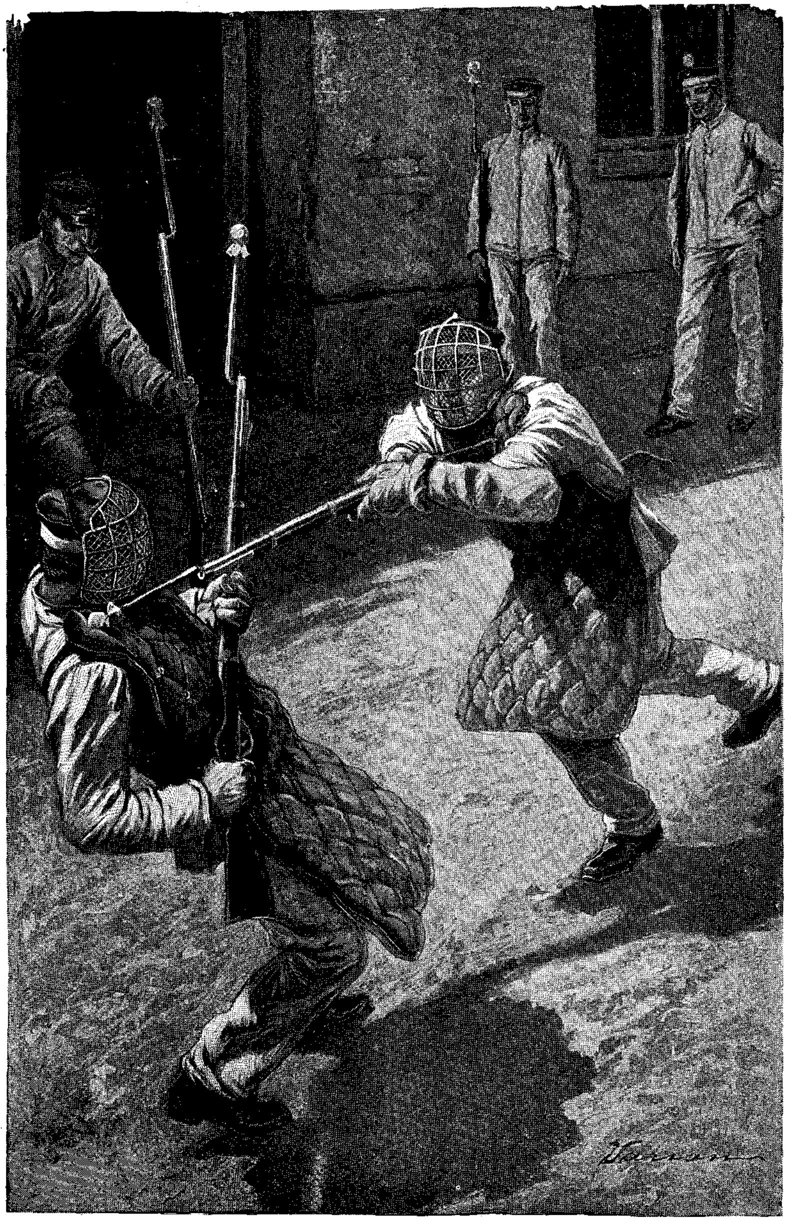
To the old "inevitables," death and taxes, the German adds a third, military service. From the time he is old enough to go to school, he looks forward and plans for it.

It is said that the first great event in the life of a German boy is his confirmation, and the second his first week as a soldier. A huge red placard appears one day on the bill-posting tower so familiar to German towns. It contains a list of the names of all the young men in the district who have reached military age, and his is among them. He has been expecting it, and he knows that the authorities never forget. Already he and his parents have decided one important question regarding his service, and that is, whether he shall enter as a *freiwillige*, or volunteer to serve for one year only, or whether he must take the full service of two years. It is safe to say that every German boy has an ambition to be a *freiwillige*, but with the greater majority of them it is an impossibility. For a *freiwillige* must have had a certain amount of schooling, or his mental training must be sufficient to enable him to pass a specified examination; and then, more difficult still, his parents must be financially able to support him while he is in the service, even to the extent of paying for his board and clothing. It is the demand of the government that every boy must serve, be his family rich or poor, noble or common; but the government assumes that the bright, capable boy will learn the drill and the instructions more quickly than the dull peasant boy, and, besides, the *freiwillige* system relieves the government of the support of a large number of soldiers, and, as I shall show later, economy is a cardinal virtue in the German military system.



DRILL ON THE HORIZONTAL BAR.

The physicians reject great numbers of the boys the first year, because they are not yet large or strong enough to bear the rigors of the service, and they are called again the next year. Boys with serious physical defects, such as the loss of the trigger finger, or color-blindness, or curvature of the spine, are rejected entirely, usually to their keen regret. A few others also escape—cases in which a boy is the sole support of a widowed mother and in similar instances, but the authorities always keep a jealous eye on those who slip through, and should their conditions of life permit, within a reasonable number of years, they must do their service with the others. So few Germans escape service entirely that it is a matter for mild suspicion and inquiry when a man says he has not



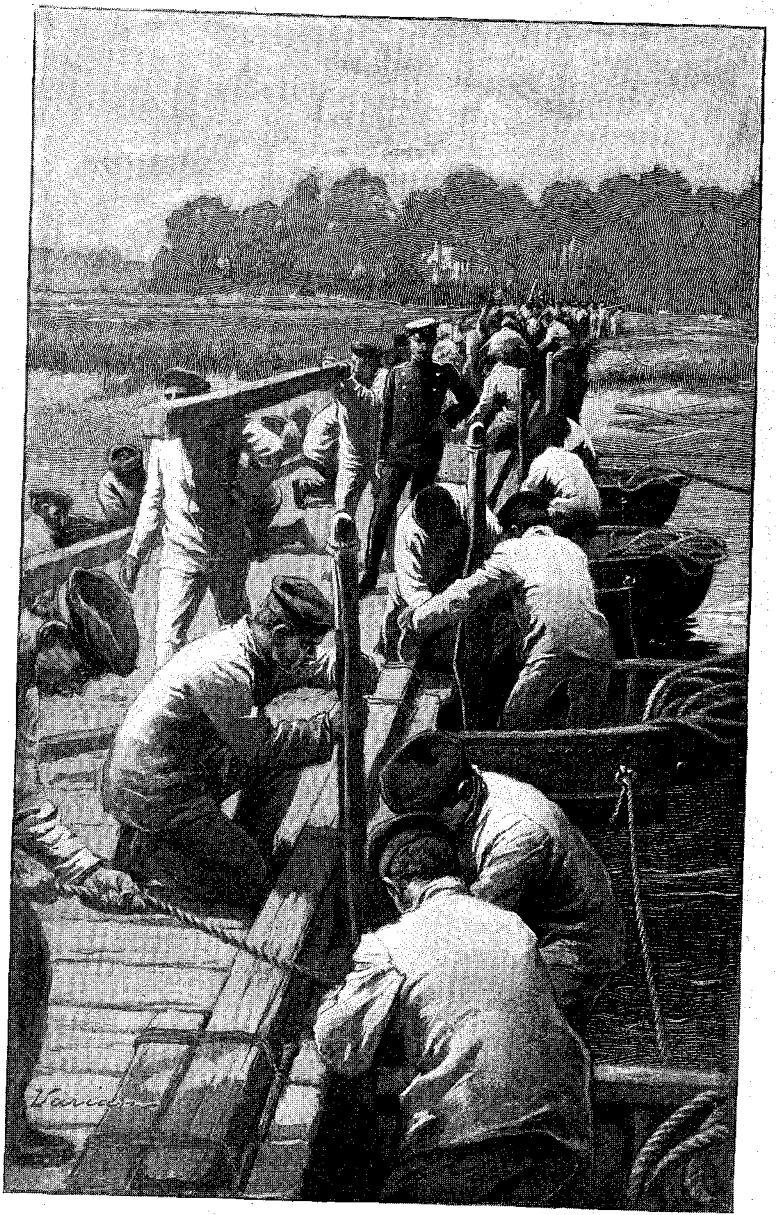
BAYONET PRACTICE.

"I have seen two men, shielded with breast-padding and cage-masks, fight with much vigor and precision, and give each other some pretty vigorous thrusts."

served. The first question the would-be employer asks a man is, "Have you done your service and where?" If the answer is in the negative, the next question is, "Why not?" for it is argued that if this man escaped he must have some grave physical defect, or else he must be cumbered with a family to support.

Under certain conditions, the *freiwillige* men, and sometimes the two-year men, may choose the regiments in which they wish to serve, for some regiments are more aristocratic than others; and they may sometimes select the branch of the service which they prefer, whether infantry, cavalry, artillery, or engineers, although the great proportion of the men are assigned at the will of the officers. Service in the cavalry and artillery requires three years, but there are men who are fond of horses, and who choose the cavalry because it is *schneidig*, a word best translated in English slang as "tony," although the work in the cavalry is more severe.

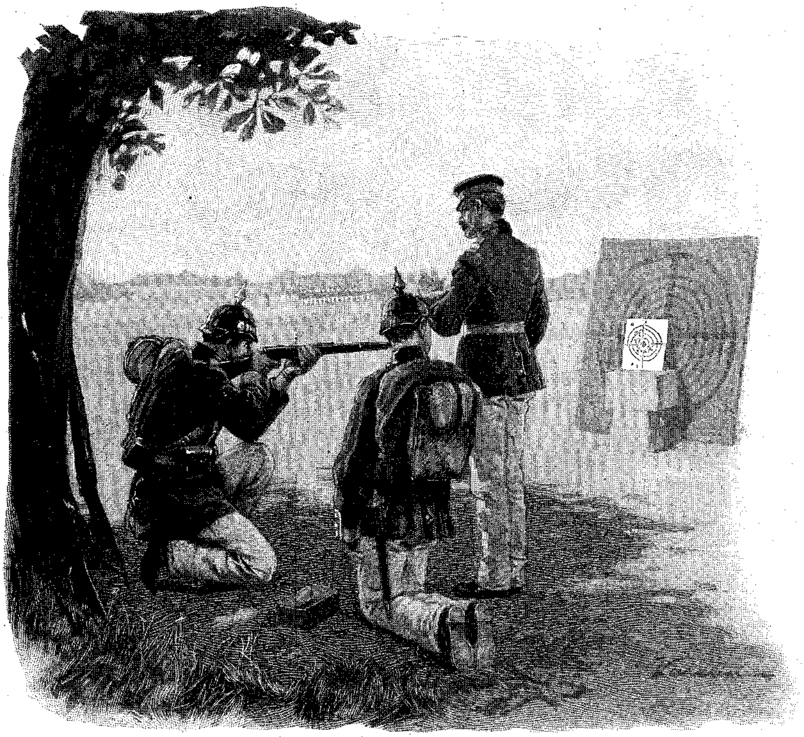
A regiment is never made up entirely of new men. In the first place, there is the skeleton framework of the non-commissioned officers (I am not considering here the commissioned officers), and usually a large residue of men who have already served one year. To these the new draft, awkward, callow, apparently hopelessly stupid, is added; and the officers are confronted with the discouraging task, as old as armies, of beating this raw material into shape. The new recruit spends his first few weeks pretty closely in barracks. His old suit of clothes is packed up, labeled, and stored away, to be kept and returned to him when he finishes his service. He is fitted from among the oldest uniforms in the possession of the regiment, and he is set to such dispiriting tasks as cleaning barracks, blacking the officers' boots, and other duties quite as disagreeable. To a boy who has been brought up in fairly good surroundings, such tasks as these are anything but a



BUILDING A PONTOON-BRIDGE.

pleasant introduction to military life; but here comes in the national spirit of order and obedience to authority, and he obeys. The greatest man in the world to him just now is his corporal, whose business it is to knock off his rough corners, and none too gently. His first sergeant, the "mother of the regiment," is a planet as yet a little out of his orbit, and his captain is a fixed and distant star to be looked upon with awe and wonder. One of his first duties is to learn the "soldier marks"—the distinguishing uniform of his officers and how he must salute his superiors. In Germany, the code of etiquette, as between officers and men, is very rigid. The private is taught that he must obey every order of a superior absolutely and unquestioningly, and that he must invariably salute in exactly the proper way. Any one who visits Germany will see this saluting process on any corner. A sentinel comes to "present arms" and follows his officer with his eyes, like a faithful dog, until he is out of sight. A marching squad goes through that difficult and, to the uninitiated, that amusing performance known in older times as the goose-step. Each man in the line raises his leg, thrusts out his foot vigorously in front, and brings it down with a sharp stroke on the pavement. And thus, "goose-stepping," he marches until the officer has disappeared.

The recruit is also taught the purpose of each article in his uniform and how it must be kept, and what is more, he is held strictly responsible for every damage. Every button is looked after in a way which would astonish an American regular, who, by the way, is the most costly soldier in the world, as the German is the cheapest. One has only to watch a coat or boot inspection, which sometimes lasts for an hour, and to see the officers examine every seam and wrinkle, to be persuaded of the care taken. Not only are there regular regimental tailors and shoemakers detailed from among the men of those trades, but each young soldier is taught how to mend his clothing and to patch his boots, so that they always look well. Many regimental commanders take so keen a pride in preserving the uniforms of their men that they pile up great stocks of clothing in store. I heard of one regiment that possessed six complete uniforms for every man. As a consequence of this rigid supervision, there is no soldier who looks neater and cleaner on all occasions than the German; and I think it has had a profound effect on the whole German nation, for it is rare in Germany to see an untidy, ragged,

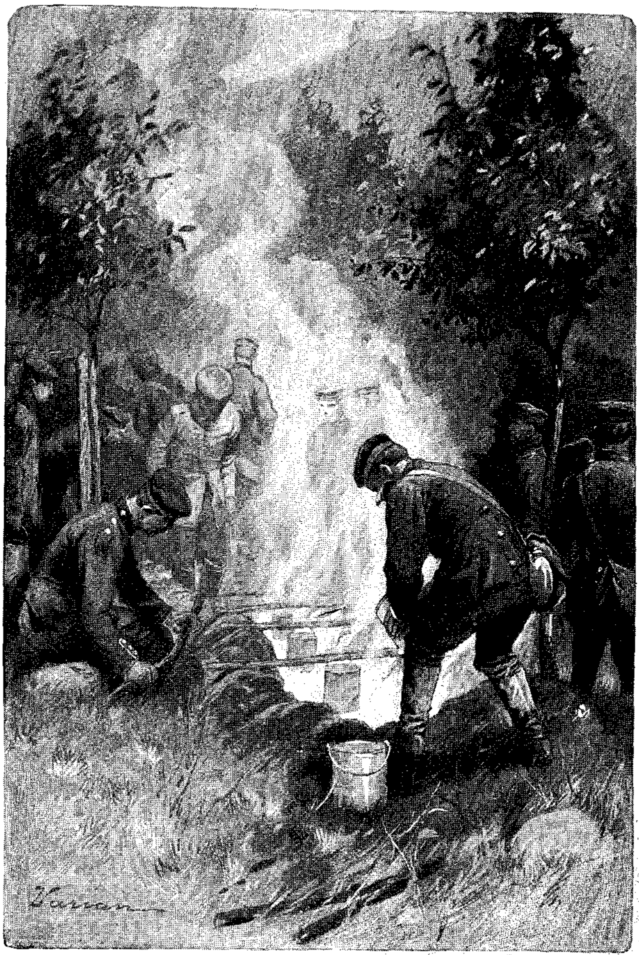


RIFLE PRACTICE WITH A MINIATURE TARGET.

and dirty man, however poor, whereas such specimens swarm the poorer districts of London and New York.

After the recruit has become familiar with his barracks, his uniforms, and his officers, he is ready to begin active drilling, at first without a rifle. And this is hard work. Many of the boys are fresh from farm labor, and are already more or less stiff and awkward; and frequently those from the cities, while more active, are not so strong. The exercises consist in throwing back the arms violently, expanding the chest, lowering and elevating the body by bending the knees, and many similar movements calculated to strengthen and render supple all the muscles of the body. Then there is the famous "long step." A whole company may be seen strutting across the parade-ground, rising on one foot, and balancing there with the other leg extended until the order comes. Then down with the suspended foot in as long a step as possible, and up with the other. This seems simple enough, but when a recruit has been at it half an hour or more he wishes devoutly for something else. The long step is said to make the Germans good marchers, to assist in giving them that quality of strength and endurance which, during the Franco-Prussian war, "marched the French to death." It is a favorite punishment for petty misdemeanors to force a soldier to go through these exercises for so many minutes or hours.

A little later, and, indeed, all through the service of the German soldier, there is constant drilling in all manner of athletic feats, particularly in jumping and climbing. I saw a squad of recruits practising the running high jump. They were all clad in old canvas uniforms of cheap make, their working clothes, and they stood in a line and jumped at the order of the officer. Every one of them was a strapping, round-faced fellow of evident strength, and yet some of them actually could not jump over a string two feet high. They had had no training, and they possessed no idea of how to utilize their muscles. But with a year or two of steady training they make good jumpers. More advanced squads are set to work on the horizontal bar; the work here is very practical, with little attempt to teach the high swings and fancy movements. Then there are vaulting exercises, and scaling exercises in which a squad of men are sent charging at a sheer board wall fifteen or twenty feet high, made to represent a fort, and up they go on one another's knees and backs, rifles and all, until every man is on top; and it is astonishing to see how well and how quickly it is all done. In watching these men at their work, one is impressed with the sober earnestness with which every task is performed. There is rarely a smile, never anything like a cheer, and no apparent appreciation of the fact that these exercises are sometimes practised as sport. To these men it is a serious duty, not especially enjoyable, but endurable. No recruits in

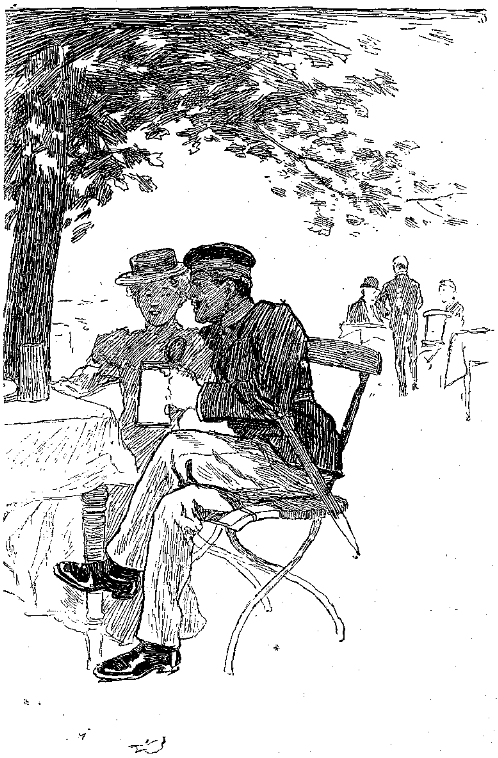


THE BIVOUAC OF THE RECRUITS.

the world are worked so hard as the Germans; for hours they are kept at this physical training, one exercise after another. Some men it has killed by its severity, but most of them thrive under it, so that at the end of a year many a frail stripling of a lad has become a brawny, bronzed-faced soldier, able to stand any hardship. There can be no doubt that this vigorous military training has had a profound effect on the German people. The German is by nature physically indolent; he has no love for violent sports such as the Englishman and the American enjoy; he prefers to sit quietly in some little back-yard forest of evergreens growing in tubs and sip his beer. The military training in a measure stirs him out of this lethargy, and gives him the physical strength that he needs.

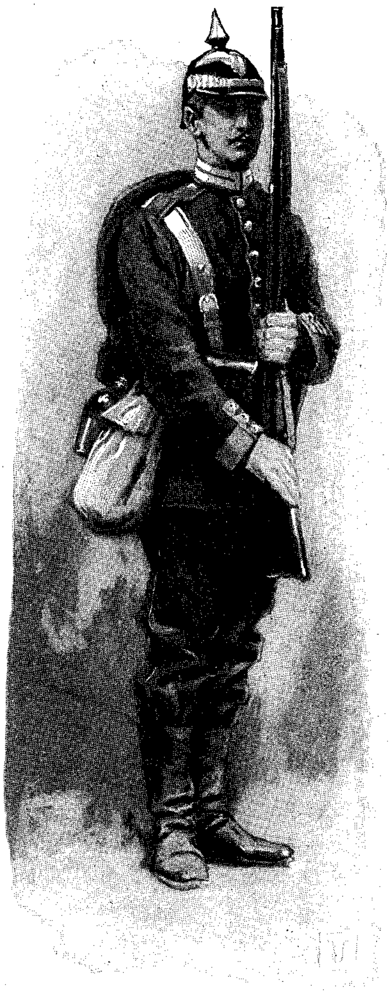
After several weeks of preliminary training, the recruit is given his rifle. He is required to learn everything about it, the purpose of each part, and how it should be cleaned and kept. Then begins the long training in the manual of arms, a branch in which the Germans are especially proficient. The drill is carried even to practice with the bayonet and bayonet tournaments, the bayonets, of course, being rendered harmless by a clot of cloth wound around the point. I have seen two men, shielded with breast-padding and cage-masks, fight with much vigor and precision, and give each other some pretty vigorous thrusts. If a modern battle should by any remote possibility reach the point of a face-to-face bayonet struggle, these big German soldiers, trained as they are, would unquestionably make short work of their adversaries.

And now comes the drill in formation, which is not unlike that in other countries, except, probably, in its minute thoroughness. Indeed, thoroughness is the very essence of the German training. Not long ago I read a criticism in an English paper, anent the South African war, to the effect that the English commissioned officers left too much of the preliminary training, and indeed of regular drill work, to their subordinates, the sergeants and the corporals. In the German army this is not the case; the commissioned officer is never far off, and he is constantly at work with his men, teaching and training them. A familiar sight on a German drill ground is a captain or a lieutenant talking to his company to the length almost of a lecture, advising and instructing. The casual visitor in a German city, who sees the German officers strolling about of an afternoon in their fine uniforms, with their saber scabbards mirror-bright in the sunshine and their spurs clinking, is quite likely to set these men down as "tin soldiers," rich men's sons who have found an easy and showy career in the army. But if this visitor takes pains to inquire, he will find that most of these officers were out at five o'clock in the morning or before, and that by the time the ordinary citizen is out of bed, they have done a half day's hard work.


THE SOLDIER'S HOUR OFF.

Indeed, it is the principle of the German military system to work its men hard, to inure them to all the hardships of war, so that in case they are called suddenly into the field, a forced march will not send them all to hospital. On a hot June day last spring I saw several companies go charging across a drill ground in heavy marching order. They were clad in blue flannel, with metal helmets, and they must have carried at least fifty pounds each on their backs. Every man was dripping with perspiration and choking with dust, but no mercy was shown. They were carrying every pound that would have been carried in a campaign, and they were being trained by hard service to stand it.

Besides the company, battalion, and regimental drill, which is kept up constantly during the entire time of the soldier's service, there are, every year, and sometimes oftener, great gatherings of soldiers from all parts of the Empire, at what is known as the spring or fall manœuvers. The *Kaiser* himself, than whom there is no more enthusiastic soldier in the Empire, is fond of the pageantry of these great gatherings. Here the men are trained as though on an active campaign, manœuvered in divisions and brigades, often in sham battle, some fighting from trenches, some skirmishing in the open, others bridging rivers and effecting crossings as if under fire. The three arms of the service are trained together, so that the infantry will work in perfect harmony with the cavalry and the cavalry with the artillery. In no other army in the world, perhaps, is so much attention paid to training the men, and especially the officers, in these great and necessary evolutions. Many officers can handle a regiment perfectly, but when it comes to disposing a division in a masterly manner they fall short. And in the German army the ideal soldier is Von Moltke, "the battle thinker," the man who can dispose great forces with wisdom, not the daring hero who rides recklessly at the head of his men and foolishly risks his life. In this respect the Germans are totally different from the French or the Anglo-Saxons, who dearly love the hero, the man of great personal bravery, and who are quite likely to clamor that such a man be rewarded with a high command, regardless of his fitness as a "battle thinker."



It has been said by critics that the weakest point in the German army is its marksmanship. Thousands of German boys entering service, perhaps a majority of them, have never touched a rifle until it is placed in their hands for drilling. In general, a German is not born with the love of a gun, like an American, and he rarely has an opportunity to use a rifle outside of the service. In America, every farmer's boy begins to shoot rabbits as soon as he can hold the old shot-gun without wobbling; and as he grows older the love of shooting grows with him. But in Germany there is no such natural training, and the military training is naturally limited, owing to the great cost of ammunition. Still, the German soldier does much target-shooting. He begins with a specially made rifle, in weight and general appearance exactly like the Mauser, but so arranged that it fires a small cartridge having a bullet hardly larger than a pea. A miniature target is set up only ten to twenty feet away from the firer, and here he practises aiming, setting the sight, holding the gun steadily, and so on, thereby saving the waste of larger ammunition. After he has become proficient in this work, he goes to the regular shooting ranges, and is there required to fire a little each week, until he can make a certain score. But it is probable that many German soldiers never come to really familiar shooting relations with their rifles.

With all this physical training and drill, the intellectual development of the man also goes forward apace. There are regular classes in which instruction is given, not in the familiar branches of the schools, for every German soldier knows how to read and write before he enters the service, but in broader subjects. The soldier is instructed as to who is his Emperor, who his king, and what his duties are to each; he is given lessons in history in so far as they relate to military affairs, and in the geography of Germany, with an idea of the military defense of the nation, of its power and its future. Strange as it may seem, there are men who enter the army with the haziest idea of their *Kaiser*, some, even, who have never heard of him.

Germany is said to manage its military system more cheaply than any other nation. The whole vast army of Germany does not cost the government as much each year as the United States pays in pensions. Rigid economy is the watchword of the entire system. Only a rich man may become an officer, for to a large extent he must pay his own way, a major-general receiving a salary of barely $185 a month from the government, while a second lieutenant gets only about $20 a month, or about the pay of an American sergeant. As for the common soldiers, their pay and board are so meager that it seems all but impossible that grown men, and hard-working men at that, should subsist and thrive on so little. The pay of an ordinary private is about nine cents a day, but out of this he must pay two and one-half cents for his dinner, leaving him in cash only about six and one-half cents a day, and in almost every case this small wage must be spent entirely for food. For the only free ration of a German soldier is a huge, thick loaf of black bread, very nutritious, but monotonous when eaten for every meal, and coffee or soup. The bread ration is issued every three or four days; and upon this and the coffee, with a possible dish of soup in the morning, the soldier must exist, unless he has means of his own, so far as free rations are concerned. At noon, however, he is provided with a sort of meat stew—in America it would be called an Irish stew—which is warm, nutritious, and palatable. This costs ten *pfennigs* (two and one-half cents), and by piecing out with his black bread the soldier makes a very good meal.

Small as is the wage received by the soldier, yet the army regulations guard it jealously, for frugality is part of the training. Each soldier places his money in a little bag suspended from a string around his neck. At any time during inspection the officer may demand to have the bags opened, and if it is found that any soldier spends his six cents a day wages too rapidly—think of the wild dissipation which might be had for six cents a day—he is reprimanded and punished. He must make his wages, small as they are, cover his expenses; he must not spend them instantly for beer.

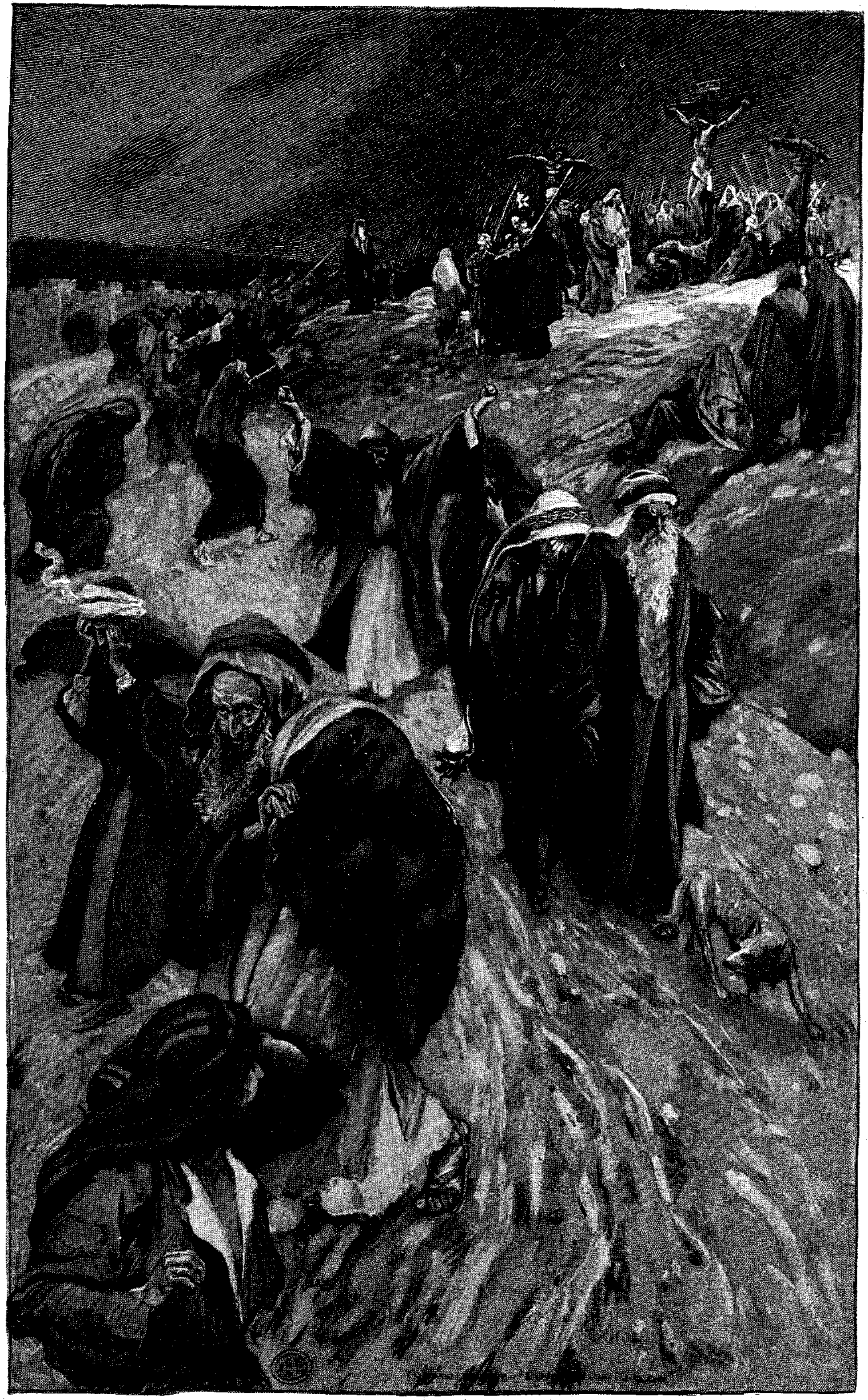
Furthermore, it is a very rare thing to see a drunken German soldier; and as for fighting, a single Irish regiment would keep the whole German army well supplied and have a good many broken heads left over. The fact is, the German soldier is worked up to the limit of his strength, and when he has finished a day's exercises he is quite willing to roll into his bunk. Most of the soldiers are poor, with no money to spend on dissipation, and all of them have their ambitions for a civil career as soon as they are through with their service. Moreover, it is not in the nature of the German to go to wild excesses in anything. As a consequence, wherever you find him, the German soldier is well-behaved, and apparently always under discipline.

The German soldier frequently has an hour to himself, and after chapel service he is usually free on Sunday; and you see him, neat and clean, though often awkward and clumsy, parading about the streets, frequently holding the hand of a rosy-cheeked girl or sitting in the park, unabashed, with his arm round her. He lacks the inimitable jauntiness of the English redcoat, with his little cap cocked over his ear, and he has none of the activity and sprightliness of the gayly-clad French soldier; but there he stands solidly in his big coarse boots, a serious and simple-minded fellow intent on doing his duty, slow and clumsy, it is true, but with strength and patience—a soldier, every inch of him. He is not good in initiatives; his whole training, indeed the whole life of the German Empire, tends to crush out individuality, to train him that he is nothing, and that his company and his regiment and his Emperor are everything, that he must obey implicitly.

The present *Kaiser*, in an address to his soldiers, once said:

"The soldier should not have a will of his own, but all of you should have one will, and that is my will. There exists only one law, and that is my law; and now go and do your duty, and be obedient to your superiors."

So the German soldier waits patiently for orders, and when they come, he obeys, no matter what obstacle lies in the way. And in the next European war he will be next to invincible if he is well led.



THE CRUCIFIXION.

And it was about the sixth hour, and there was a darkness over all the earth until the ninth hour. . . . And all the people that came together to that sight, beholding the things which were done, smote their breasts, and returned.
—Luke, xxiii. 44, 48.

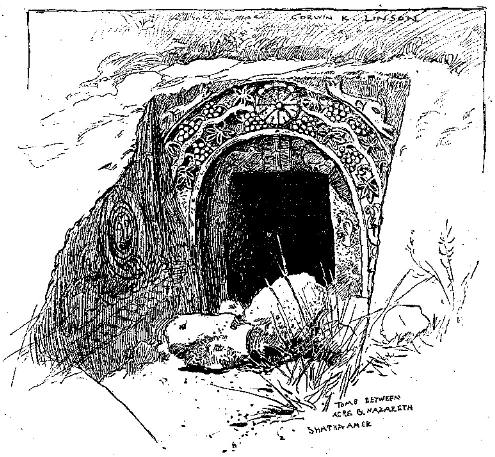
THE LIFE OF THE MASTER.

By the Reverend John Watson, D.D.

PART XI.—THE CRUCIFIXION OF THE MESSIAH.

Illustrated from Paintings and Drawings by Corwin Knapp Linson.

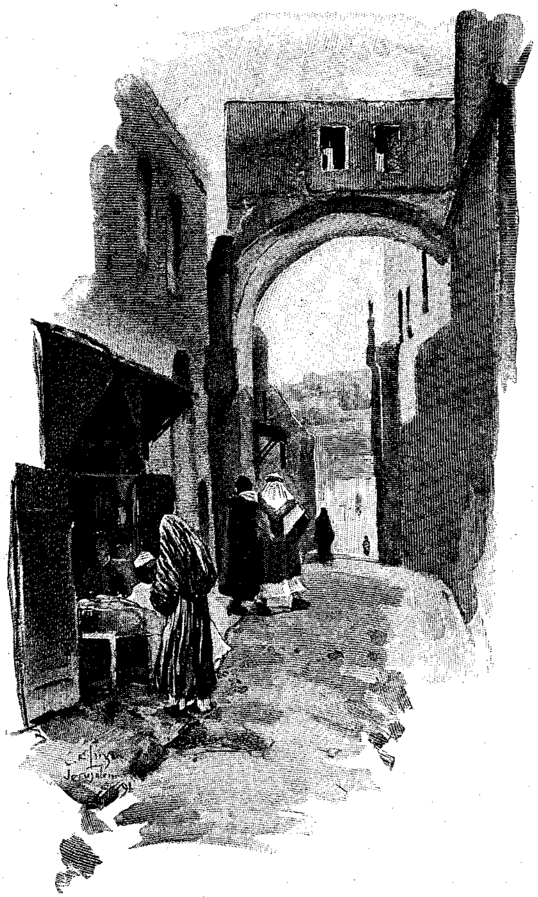
CHRISTIAN thought in its early and golden age did not move amid the scenes of death, but amid the scenes of life, so that the writers of the New Testament shrink from death-beds, and prefer to describe the activities of life. We follow St. Paul from his conversion through cities and synagogues by land and sea, but we are not present when his head fell at the stroke of the Roman sword. We hear him preach the Gospel to Jew and Gentile, and defend himself before Pharisees and Roman judges, but we do not know what were the last words that dropped from his lips before he met his Lord face to face. The Apostolic writings impress one's mind with the idea that the great aim of a man's soul is to live well, and that he ought not to be concerned with the matter of dying well. And the chief word on Jesus' own lips was ever "Life," and the only death to which He referred was His own Death. Upon the Christian faith the light of Life is ever shining, and it has reduced death to an incident—the dark gateway through which the disciple passes into fullness of life. This spirit took such perfect possession of the first Christians that St. Paul welcomed death, and spoke of it as gain, and the martyrs of the Roman Church filled the dark and dreary catacombs with words of peace, and hope, and victory, and Life.



Within the length and breadth of the New Testament Scriptures only one Death is described at large, and over that Death four biographers linger with fond and intimate touch. From the beginning of Jesus' death scene to its close one feels that every word has been treasured, and every sign has been noted, and that at every turn the natural passes into the supernatural, and the significance of the great event assumes the highest spiritual proportion. According to the writers this has been the Death of deaths, that Death through which death itself has been vanquished, and the supreme victory obtained for the human race which the Master loved, and for whose everlasting benefit He laid down His life.

It was about nine o'clock in the morning that the trial of Jesus before Pilate was concluded, and the Roman judge, false to his conscience and false to Roman law, gave orders for Jesus' execution. The prisoner was then handed to a guard of Roman soldiers, composed most likely of a hundred and twenty men, and commanded by a centurion. They removed the soldier's cloak in which He had been mocked as a pseudo-Emperor, and clothed Him again in His own garments. His Cross was then brought and placed upon His shoulders, the two beams being arranged like the letter "V," and making a weight which He was ill able to endure. Upon His breast was placed the charge on which He was condemned, and this in default of anything else would be the title placed upon the Cross. Before Him went a soldier declaring His crime, and round Him marched a bodyguard. Two common robbers, or it might be political offenders, who through hatred of the Romans had taken to a brigand life, and who were waiting execution, were condemned to die with Jesus, and along with them He marched to Calvary. As the procession wound its way through the narrow streets, there is no sign that the Jewish men encompassing it on every side were touched with repentance or with pity. Their minds had been inflamed by the priests, and their demands had been gratified by Pilate; and now that Jesus was about to be crucified, they were ready to see their malignant desire carried out to the bitter end. The hearts of the Jewish women were more tender, and perhaps less logical, for they could not forget how Jesus had sympathized with women and the helpless, and they were not able to endure the sight of His humiliation and His pain.

As Jesus passed within His guard of steel, carrying upon His weary shoulders the heavy instrument of His Death, the daughters of Jerusalem could not control themselves, but burst into passionate weeping. Jesus was profoundly touched, and stopped for a brief space to speak to the women, because unto His mind their condition and that of their children were harder than His. What must happen to a city which had treated its chief prophet after this fashion, and whose citizens had given themselves up to the most hopeless bigotry and the fiercest fanaticism? Although Jesus did not share the gross idea of Jewish patriotism, which thought only of rebellion against the Romans and deliverance by the sword, He loved the people from which He sprung with all His heart, and desired for them the chiefest good. As He once looked upon Jerusalem lying in its splendor and in its unbelief, He burst into tears, mourning chiefly because His people had not known the day of their visitation, and because the things of their peace had been now hidden from their view. Their doom was irrevocable, for it was sealed by His own rejection; and He saw afar off with prophetic eye this city dashing itself against the iron buckler of Rome, and perishing with unspeakable shame and suffering. As the thought of the punishment of Jerusalem arose before His mind, He said to the women: "Weep not for Me, however great My agony may be; weep for yourselves, since yours will be greater. If they do these things in the green tree, what shall be done in the dry?"

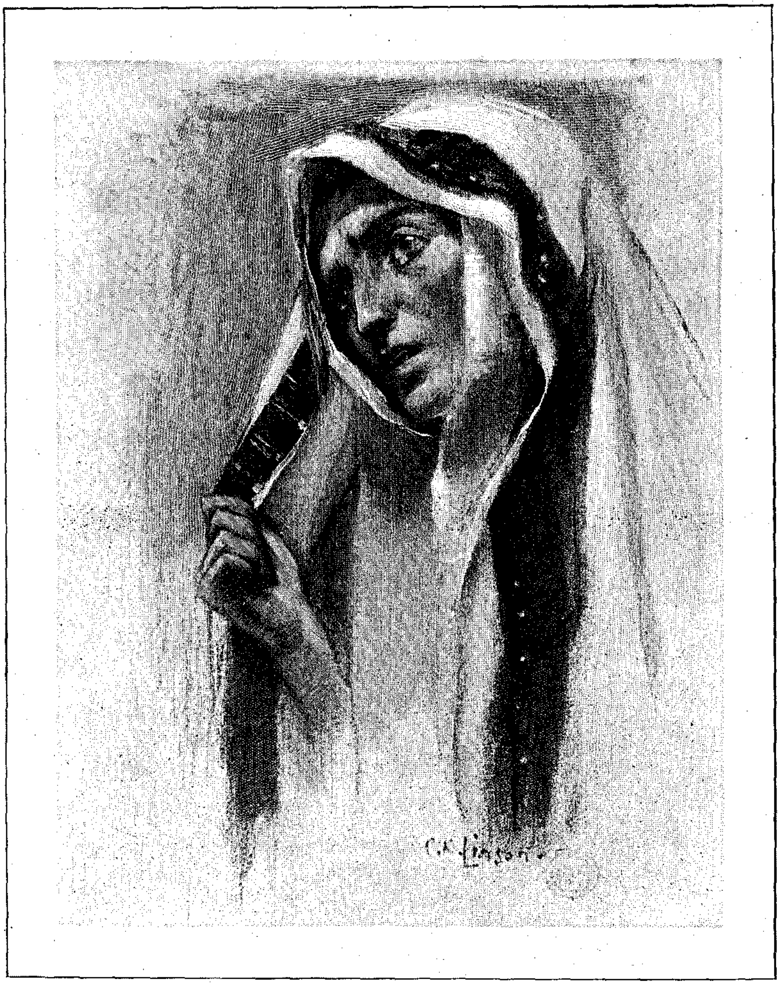


ECCE HOMO ARCH.

It was here that Christ's Cross was laid upon him as he passed along the Via Dolorosa, the Way of Sorrow, to his Death.

As they pass out from the city gate it is evident that Jesus is no longer able to carry the two heavy beams, and that the soldiers will be delayed on their march. They look round for some assistant who will relieve Jesus of the burden of the Cross, since no Roman could be expected to touch the shameful Tree, and a countryman called Simon, coming into the city to keep Passover, is pressed into their service. The Cross is lifted from Jesus' shoulders and placed upon Simon, and he makes the fourth, together with Jesus and the malefactors, within the guard of soldiers.

Tradition and art have loved to dwell upon another incident, which is said to have taken place between Pilate's judgment hall and Calvary. The Virgin is standing with her friends, Salome the mother of John, and St. Mary Magdalene, and that other Mary. As

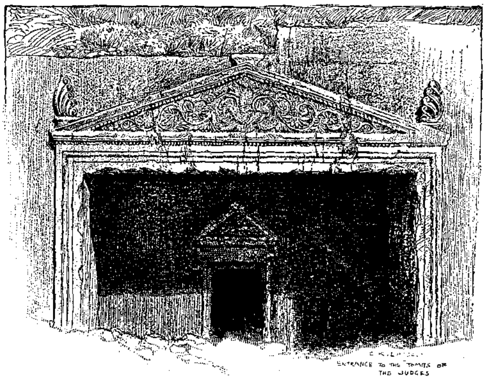


MATER DOLOROSA.

Jesus passes, His Mother springs forward to meet Him, and the Son and the Mother have one brief moment together, after which Jesus is hurried onward to the Cross, and the Virgin is supported by her friends, who also mourn, but recognize her supreme sorrow.

The site of the Crucifixion is a matter of keen controversy, and opinion will long be divided regarding the accuracy of tradition. The Place of a Skull was certainly situated outside the city wall, but whether it be the same as that on which the Church of the Sepulchre stands, or whether it be another at some distance, will depend on the position of the city boundaries. While this subject will always afford a field for exploration and discussion, the exact position of the spot does not greatly concern the pious heart; and that which has been chosen at an early date, and sanctioned by a long tradition, will always satisfy the disciples of Jesus as a place to which they can make their pilgrimage, and where they can remind themselves of the Love which was faithful unto Death. As the twenty-fifth day of December has been accepted throughout the greater part of Christendom as our Lord's birthday, although we know that that cannot have been the date, so the Church of the Sepulchre may be received as the monument and remembrance of Calvary.

Crucifixion was of all death punishments the most cruel and the most degrading, and it was one abhorred by the mercy of the Jewish law. The form of the cross varied, sometimes being that of what is usually called a St. Andrew's cross, where the two beams cross one another at acute angles, like the letter X, sometimes being in the shape of the letter T, where the horizontal beam is laid upon the top of the perpendicular. Sometimes the horizontal beam was laid across the perpendicular about one-fourth from its top, which is the form of the Latin cross, and of the Cross on which Jesus was crucified. It is not likely that the Cross was lofty, since it was enough for its purpose that it should raise the person to be executed a short distance above the ground.



Entrance to the Tombs of the Judges.

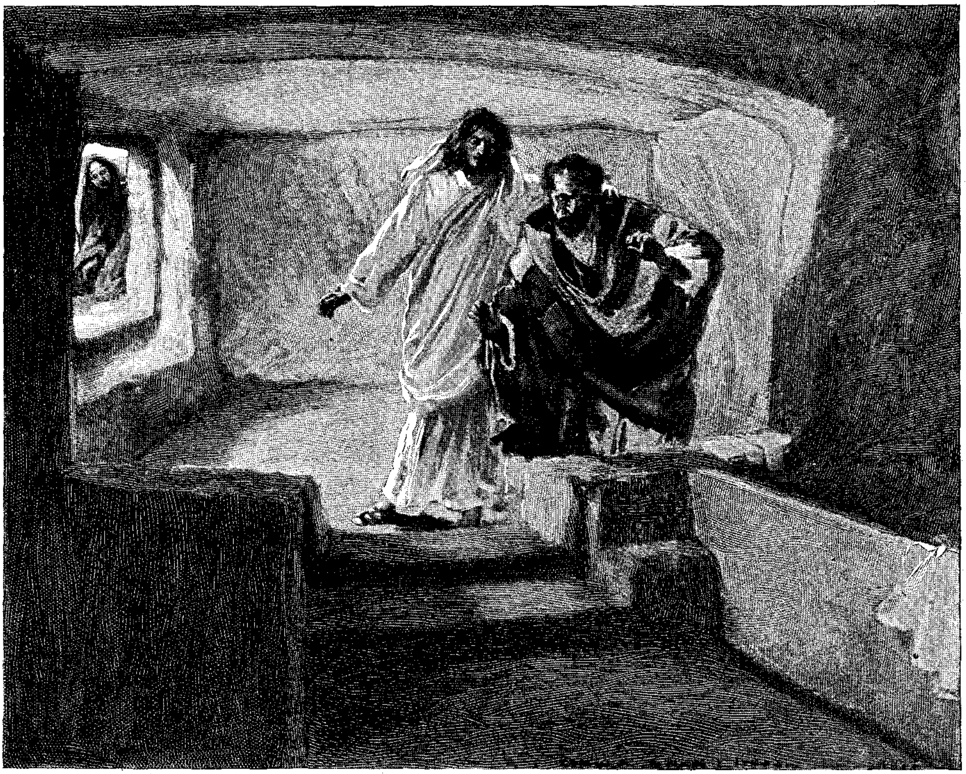
When the procession arrived at the place of execution, the soldiers took the two beams from Simon's shoulder, and fastened one in a hole which had been dug. They also inserted a slight projection midway in the perpendicular beam, on which the executed could rest as one sitting on a saddle, since the nails in the hands could not have sustained the weight of the body. Jesus was stripped of His garments, and the soldiers placed him upon the transverse beam as it lay upon the ground. They then stretched out His hands, and after fastening His arms, it may be, to the Cross with ropes, they opened the palms of the hands and through each they drove a nail. He was then raised up on the cross beam, and it was fastened to the upright post, while every motion was torture to the nerves of the hands and arms. His feet they placed side by side, and each foot they pierced with a larger nail. Very likely the crown of thorns was still upon His head, so that if the Cross is regarded as His throne, this King was not without His crown. When the Victim had been fastened to the tree, the soldiers' work was done, save the watching, and Jesus began to die in the presence of His enemies. Before the piercing with the nails, a cup of medicated wine had been offered to the Lord, which, according to kindly custom, was provided by certain pious women of Jerusalem to alleviate the sufferings of the crucified. As soon as Jesus had tasted the cup He refused to drink, because it was not in keeping with His dignity to shrink from suffering or to die in unconsciousness.

Over His head they had placed an inscription in three languages, declaring Him to be the King of the Jews, which was a stroke of Roman irony, intended not as an insult to Jesus, but as an insult to the Jews. It was also an unconscious tribute to the universal reign of the Crucified, because He was described as King in the three great languages of the ancient world, the language of religion, the language of thought, and the language of power. Jesus Himself had assured His disciples that if He were raised up, He would bring all men to His feet, and now, by the cruel way of the Cross, He asserted His kingly position. As a King He carried Himself all that day, and we can recognize the tragic fitness of the Master's death. It would not have been becoming to secrete Him in a Roman barrack to save Him from the Jews, and it would have been intolerable that He should be stoned to death by a street rabble. Unto sight it may have seemed a commonplace execution, but to vision the scene is invested with majesty. It is the sacrament of the Divine Love, and the apotheosis of suffering.

Around the Cross were gathered His enemies of the three years—the priests whose privileges He was supposed to have attacked, the Pharisees whose traditions He had denied, and the people whose prejudices He had offended. Against Him in His helplessness burst forth the malice and malignity of those who had not generosity or humanity enough to leave a tortured and dying man in peace. They taunted Him with the claims which He had made; they even taunted Him with the power which He had used for the highest ends; and, most amazing gibe of all, they mocked Him because He had thought more of others than of Himself. "If Thou be the Messiah," they said, "come down from the Cross," while it was because He had fulfilled His Messiahship that He hung upon that Cross. "He saved others," one said to his neighbor, but flinging the word at Jesus, "Himself He could not save." As His base enemies exulted and jeered below, above upon the Cross Jesus, with outstretched hands, was praying that this thing might not be laid to their charge. Seven times the Lord brake the silence of His sacrifice, and His first word was one of charity: "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

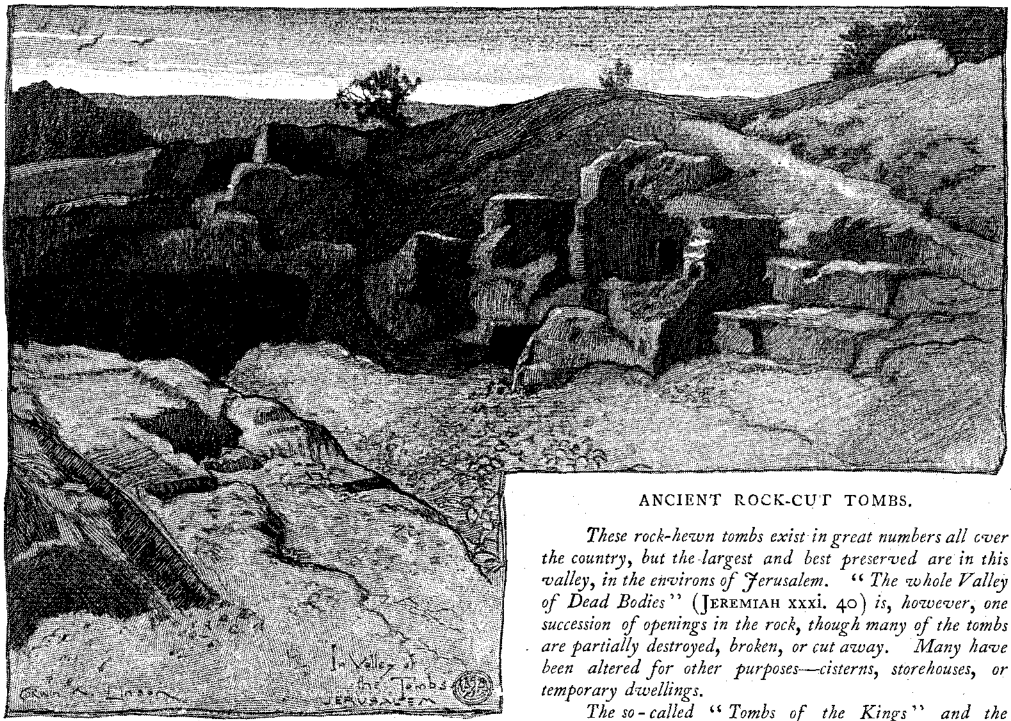
While the Jews mocked at their Messiah, Whom Isaiah had foreseen and described in the most pathetic passage of Old Testament Scripture, and while the Messiah, faithful amid all their cruelty to His nation, had only thoughts of love towards them, and prayers for the Divine mercy, the soldiers, indifferent alike to Jesus and the Jews, were dividing the perquisites of an executioner. Jesus had little money any day of his life, and He had none at all when he came to die. All that the Son of God left was the covering of His head and the girdle round His waist, His outer garment, and His inner coat. This little heap of peasant clothing, which was stained with blood and marked with the traces of insult, lay at the foot of the Cross. One soldier took this piece, another soldier took that, and the outer garment they divided into four parts; but when it came to the inner coat, it could not be divided. For it the soldiers cast lots, and some brutal legionary laughed aloud as he won the seamless garment which Mary had woven for her Son in Nazareth, and wherein mystics have seen the type of Christ's undivided Church.

There was no death so cruel as that by crucifixion, because the prisoner died not from loss of blood, or in a short space of time, but through the lingering agony of open wounds, and the arrest of circulation at the extremities, and the tension of the nervous system, and the oppression on the brain and heart. Jesus was crucified shortly after ten o'clock, and he did not die till absolutely after three, so that for five hours He endured this pain of torn nerves and intense thirst and racked body and throbbing brain. It is in such circumstances that even the bravest of men are apt to forget others; but it was in this supreme agony that our Lord fulfilled His own law that a man should bethink himself in life not of his own need, but of the need of his brother man. Beside Him another man was enduring the same pain, who was suffering the punishment of his own sin; and to this man, ignorant and hardened, was revealed the spiritual beauty of our Master. While



PETER AND JOHN AT THE TOMB.

Then cometh Simon Peter following him [John], and went into the sepulchre. . . . Then went in also that other disciple, which came first to the sepulchre, and he saw, and believed. For as yet they knew not the Scripture, that He must rise again from the dead.—JOHN XX. 6, 8, 9.



ANCIENT ROCK-CUT TOMBS.

These rock-hewn tombs exist in great numbers all over the country, but the largest and best preserved are in this valley, in the environs of Jerusalem. "The whole Valley of Dead Bodies" (JEREMIAH xxxi. 40) *is, however, one succession of openings in the rock, though many of the tombs are partially destroyed, broken, or cut away. Many have been altered for other purposes—cisterns, storehouses, or temporary dwellings.*

The so-called "Tombs of the Kings" and the "Tombs of the Judges" are the most interesting, the first named possessing the only rolling stone known to exist in place. The entrances to these lead into large square chambers, which open into others, in which are the pigeon-hole receptacles for the bodies, three or more on each side, with niche tombs above, also cut in the rock walls.

In Christ's day the body was placed in a cutting parallel to the side of the chamber. To-day the dead are buried in the earth, with a simple stone slab covering the grave, and the Valley of Jehosaphat, east of the city, is almost as thickly strewn with their monuments as a beach with pebbles.—ARTIST'S NOTE.

priests and Pharisees denied His Messiahship, the penitent thief acknowledged the authority of Jesus, even when that authority seemed to be in vain and useless. Unto Jesus he appealed, and Jesus he acknowledged to be a King. And in answer to this man's prayer, Jesus broke silence for the second time with His word of mercy, "Verily I say unto you, this day shalt thou be with Me in Paradise."

By this time the women who loved the Lord had come to Calvary, and with John were standing at a little distance. They drew near under the irresistible influence of love which could not withdraw its eyes from the sufferings of Jesus, and yet was torturing itself in utter helplessness. Jesus' eyes fell upon His mother and upon His friend, and He forgot His own pain in pity for His mother's sorrow. It was not for her to see Him tortured and dying slowly on the Cross. He also foresaw her loneliness after he was gone, and desired that she should have the kindliest of substitutes for Himself, one who would not only provide a home, but would share with her the treasure of her love and of her hope. John was her sister's son, and a man of the same spirit as the Virgin; he was Jesus' dearest friend and one of His chief apostles. From the Cross Jesus committed His mother into the care of John, asking the Virgin to see in John another son who would take His place till Mary and Jesus met in the Father's house, charging John to accept the Mother of his Lord, and to deal with her as he would with Salome. Whether or not we are to understand that John took Mary away instantly to his own home, it is likely that at least that most sympathetic and tenderest of men withdrew her who has been fitly called "our Lady of Sorrows" from a scene which could only break a mother's heart, and that Mary did not return to the Cross till all was over, when she was again allowed to touch the unconscious body which in infancy she had nursed in Nazareth. This was the third word of the Cross, which was the word of filial piety.

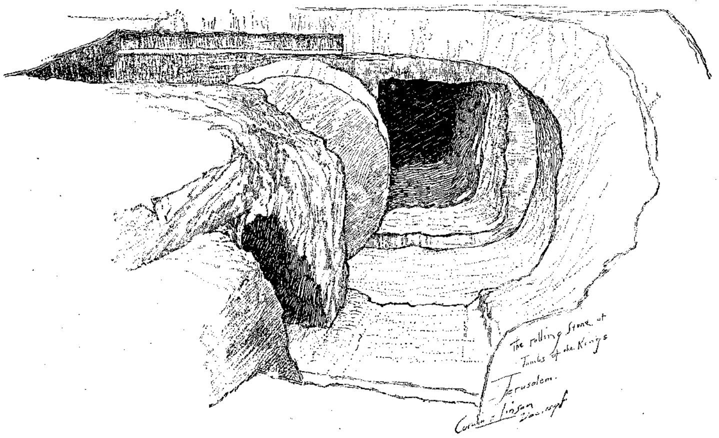
It was now twelve o'clock, and, according to the Evangelists, a sudden and awful darkness veiled the scene, during which the crowd stood in awestruck silence, and Jesus passed through His supreme agony. What the Master then endured no human mind can imagine, and it does not become any human mind to speculate; but so fearful was the burden upon His soul that shortly before three o'clock, when the darkness lifted, Jesus Christ cried aloud with a lamentable voice, "My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?" which was the fourth word of the Cross, and the word of agony. Its measure is the change from Father to God—from "This is My beloved Son" to "Why hast Thou forsaken Me?"

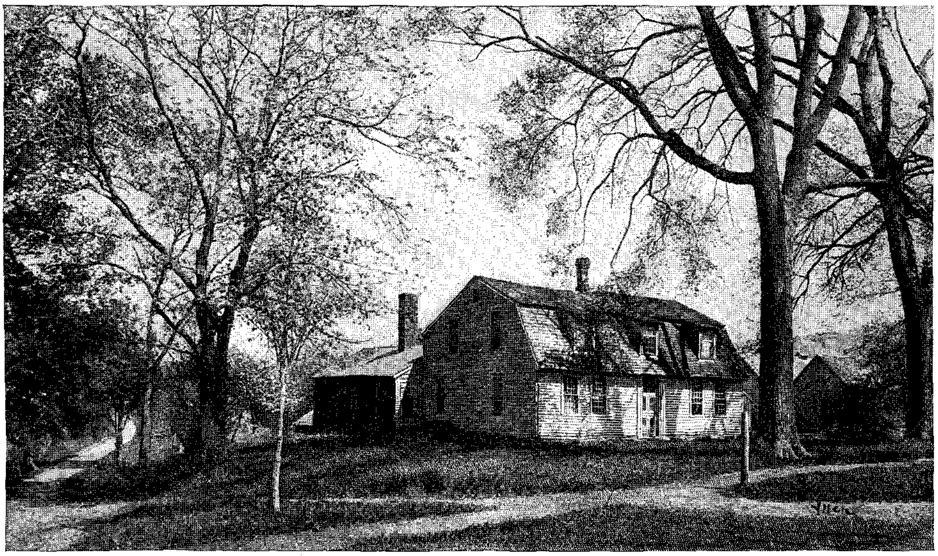
At three o'clock the light began to return, and Jesus, exhausted by a conflict which was rather spiritual than physical, spoke to His guard and said, "I thirst." With this confession of bodily weakness and this humble request, the Master comes very close to the heart, and proves Himself one touched with a feeling of our infirmity. It was His only appeal for pity, and it was made to the Romans. We are thankful that it was not made in vain, for a Roman soldier, whose name we should be glad to know, and whose dying agony we trust was relieved by some friendly hand, took the sponge which formed the stopper of his wine flask, and soaking it in the poor wine of a soldier's rations, placed the sponge on the end of a hyssop stalk and laid it on the lips of Jesus. This one act of kindness Jesus received upon the Cross, and this "I thirst" of Jesus was the fifth of the seven words, and may be called the word of humanity.

The soldier was not allowed to render this kindly act without interference, for certain of the Jews had misunderstood the words of Jesus' agony, and supposed that He had called not upon God, but upon Elias, who, the Jews believed, would appear before the Messiah and upon every great occasion of the national life. They begged the soldier to stay his hand that they might wait for Elias, half expecting, as it appeared, that the great prophet of the Old Testament would show himself, but the soldier would not be hindered from succoring Jesus. Afterwards, when he had moistened the Lord's lips, he replied in irony, with a certain contempt of Jewish cruelty and Jewish bigotry, "Let alone now; we will wait for Elias."

When Jesus had received the wine, His strength, which had run low, began to return, and His heart, which had shrunk through spiritual travail, was lifted. The end was not far off now, and His work was almost done. He had declared the Gospel of God, and He had shown the character of the Father. He had fulfilled the hope of ancient days, and established the kingdom of God. Nothing more remained but that He should die; and so He said with a loud voice, thinking of the commission which He had received from His Father and the work of the three years, "It is finished." And this was the sixth of the seven words, the word of perfection.

Immediately thereafter the Master, from Whom none could take His life, but Who was willing to lay it down for God and man, cried again with a loud voice, "Father, into Thy hands I commend My spirit," and having endured His last pain, and having rendered His last service, Jesus bowed His head and gave up the ghost, and was at rest in the bosom of God. So the chief Saint of our race, and the chief Victim of history, having drunk the cup of reproach and hatred unto its dregs, and having loved His fellowmen unto death, died with the word "Father" on His lips.





THE LOVE THAT GLORIFIES.

By Lilian True Bryant.

Illustrated from Photographs by the Misses Allen.

"MORNIN', ma'am, mornin'. Yes, I'll step right in. Guess I'll stop and wipe my feet first, for they're kind of muddy, and I'm afraid I'll track up the house. My wife Mary says a man oughter think of those things more'n he does, seein' as how he's so perticklar about the manners of his dumb creeters. But land—it's easy to forget.

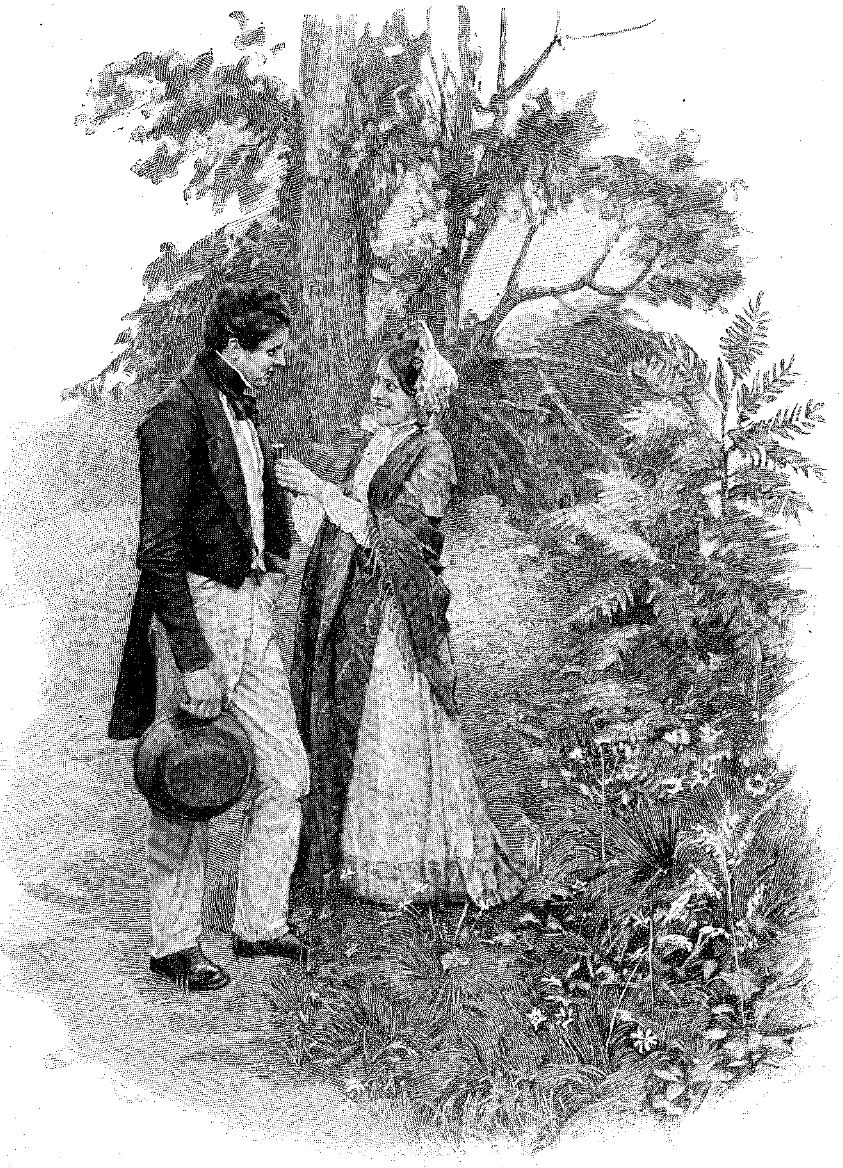
"Doctor'll be here in a minute? All right, I'll jest set down by the winder and wait. Ah, here he is now. How do, Doctor, how do? I've come, jest as you said I would, and if you've got the time, I'd like to talk over a few things. An hour, if I like? I'm real glad, for I kind of want to get used to bein' here a minute afore I begin."

The doctor led the way into the consulting-room, and shut the door, at the same time motioning the man into one of the leather-covered chairs that stood at the right of the operating table. He seated himself nervously upon the extreme edge of the chair, turning as far as possible from the surgical apparatus, and twirled his faded hat in his restless fingers. His anxious eyes followed the doctor's figure as he stopped to lower the sash and let in the sweet June air, before seating himself; and the sunshine fell with a pitying touch on the man's gray hair and haggard face. Laying one hand on the doctor's knee, he leaned forward and scanned his face hungrily, as if compelling strength and a clearer vision from the man before him.

"We've talked it all over, Mary and I," he said with childlike simplicity. "There wa'n't no use in keepin' it from her, and I couldn't have if I'd tried; for there hain't been a thing sence we was married but that we've planned over together. She ain't seemed to mind it much, 'cept for thinkin' and worryin' about me; but, then, women like my wife Mary don't allers show what they feel. But I had to come to you to-day.

"A woman's got her mother and her folks to lean on in times like these, but a man stands alone with his doctor and his God. Yer sure that ether does the business? And she won't know anything about it? And yer've got the right kind of tools to work with? God, but yer cuttin' my heart out to think of it. I've been tryin' to sense it all the way over here from the farm, but all I could think of was the pinky look of the alders, and the big soft patches of shadow on the mountain-sides; and it seemed as if 'twere forty year ago, when Mary and I first begun to take notice of things together. I wa'n't a great hand to observe much about the country, 'cept whether there was a good hay crop on or whether pertatoes were likely to turn out well. But after I got to thinkin' about Mary, somehow she didn't seem to belong to those things; and the colors in the woods began to perk up and tell me I'd better be takin' notice of them. And then when we'd go to prayer-meetin' together after we was keepin' company, she'd say: 'Oh, Rael, jest look at that and that and that flower,' till I had to get out of the team and get it for her. And before long, I was likin' them too, though I wouldn't have said so, fur's I know. But it seemed a part of her.

"I lived on the hill, and she lived down below in the valley. Same old red house that we're livin' in now, only 'twas spruced up then with new paint and fixin's. Some



"'WE USED TO TAKE WALKS TOGETHER ALONG IN THE EARLY EVENIN'.'"

folks would have thought 'twas terrible lonely up there, so near to the woods and without a neighbor in sight; but Mary wa'n't that kind. She'd look off down the valley at the knot of lakes at the right, and the river shinin' like corn-silk, and the town that glistened in the sun like white pebbles, and then off at the blue mountains. She allers said they were the words of God, standin' there solemn and unchangin', and watchin' to see if we made the right use of the world He'd put us in.

"One night I went down to swap hoss-rakes with Mary's father, and that's when I first begun to take notice. She was settin' in the doorway, pickin' out yarn for a cardboard motto; so I set there, too, for a while, till it begun to be dark enough to light up inside the house, and then after that I kept goin'. She looked jest like a flower, Mary did—one of those pale little ones that you find in some ferny spot in the woods, and she mos' generally had a ribbon on, or somethin' that made me think of blossoms. I brought her one, one night, and she said, 'Thank you, Rael,' jest as lady-like, and then I knew that I wanted to keep right on buyin' things for her, though I didn't tell her so.

"We used to take walks together along in the early evenin'. There was a brook that crossed the road a piece down from her house, and we'd stand on the bridge and watch the water rattle down over the stones, and slip off through the fields; and I used to say, 'Now, Mary, what do you want most?'

"And she'd say, 'Oh, a melodeon, Rael.'

"And I'd say, just as gruff-like, 'A hoss-rake's what I want.'

"That was the difference between us; and yet there wa'n't no one that understood Mary as well as I did.

"She'd read out of the weekly paper sometimes, and I'd set and whittle and look at her, and then we'd discuss. We was great on discussions that year, and I used to carry her over to the schoolhouse to hear 'em go it at lyceums. One night they was discussin' whether Lincoln or Washington was the greater man, and I got tired of it, for I'd heard that same discussion before; so I got up and says, 'That's been talked about long enough, I think. There wouldn't probably been more'n half as much to them as there was, if it hadn't been for their women folks behind them.'

"Then I sat down, and they began to laugh and snigger, and the thought come to me that they thought I was shinin' up to Mary. It struck me all of a heap, and I looked over, and there she sat, lookin' down into her lap, with the color stealin' up into her face jest like a white apple-blossom with a little stain of pink in it. I was terrible cut up, and when I put her into the sleigh and we started off home, I couldn't say a word. We jangled along the road; there wa'n't no one near us, and it was all white and still, and finally we come to the top of the hill. Somehow we could get a free breath up there. I looked off at the fields and the woods like dark patches below us in the moonlight, and I felt pretty bad. Mary was talkin' a little, but by and by she stopped; and then I put my hand over hers, and I says, 'Was yer terrible ashamed of me, Mary?'

"And she flashed right out, quick-like, 'No, I wa'n't, Rael.'

"It kind of surprised me, she was allers so quiet and kind of gentle; but I got my breath again, and I says slowly, 'Would yer be ashamed of me for a husband, Mary?'

"She never said a word, and I set there, my heart a-thumpin' and the bells a-janglin'; and then she jest slipped her hand into mine, and I knew it was all right.

"We weren't married till June. I had to get ready, and so did she. She allers had idees of propriety, did Mary. I was a-paperin' and a-fixin' the old house up, and she was a-sewin', though I'd loved her jest as well as if she hadn't brought nothin' with her. I was plannin' on havin' a hoss-rake, and then 'twouldn't be such hard work, and I could have more time to home; but one day as I was putterin' around, a man come along and he says, 'Want to buy a melodeon?'

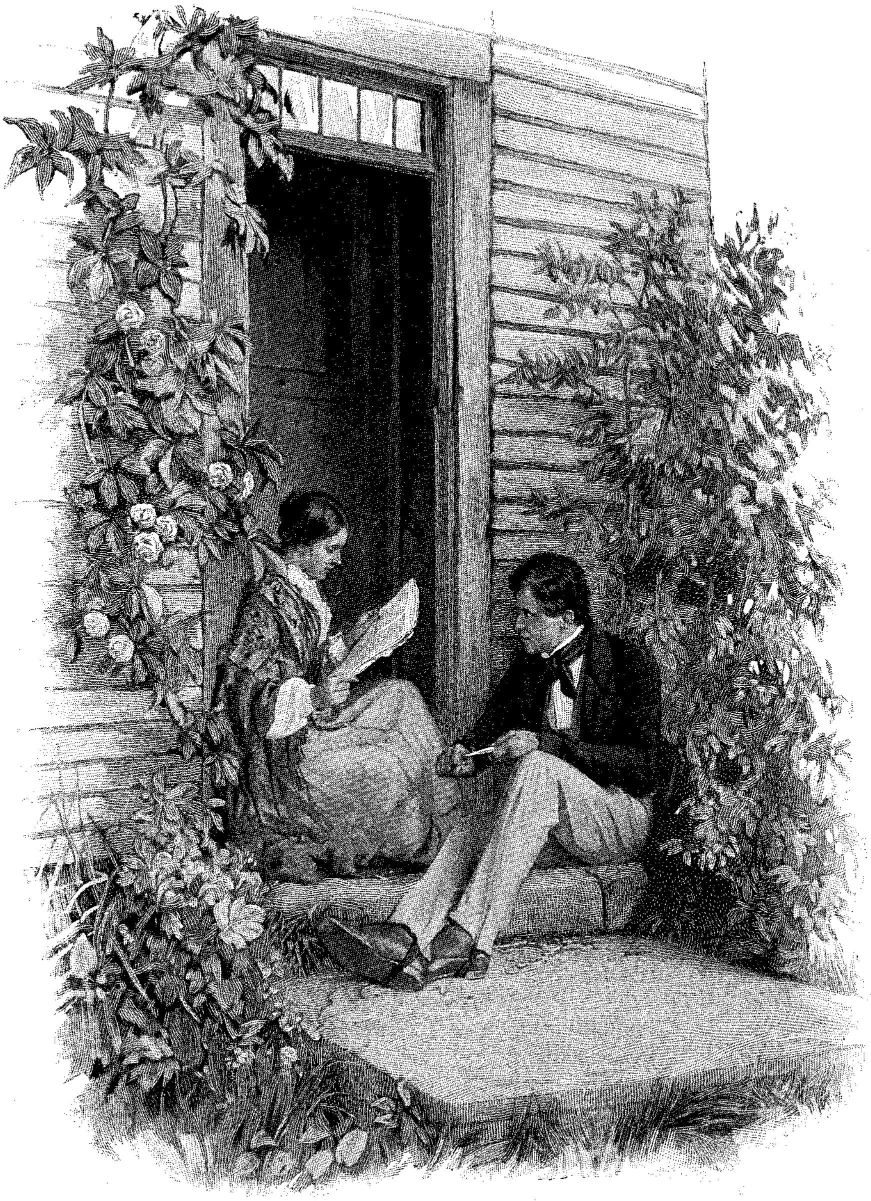
"And I says, 'I dunno; how much be they?'

"And he says, 'I'll set one right up, and yer'll wonder how yer ever got along without it, and it sha'n't cost yer much, either.'

"Well, I knew 'twa'n't no use to think of the hoss-rake after that, so about a week from that time I druv over to Mary's, and I says, 'I've somethin' to show yer, Mary.'

"So she came alongside of me, singin' a little song, and pointin' out every flower and fern on the way, and I showed her into the house, and then she saw that. She jest put her arms around it a minute, and then run right to me, and hid her face on my shoulder, and all she says was, 'Oh, Rael,' and I could feel her a-cryin'. She didn't never know about the hoss-rake. Ain't been nothin' I could get that I ain't tried to give her.

"Well, June come and we had a real pretty weddin'. Plenty of flowers, and the neigh-



"'SHE'D READ OUT OF THE WEEKLY PAPER SOMETIMES, AND I'D SET AND WHITTLE AND LOOK AT HER'" . . .

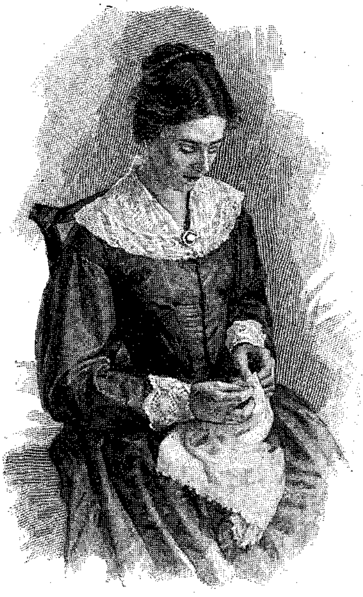
bors come and had a good time. Had some hymn-tunes, too—'Blest be the tie that binds' and 'Come ye that love the Lord.' Mary liked things done in style, though I didn't sense nothin' but her shinin' eyes and white dress. And then when it was all over, and the folks had gone, I hitched up and we drove home through the twilight. The sky was all pale, and the stars were a-comin' out, and the frogs down in the marshes were singin', and we didn't say a word till we reached home—our home. I stopped the horse at the door—our door; and when I see her settin' there so like a lily, so trustful and white, a great lump come up in my throat to think of her belongin' to a lump of clay like me. And I held her close as I lifted her down, and then somethin' come over me, and I says, 'Honey, air yer sure yer ain't goin' to be ashamed of yer husband?'

"And she looked right up at me with her great eyes so believin', and says, 'I ain't goin' to be ashamed of my husband, Rael.'

"And I says, 'Please God yer never shall.' Then we went in and shut the door.

"Two years went by, and Mary was as happy as a lark. Keepin' the house fixed up and the posies growin', and runnin' out to bring me a doughnut or a dab of dough, so's to be sure the bread was riz jest to my likin'. Playin' on the melodeon, and comin' out to set with me under the big elm tree in the corner of the yard, and singin' and smilin' all day. But by and by she begun to get quieter, and she'd look at me so wistful-like out of her great eyes, and then we'd set and talk, and look toward the mountains that stood before us like the words of God, and the old tree would wave its arms over us like it was blessin' us. I was husband and mother both, those days, and I'd say, 'This is the way the Lord meant it, Mary, and it's all right.' The new look of motherhood shone deeper and deeper in her eyes, and then one day in the fall I said:

"'Honey, the doctor says as how he'd like to come up here for a day or two, if 'twould be convenient to have him round. He wants to go gunnin' with me up on the mountain, and as there's plenty of good food cooked up, and there's some one to stay with you, I told him right off to come.'



"*And she was a-sewin'.*"

"She hid her face on my shoulder and said, 'Oh, Rael,' jest as she did over the melodeon, and I never let on that I'd been a-savin' toward twenty dollars all the summer, to make him want to come jest at this time. But somehow she mistrusted. You don't need to tell a woman everything; they know athout the tellin'.

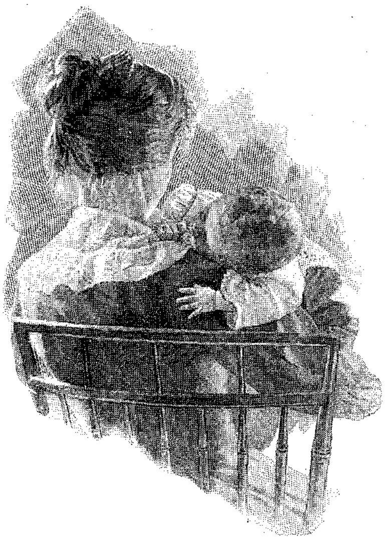
"We named the baby Peace; we was so glad to have her safely here. Seems if Mary couldn't be happy enough those days. 'Twas baby this and baby that all the time. Who she was goin' to look like, and how her eyebrows was comin', and how she was learnin' to put her thumb into her mouth; and there was so much baby and so little me, that I begun to feel kind of left out. 'Twa'n't sensible, I know, and I wouldn't have had Mary know it for anything. Was too 'shamed of it myself—a great hulkin' thing like me wantin' to spoil Mary's happiness with her baby. I thanked the Lord arterward that I didn't say nothin'. But you see Mary herself had allers been my baby, and now she didn't seem to care nothin' about it. But one night I was settin' in the doorway a-lookin' off at the fields, and she come of her own accord and says, 'Rael, I want to come home.' And she put her head down in the old way on my shoulder, and then I knew she wa'n't changed a mite, and I thought what an old fool I'd been; a mean, ungrateful creeter. But Mary was unknowin' of all this, and wa'n't I glad! She wouldn't have thought much of me if she had, a-feelin' put out because I wasn't the only one that was bein' made of. The baby staid with us till May—and I guess we won't say nothin' more about that. There come a day when I had to face that I couldn't do nothin' for Mary; that we was jest children in the hands of the Lord, and I could only stand by and help her bear it. I couldn't take it away same's I had every other trouble. I went to the minister and I says, 'The buryin'-ground is five miles away, and I ain't goin' to have Mary a-feelin' her baby's way off there, and a-cryin' and a-lookin' off there when the snows come. I'm a-goin', if yer think the Lord's willin', to have one of our own, right close to the house under the old elm. That's where we set and planned together afore the baby come.' And the minister says, 'The earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof, and wherever yer place a human bein' with a prayer above it, that spot is sacred.'

"So we laid the baby away under the elm. Mary didn't know nothin' about it, because she was in a high fever, and didn't sense nothin'; but her folks was scandalized to see me makin' a flower garden out of the baby's grave. But I knew Mary better than they did; and when I couldn't stand it to watch her any longer, I'd go out there and putter around. One day she opened her eyes, and I see she'd come back, and she says, 'Where've yer taken my baby, Rael?' And I says, 'Jest where yer can see her and mother her, Honey, and look out that she's all right.'

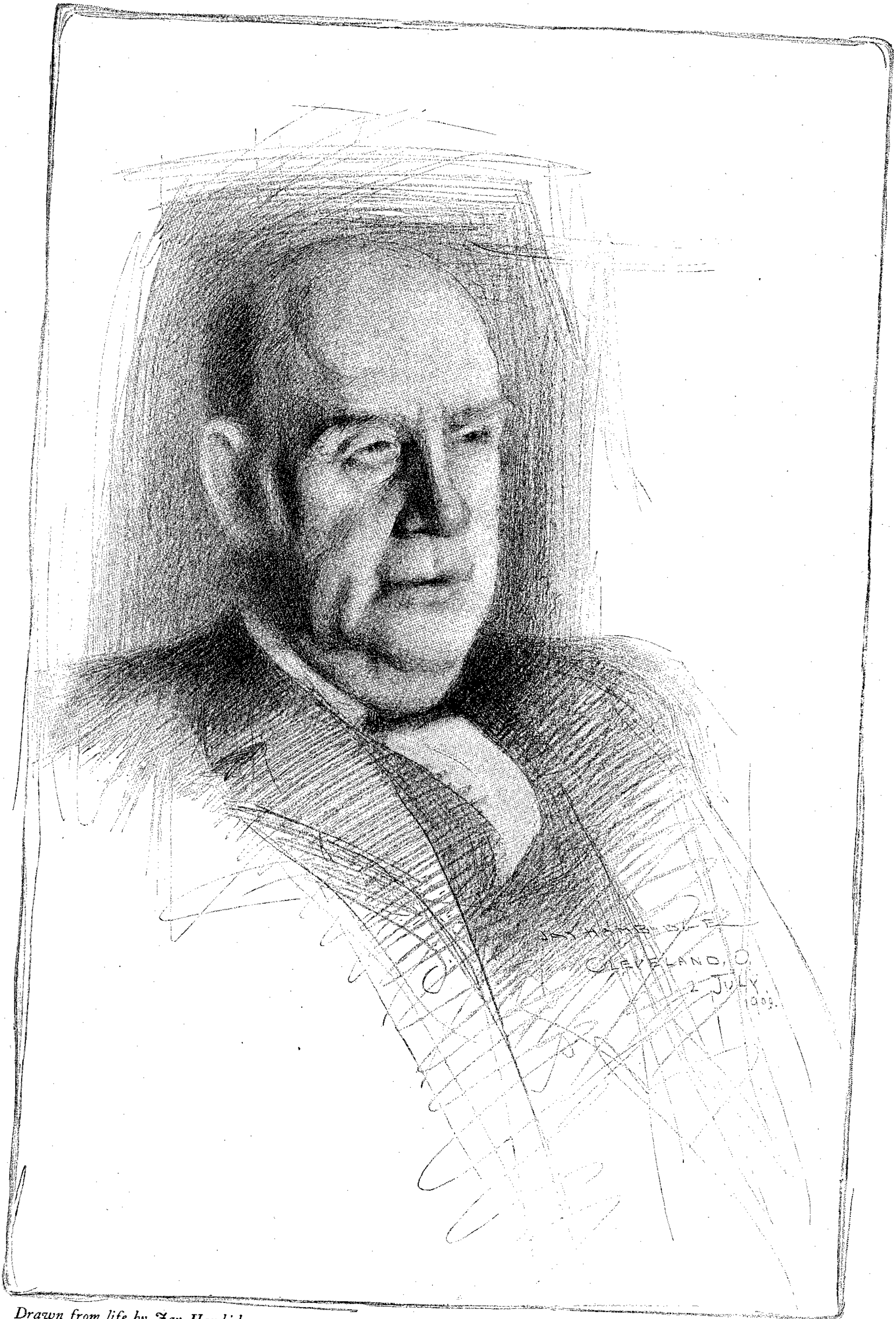
"She was slow in gettin' well, and I used to carry her out into the sunshine, and she'd set under the old elm, and look at the flowers. I'd built a seat there, and there was some rose-bushes and some little soft pinky-white blossoms, and the grass was trimmed and green. She'd set and look and look, and one day she says, 'We will have some flowers that will grow for a long time, and a fence, and by and by this will be our little home together.' Lord, but you don't s'pose it's comin' now, do yer?

"Mary was allers fond of children, and was allers doin' things for them, but when the spring days come she never seemed to care about anythin' 'cept stayin' with me. And she'd say it was because she liked to see me plant the corn, and see how many pertatoes went into each hill, but I knew it was because she didn't like to be left alone—and now mebbe she's goin' away from me.

"There's a good chance of her gettin' well? Yer think she will, if everything goes right? Thank yer, Doctor, thank yer. Don't mind my cryin', but yer see I thought they wa'n't no hope, and I couldn't have yer touchin' Mary till yer knew what we'd been to each other. Seemed as if it would help yer to bring her out all right if yer knew that. And yer'll come to-morrer, and by this time it'll be all over, and the probability is that she'll get well. God, can I stand it to wait?"



"'Twas baby this and baby that."


JAY HAMBIDGE
CLEVELAND, O.
2 JULY
1903

Drawn from life by Jay Hambidge.

SENATOR HANNA.

HANNA.

By William Allen White,

Author of "The Court of Boyville," "The Real Issue," etc.

MR. HERBERT SPENCER holds that life is a series of relations, and that man and the other creatures of the earth are the reflections of their environment. Assuming the truth of Spencer's contention, it may be instructive to know something of Marcus Alonzo Hanna's habitat. Cleveland, Ohio, like Falmouth, "is a fine town, with ships in the bay." The smoke of a thousand furnaces stains the sky, and the clang of iron with the tinkle of gongs forms the din of a restless commerce. It is a town of workers. Men talk business at the clubs and talk shop in the saloons; they take their business to bed with them o' nights. There are beautiful homes on broad avenues, that lead away from the lowlands where forges glow. There are decent public buildings scattered along the streets where the tall, well-designed business houses do most congregate; and there are pretty parks and respectable statues and appropriate monuments in the wide public squares. The homes, the public buildings, the commercial strongholds, the parks and their adornments, are preëminently up to date. They are clearly possessed of "every modern convenience." They would rent well. Down toward the mouth of one of the city caverns, before it spills its human stream into the industrial cauldron that swirls below the hills, stands a square, redstone building. In the sixth floor of this building is a suite of rooms. On the door entering this suite is the legend:

M. A. HANNA & CO.,

Coal, Iron Ore,

and

Pig Iron.

The inner room of this suite is a large room. On the walls of the room, which is finished in mahogany, are a number of photographs of Hanna's home under the elm trees, surrounded by grass and flowers; also photographs of the members of the Republican National Committee, and a photograph of the interior of a power-house, where four huge engines—all trim and solid and mechanically eloquent of power—stand waiting the touch of the master to release their energy. The photographs look down on a heavy mahogany director's table with massive round legs. On the table is a litter of blue prints—engines and architects' designs—embryo boats and power-houses, and smokestacks, and many strange cross-sections and ground views, and perspectives of industrial edifices. Solid chairs of nondescript design sit near the edge of a crimson rug. In a corner near the broad, deep window stands a massive desk. At the desk, leaning heavily on a clutter of letters and documents, is a stocky, long-bodied man, with his small feet hooked desperately to the supports of a pivoting chair. He whirls about nervously, and his quizzical, humorous smile animates the place and humanizes it. Hanna's personality exudes from everything. The photographs of the great engines become vitally a part of him. The blue prints seem to crystallize themselves into him. The politicians' faces, the chairs, the table with the shapeless legs, all in an instant become living, component parts of this man's existence. The room, the building, the town on the inland sea—they are parts of him and products of him, and he is a part and product of them.

Hanna is an American type. Five years ago he was engrossed in business. A crisis occurred in the country's history—partly of his own making. He sloughed off business. He became a political leader, and—as patriots go—a patriot. By sheer mechanical force, using money, the one lever which God gave him mastery of, Hanna set millions of flags to waving, and manufactured and distributed, securely wrapped in packages of assorted sizes ready for immediate consumption, more lofty ideals of civic integrity than the country had consumed before in a score of years. A weaker man than Hanna, with more emotion in his make-up, might have felt more deeply and perhaps more intelligently, but only a man like Hanna could have acted in the time of stress so wisely. With the cold, practical energy of a trip-hammer, Hanna converted dollars into patriotism, and saved the nation from calamity. While he was at his work men reviled him, bullied him, abused him—just as they do to-day.

> "Which knowledge vexes him a space;
> But while reproof around him rings,
> He turns a keen, untroubled face
> Home to the instant need of things."

The story of his life epitomizes the biographies of thousands of other successful Americans. It is the dramatization of energy—the romance of industrial achievement. In another one hundred years, perhaps, such romances will seem as remote from the life then living as stories of our Western border, bloody with Indian wars, appear to-day. Opportunity may not always stand knocking on the gate for American youths. But at any rate, the story of Hanna's rise is a brave tale, and one well worth the telling.

Hanna was born in Ohio sixty-three years ago. Of his ancestry it is sufficient to say that he is a member of the Scotch-Irish society of Philadelphia, in full communion and good standing. His grandfather was bound out to a Quaker, and for the one hundred years last past the Hannas have been Quakers. In 1852 Hanna's father moved to Cleveland, and brought his seven children along. The elder Hanna started a grocery store, trading more or less, in a wholesale way, on the lakes, particularly in the Lake Superior country. Young Mark plodded through the public schools and got enough education to admit him to the Western Reserve University. But in 1857, after a year in college, he returned to Cleveland to learn the grocery business, which was growing, and had become exclusively a wholesale concern, with customers all over the lake region. A year or so later the elder Hanna sickened, and the management of the store fell on the boy, Mark. It was a heavy load to carry for a young man, barely past his majority, but the responsibility put iron into him, and gave him the luck stone of his life—the habit of industry. It schooled him, as no university can, in the uses of grit and self-reliance and courage. It made a man of him at the time of life when other youths are addicted to the picnic habit. In 1862 the father died, and the young man took charge of the business for the estate. When he closed up the store successfully five years later, he knew all about the grocery business, and his energy was proverbial in the town of Cleveland. He was thirty years old when he married, and went into business with his father-in-law, Daniel P. Rhodes. The firm, Rhodes & Co., dealt in coal, iron ore, and pig iron. That was a generation ago. Young Hanna threw himself into that business with passionate enthusiasm. He learned the iron trade from the bottom, omitting no circumstance. He was insatiably curious. He had an artist's thirst to know the how of things. He learned about coal mines and bought coal lands, learned about ore and bought mines, learned about boats and bought boats. Then he took his iron and his coal, and he built the first steel boats that ever plowed the lakes. He established foundries and forges and smelters. Men worked for him from western Pennsylvania to the base of the Rockies. He knew his men and he knew the work they did. He knew the value of a day's work, and he got it—he also paid for it. Where there was labor trouble, the contest was short and decisive. Hanna met the men himself. Either things were right or they were wrong. If he thought they were wrong, he fixed them on the spot. If he believed they were right, the work went on. In the early seventies the miners in the Rhodes & Co.'s mines formed a union. Hanna studied the union as he studied mines and ores and ships. He mastered its details, got the hang of it, and got up another union—a union of employers. Then when the men at a mine had troubles, they conferred not with the mine operator, but with the mine operators' union. The two unions got along without friction, until the walking delegate found himself deposed, after which Hanna's union dissolved. But the mining operators' union gave the first public recognition to organized labor which it had received at that time, and the invention was Hanna's. It was a practical thing. After the dissolution of the mine operators' union there was trouble. A number of arrests followed some shaft burning. Hanna went down to western Ohio to prosecute the men under arrest. They were defended by a young man named McKinley—William McKinley—and he did his work so well that most of the miners went scot-free, and those convicted got short terms. Hanna took a liking to the young lawyer whose tactics had won the legal battle which Hanna had lost. A friendship began which is now famous in contemporaneous history. Hanna had won his point in the strike. Perhaps he was in a mellow expansive mood which may have tempered his admiration for the attorney for the strikers.

The regularity with which Hanna won in his labor contests gave him business prestige. He says that he never let the men deal fairer with him than he dealt with them. His office door swings inward as easily on its hinges for the dollar-a-day man as for the superintendent. But they say in Cleveland that there is an automatic spring on it for the chronic grumbler, for the shirker, and for the walking delegate. The door swings out upon these men with force and emphasis.

For Hanna is a hard worker. He asks none of his employees to work as hard as he does. He has the intelligence which makes work easy and increases the capacity to do work. Genius is something of that sort. Hanna's secret is system. After he had reduced mining to a system, he added shipping, then he reduced that to a system and took on shipbuilding. Reducing that to its lowest terms, where the machinery works smoothly, Hanna built a street railway—made the cars of his coal and iron, and the rails of his steel. When he came to man that railway—the Cleveland City Street Railway—he had reduced the labor problem to such an exact science that there has never been a strike on that system, although the cars of other lines in Cleveland are tied up frequently. About this time he took a fancy to the theatrical business. He bought the town opera house and began studying the gentle art of making friends with the theatrical stars of the world. He learned the business of friendship thus as thoroughly as he learned the iron and coal and steel and ship and railway business. He omitted no detail; he went the whole length—put on a play by Mr. Howells, and invited the author out to see the job done properly. To-day Hanna has the friendship of men like Jefferson, Irving, Francis Wilson, Robson, Crane—all of them, and the best of the playwrights. They know the appreciative eyes that laugh so easily, and he knows all the actors' stories and can find the paths that lead to their hearts. In the early eighties—apparently by way of diversion or because Satan finds some evil work for idle hands to do—when the coal, iron ore, pig iron, steel, shipping, railway, and theatrical business became nerve-wracking monotony, Hanna started a bank. He took the presidency of it, and devoured the minutiæ of the new business ravenously. When he was watching the wheels go around, looking at the levers and cogs, and making the bank part of his life, Hanna began to notice remarkable movements in the works. Some years the fly-wheel would not revolve. At other times it whirled too rapidly. He went through the machinery with hammer and screws, but he found that the trouble lay outside the bank. He traced it to iron ore, through that to coal, and still it eluded him. The trouble was outside the things, he knew. It was in the lodestone of politics.

So Hanna went into politics. In 1880 he organized the Cleveland Business Men's Marching Club. The idea was a new one, and it took all over the country. That was the year when the tariff began to assume proportions as a national issue, and being a dealer in coal and iron and steel ships, Hanna made a discovery. Heretofore business had been business, and politics politics; the hypothesis that business and politics were allied was a theory in the nebular state, floating around in class-rooms and debating societies. Hanna congealed the theory into fact. The business man in politics was Hanna's invention twenty years ago. During the eighties he carried a torch in many parades; but the oil that leaked from the can lubricated his mind, for he ground up the facts of politics rapidly. He began at the ward caucus, and for ten years was a factor in his ward and in his county and in his State. He took up politics as a branch of his business. It was a side issue—but shipbuilding was, for that matter, and street railways. Hanna has a dozen sides. In 1888 Hanna had learned the business of politics well enough to go into the National market with a product. In the National Convention which nominated Benjamin Harrison for his first term, Hanna appeared as John Sherman's political manager. He was to Sherman then what he was to McKinley in 1896. When Sherman lost, Hanna went on the Advisory Council of the National Committee. He learned how the machinery of National politics runs; what its fly-wheels do; what its pulleys move; where to oil it; and where the power is generated. His insatiable curiosity, that made him master of other great trades, made him adept in what is known as practical politics. During the eight years that followed Hanna's entrance into National politics, he absorbed certain facts about the relations of business and politics. Without knowing where his greed for facts was leading him, Hanna became an amateur political scientist. He knew none of the rules of the game as the books laid them down; the theories of scholars were unfathomed in his reckonings. But, as the Yankees say, he "sensed a scheme" of the relations of things in the worlds of business and politics, and unconsciously this scheme took possession of him.

Now, a man whose business leads him to the daily contemplation of men working in their undershirts is not going to sit down and dream up an economic system for a world full of men in Nile-green neckties and lavender trousers. The spectacle of human perspiration is not so entirely shocking to a man of Hanna's habits and antecedents that any scheme of his would eliminate it from human existence. So the idea that got in Hanna's head was not particularly Utopian. It was simply a scheme to provide for more work, more sweat, more business, and more dividends—and that wasn't the least of Hanna's consideration—by adjusting the tariff on coal, iron, pig iron, and a few thousand other articles too numerous to mention; also the establishment of a government subsidy for American shipbuilders. Incidentally Hanna saw that the currency shaft of the National works was crooked and wobbly, and needed straightening. Now this was not an ecstatic dream. But it had a vital advantage over the visions of Mr. Bellamy and the Utopians. Hanna's plan would work.

In the industrial depression from 1893 to 1895, when the mines and the furnaces and the ships were idle, Hanna had time for meditation. But the desire to make his scheme of political science a fact was afire in him; and instead of going into a rhapsody at the beauty of his dream, Hanna spent his hours of meditation forging his dream into reality in an eminently practical way.

In the meantime, for twenty years, his friendship for the young lawyer who defended the miners had been growing. He grappled it to him as he grappled his business ambition—with all his heart and mind. It became as much a part of him as the mines and the ships and the steel things that he loved. McKinley satisfied something in Hanna. The Canton lawyer was industrious. He was clean. He was reliable. He was ambitious. Hanna's friendship displayed these virtues in the market of public esteem, and held them at their par value. In 1896 Hanna's energy incorporated McKinley, and every business house in the United States, from Wall Street to the carpenter's shop on the alley, took stock. Hanna promoted the candidacy of McKinley before the St. Louis Convention. He put in that campaign, which ended in the St. Louis Convention, every trained faculty which had made him a successful captain of trade. The outcome was interesting. And American politicians—generally a slipshod lot—who depend much on brass bands and claqueing and flag waving and oratory and beating of tom-toms to swarm their bees, were astounded to see a campaigner use the calculating, exact, business-like methods of a general manager of a railroad. Every Republican Presidential candidate sent out letters by the bushel. Hanna sent McKinley's letters out by the peck. But he picked his correspondents with the care that he picked the officers for his lake ships. It was Hanna's purpose to give the preferred stock in the McKinley syndicate only to men of commercial honor and business standing and political capacity. The whisperer, the Janus-face, the blow-hard, and the promiser were permitted to speculate if they chose, but only upon the general prosperity series. The St. Louis Convention was a meeting of a large board of directors in a business concern. All emotionalism was as remote from the constitution of that body as a sky-rocket from a table of statistics. Hanna had planned the syndicate, he had promoted it, he had made it go. He didn't know who would make the motions, nor who would write up the minutes, nor what phrasing would be used in the prospectus. But he knew the men in the majority, and he knew that they were there to vote for McKinley, and he knew that they were men who accomplish their ends. It was an old story to Hanna—the picking and handling of men. There are 8,000 men on his pay-roll at Cleveland—on the docks, and in the mines, and at furnaces, and at desks, and on grip cars. There were one-tenth as many delegates at St. Louis; and besides, the St. Louis Convention was a coöperative corporation. So Hanna didn't worry. Yet certain things puzzled him. Despite the fact that reporters and editors of what might have been called, with professional courtesy, the loathed but esteemed contemporaries, said unpleasant things in double-leads and short paragraphs, and claimed that the convention was sewed up in a sack; and more, that it was branded, gagged, and delivered; and, still further, that it was the personal property, chattel, and common appurtenant of Mark Hanna and of his heirs and assigns forever; affairs took a turn that would have astounded Hanna if he had claimed property right in the delegates. For Hanna went into the battle for McKinley's nomination with a seven-devil lust for tariffs. The currency question was one of those things dreamed of in Hanna's philosophy, along with the civil service and the Alaskan boundary and

Cuban independence. Hanna did not oppose the gold standard; but while he was struggling for the nomination of McKinley, Hanna seems to have believed that by taking thought of the currency question he could not add one cubit to McKinley's stature. So he sat in his office in Cleveland and listened to the saurian snort of his barge whistles, and fixed his faith in *ad valorems* and tariffs and other impedimenta of his campaign.

As the spring of 1896 opened, the earnestness of the New England Republicans for a gold-standard declaration amazed Hanna. He went to the St. Louis Convention with his amazement unabated; he was not angry. But it was as though all the men on the Cleveland City Railway had decided to paint their left ear green, something which they have a perfect right to do, but which does not add to the speed of the cars nor the service of the line. He did not fear the outcome—so far as McKinley was concerned—but it did not occur to Hanna, when he went to St. Louis, that the adoption of the gold-standard declaration in the Republican platform would relegate the tariff question to a place in the campaign beside pensions and the interstate commerce. And so because the men he trusted—and needed—favored a declaration for gold, Hanna accepted it; and because he does nothing by halves, thereafter he fought for the gold-standard plank; its ways were his ways, its people were his people, and its enemies provoked his wrath.

When the party's platform had been reported by the Committee on Resolutions, and the clause endorsing the gold standard had been read, Senator Teller of Colorado made a speech favoring the adoption of a minority report of the Resolutions Committee, which report eliminated the gold-standard declaration. While Teller spoke, a pudgy man—broad-shouldered and of robust girth—sat fidgeting in his chair, but one row removed from the aisle, among the Ohio delegates. It was Hanna. The loose skin around his mouth twitched irritably as Teller's swan-song rose and fell. Occasionally he lifted a broad hand to a large, bumpy cranium, as if to scratch. Instead, he rubbed the rich, healthy, terra-cotta hide on his full, firm neck. His bright brown eyes took the orator's mental and moral measure with merciless precision. When Teller sat down, Hanna grunted his relief. Others spoke in favor of the Teller resolution—perhaps an Idaho man, maybe a Montanan, from a chair behind the Ohio delegation. A dapper little chap, with a *boutonnière* on his perfectly fitting frock coat, came chassezing festively down the rostrum, and received Chairman Thurston's recognition. "Who's that?" asked Hanna of Grosvenor.

"Cannon."

"Who's Cannon?"

Mind you, it was Hanna who was asking these questions—Hanna, who was popularly supposed to be omniscient and omnipotent at St. Louis that day. Yet here was a senator whom Hanna did not know, and whose presence on the speaker's list surprised the man who held the convention in the hollow of his hand.

"Senator—Utah," replied Grosvenor.

The festive man opened his mouth to read his address.

"Well, for heaven's sake, goin' to read it! Lookee there—" And Hanna's broad, fat hand waved towards the orator. "Perty, ain't he?"

"Looks like a cigar drummer!"

The man on the rostrum continued. He made an acrid reference to the gold standard.

"Well, d—n *him*—how did he get in here?" snapped Hanna, and no one could answer.

A small-boned, fat leg flopped across its mate, and Hanna changed his weight from one hunker to the other.

Cannon's remarks were growing more and more luminous. Hanna's brown eyes began to glow in heat lightning as the oration proceeded. His twitching mouth spilled its rage in grunts. The rhetoric of the Utah man was telling. He began to threaten to leave the party. Finally he put the threat into a flamboyant period. Then Hanna's harsh voice blurted:

"Go, go!"

There was a tragic half-second's silence. Ten thousand eyes turned toward Hanna. Evidently he could feel their glances hailing on his back, for his flinty auburn head bobbed down like a cork, and an instant later, when the whole convention was firing "go's" at the rostrum, Hanna rose proudly from the small of his back, and got on the firing line. After that the Utah man was in the hands of a mob. Hanna devoted himself to the pleasurable excitement of the chase. He stormed and roared with the mob; he guyed and he cheered with the mob. He was of it, led by it, enjoying it, whooping it up. Then, when it was all over, when the gold-standard platform had been adopted, Hanna climbed into his chair, clasped his hands composedly behind him, threw back his head, let out his voice, and sang "America" with the throng. When he forgot the words, his *dah-dah-de-dah-de-dums* rang out with patriotic felicity, and his smile of seraphic satisfaction was a good sight for sore eyes. For Mark Hanna was giving an excellent representation of a joyous American citizen, with his wagon hitched to a bucking star, jogging peacefully down the milky way of victory.

By this token may the gentle reader know that Hanna is intensely human. There is nothing god-like, nothing demoniac, nothing cherubic, nothing serpentine about him. He is a plain man, who stands in the last ditch with his friends, and fights his enemies to the death. He enjoys a good joke, a good fellow, or a good dinner; and, if possible, likes all three served at the same table. Often he wins brilliantly, sometimes loses conspicuously, makes a fool of himself occasionally, laughs at it good-naturedly, and does it over again, "even as you and I." He has on his bones the clay of the unexplainable old Adam—rich in weakness and strength, graces and foibles, and withal he has the philosophy which sustained the shepherd of Arden. So his strength is more than his weakness, for he has the virility of common sense. He is not happy crocheting tidies and adopting ringing resolutions. He is a man of deeds rather than of explanations.

Hanna is not a man of exalted ideals. Between his purpose and its execution the path lies in a straight line. If gentlemen in spectacles come along the path, stretching across strings of ethical obstacles, and planting in it the potsherds of transcendental philosophic scruples, Hanna pushes forward to his end, kicking away the strings and crushing the pottery under his feet.

Later, if he has time, he devotes a few lurid minutes to the spectacled gentry before he closes the incident with a bang and goes about his business. Hanna is perfectly willing to admit that beyond the Alps lies Italy and that the hills are green afar off; but he insists on his American privilege of voting for the majority report. In politics Hanna is a partisan. With him the long-nosed, short-chinned mugwump is entitled to the same consideration due to the guerilla in time of war. Hanna would endorse a political proposition not authorized by his party caucus and his party platform about as readily as a general would take orders from a newspaper. In his party Hanna has disputes, differences, and contentions. But he knows when he is whipped, and respects a similar knowledge in his adversary. When a fight is over, it is over with Hanna. He bears no malice, carries no knife from the conflict to use another day, and he has a scorching contempt for the contentious—and to Hanna impossible—persons who insist that a question is never settled until it is settled right. From Hanna's point of view the ways of the reformer and of "the serpent on the rock" are beyond understanding.

For Hanna's solicitude for the people is as tender as that of the late William H. Vanderbilt. Hanna believes in every man for himself and the devil take the hindermost. He does not fawn upon the failures of life, nor mince matters in locating the blame for their condition. Every good cause has produced its demagogues, who are as dangerous to progress as the opponents of the cause. And although Hanna has been grilled in cartoons as a money devil with dollar marks for scales; has been sizzled in public scorn as a conscienceless boss; has been called a crusher of labor, an industrial octopus, a commercial Moloch, and every manner of bird or beast on earth, in the air above, or in the waters beneath, his bitterest enemies in their most interesting flights of vituperation have not added to the gayety of nations by calling Mark Hanna a demagogue. Such an appellation would be as grotesque as to call Jay Gould a protagonist or "Mr. Toots" an iconoclast.

If a large, jagged, brown damn is needed in a diplomatic situation, Hanna furnishes it. If a laugh is needed, Hanna has it and is not afraid to use it. If an open fight is required, Hanna makes it. He is a man of simple instincts and single purposes. His relations with certain of his senatorial colleagues were arranged in their biological development millions of years ago. For instance, the velvet-pawed feline tactics of former Senator Quay set Hanna to baying deep-mouthed imprecations and kicking out behind him the loam of recent alluvial reminiscence. It is not that Hanna is so entirely displeased with what Quay does as with the way it is done, for Hanna is no prude. He has a conscience—the conventional conscience of commerce. To him wrong is wrong, and right is right. Everything is either black or white; he is color-blind to the pea greens and heliotropes and electric blues of conduct. If a man lies, he lies; if he steals, he is a thief; if he cheats, he is a liar and a thief; and that's the end of him with Hanna. He likes a man with good red blood and a strenuous spirit and common sense; as for the other sort, they are all one to him—the sort that "might be made after supper of a cheese paring," and he will have none of the breed.

Hanna is not a boss. The boss in the American political system supplies a human need which the king supplies in other principalities and powers. The people of this Republic expect their boss to rob them, to snub them, to revile them, just as royal subjects expect dishonor and contumely from their king. The parallel runs further; neither a boss nor a king is elected, and it would be as difficult to explain to a republican the divine right of kings as to make a monarchist comprehend the reasons for the domination of the boss. The boss exists outside the actual government of the State; the king is generally extraneous. "The sovereign," says Walter Bagehot, "has under a constitutional monarchy the three rights: the right to be consulted, the right to encourage, and the right to warn." Add to this the right to steal, and behold the boss. Elsewhere, speaking of the monarchy, Bagehot has said: "It is often said that people are ruled by their imagination; but it would be truer to say they are governed by the weakness of their imagination. The nature of a constitution, the action of an assembly, the play of parties, the unseen formation of a guiding opinion are complex facts, difficult to know and easy to mistake. But the action of a single will, the fiat of a single mind are easy ideas; anybody can make them out, and no one can ever forget them." Hence the office of king and hence the rise of the boss. Now every boss is the founder of his own dynasty, which ends with him; and he rises as the founders of all dynasties rise, through much intrigue, great diplomacy, resistless ambition, unscrupulous daring, and ceaseless, unremitting, pertinacious energy directed to one object for a long term of years. No king or no boss ever carried his profession as a side line, and this paragraph is written to show that, as the word "boss" is used and accepted in the bright lexicon of politics today, Mark Hanna cannot be a boss. First, because a national boss is as impossible to the American people as a national monarch; secondly, Hanna has too well developed a sense of humor to be a boss if he would be. As for the first proposition, a weak popular imagination presumes a weak popular intelligence; and as a nation, the people of this country have more intelligence than is the popular average of intelligence in the boss-ridden cities and States. And as for the second proposition, no living man with a twinkle in his eyes and a smile teetering on the threshold of his countenance can view with composure the deadly implacable hunger for a little brief authority which often moves men to sell their souls for it. This hunger is the mainspring which makes the boss a joss. In politics, he who laughs at the visceral convolutions of the joss is lost. Hanna has to laugh at these things. It is his "nature to"; and when he cannot laugh, he swears, which brings relief to the soul much as laughter does.

Yet in national politics Hanna is a strong man, exceptionally so. He is efficient. He is dominant in his party. Yet in his domination he does not domineer. He accomplishes his end; but not by diplomacy, not by playing man upon man, not like Pontius Pilate, but like Herod. Hanna is a force, not an intrigue. Politics is not his trade; he is a business man first and a politician afterwards; yet he is not a dilettante politician. When he gets in tight places, as in the senatorial election of '97, he does not fight with the foils, but rough and tumble, hand to hand, and with such clubs, dornicks, and other loose furniture of the environment as the devil may have put in his reach.

So much for what may be called the *dramatis personæ* of Hanna. Now to return to the plot.

After the St. Louis Convention, Hanna played with the party machine, running it at full speed and high pressure from June till November. Then he slipped the belt from his engines and let the wheels of the machine run down. His great industrial and financial concerns on the lake were grinding away smoothly and needed but half his power. His piston-rods were thumping in his head with nothing to hold them. The throbbing and jolting of his wild engines must have strained his nerves, for before the world knew what had happened Hanna had flipped a belt into the United States Senate. But speed in that mill is slow and the grist is light, wherefore there is a loss of power and a wearing jar.

Hanna seems to be ten years older than he was four years ago. The ruddy terra-cotta skin that glowed with health in 1896 has faded to an ashen pink. The mobile smile that was a conversation without words is hardening a little—but only a little. The lower parts of his legs are slightly uncertain, and his feet almost shuffle. The large, firm hand grips his cane with something like nervousness. The thin hair hangs more listlessly to the head than it used to hang; but the jaws are wired with steel, and the brown eyes—and these are Hanna's harbor lights—twinkle with the fervor of a schoolboy's. They show forth an unconquered soul and a merry heart, which maketh a glad countenance. Hanna's life at Washington has not taken the edge from his humanity. Indeed, so far as he bears any relation to the present National administration, Hanna is the human touch.

The relations existing between Hanna and his friend William McKinley, President of the United States, are particularly interesting. The popular notion of these relations is derived from newspaper cartoons. Probably at least 5,000,000 of the 15,000,000 citizens who will vote at the coming election imagine that Hanna tramps noisily into the White House every morning, gruffly gives his orders for the day's administration to the shivering President, and then walks out and continues to grind the faces off the poor; but the real relations existing between Hanna and McKinley are stranger than fiction. It is McKinley, not Hanna, that controls. The masterful, self-willed, nimble-witted, impetuous, virile Hanna in the presence of the placid, colorless, imperturbable, emotionless, diplomatic, stolid McKinley becomes superficially deferential and considerate of the Presidential dignity, almost to an unnecessary degree. It is known to all men at all familiar with McKinley's administration, that in the differences which have come up in the discussion of administrative affairs, when Hanna has been consulted at all, he has almost invariably yielded his opinion to McKinley's. The friendship—one might call it almost the infatuation of Hanna for McKinley—is inexplicable on any other theory save that of the affinity of opposites. History has often paralleled this affair, but has never fully explained her parallels.

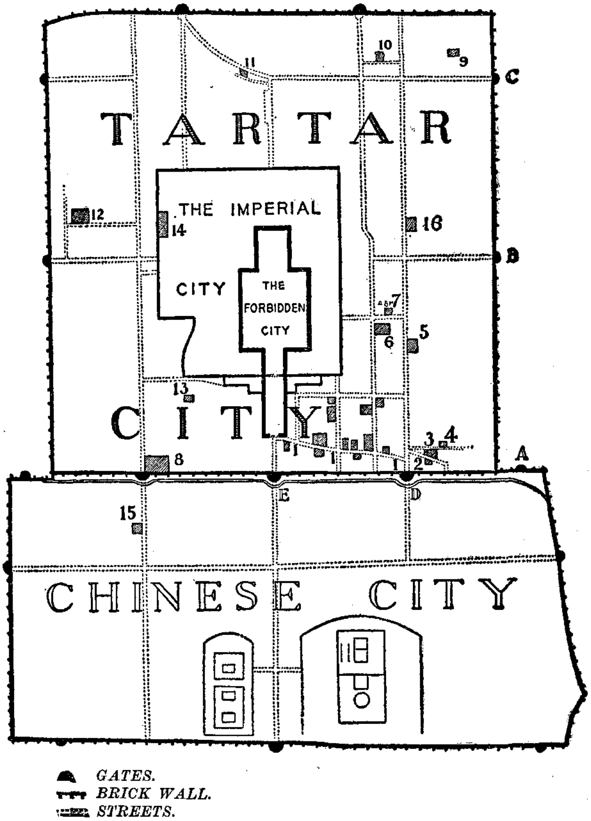
No better evidence may be found to-day that the United States has a representative government than is found in the dominance of Hanna in the majority political party in this nation. Hanna is a representative American. He is the American average. Thomas B. Reed, with his facility for epigram, with his cultured conscience, and with his moral and intellectual courage, stands as far above the American average as Boss Tweed lay below it. Reed is an American ideal; Tweed a horrible example. Mr. Bryan, emotional, fanatic, raw, represents American moments when mob spirit rages; but Hanna, with his apparent faults, which he does not deny, nor his friends try to conceal, and with his undeniable virtues—thrift, industry, practical sense, a cash-register conscience, fidelity, love of truth—with his efficiency—and that covereth a multitude of sins—with his sense of humor, that anchors him to sanity, Hanna is a walking, breathing, living body of the American spirit. It is violating no confidence to announce that certain gentlemen in the Republic—perhaps not a majority of the electorate, but here and there one—do not like to see Mr. Hanna occupying a prominent place in the American government.

Now the remedy for Hannaism—which is the popular name for the civic ailment most bewailed by the gentlemen aforesaid—is not found in lampooning Hanna. Cartoons representing him as a coarse, sordid, brutal hulk of adipose, leading the tin effigy of a President around on wheels, will only convince the youth of the land of one thing: that to be successful in this world one must be coarse, sordid, and brutal—a conviction which the facts in the case of the real Hanna surely belie. The remedy for Hannaism will be found when Hanna's critics give to the exemplification of high civic ideals the force of unqualified success and the charm of virile personality. Until then criticism of Hanna may be esteemed only on account of its literary excellence. For human nature in this perverse generation of vipers admires palpable results rather than impalpable rhetoric.

A WOMAN'S DIARY OF THE SIEGE OF PEKIN.

By Mrs. E. K. Lowry.

When the first massacres by Boxers took place, Katharine Mullikin Lowry was living at the Methodist Episcopal Mission settlement in Pekin, about three-quarters of a mile east of the American Legation. Her husband, Mr. E. K. Lowry, a son of H. H. Lowry, the president of Pekin University (Methodist), was formerly connected with the United States Embassy at Pekin. During the siege he was absent in Tientsin. Mrs. Lowry has lived in China about five years. The account in the diary, as here published, begins with the early arrivals of Christian refugees in Pekin, tells of the arduous but fruitless efforts to fortify the Methodist mission settlement; of the flight to the British Legation; and of the long, desperate, and bloody defense of the little band of foreigners against hordes of Boxers and Chinese soldiers. The story presents not only a vivid picture of the extraordinary conditions from day to day within the beleaguered compound, told as only a woman can tell it, but has an important historical interest, in that it gives new light on some events in Pekin which have been the subject of dispute.



PLAN OF PEKIN.

A. *Tung Pien Gate.*
B and C. *These two gates were blown up by the Japanese troops.*
D. *Ha-ta Gate.*
E. *Chien Gate.*
1. *Legation Street.*
2. *Woman's Foreign Missionary Society.*
3. *Methodist Mission Compound.*
4. *Durbin Hall.*
5. *East London Mission.*
6. *French Eastern Mission.*
7. *American Board Mission.*
8. *French Southern Mission.*
9. *Russian Mission.*
10. *Presbyterian Mission.*
11. " "
12. *West London Mission.*
13. *Miss Douw's Mission.*
14. *French Northern Mission and Cathedral.*
15. *Methodist Church.*
16. *Tsungli Yamen (Chinese Foreign Office).*

MONDAY, May 28, 1900: To-day there comes to our compound[*] an old man and his son, the only survivors of a family, the remainder having all been killed by the Boxers at their home village, Pa Chou. The sound of the old man and his son going through our compound was very dreadful. We all felt uneasy at the reports.

Tuesday, May 29: Refugees begin to come in from outlying stations, especially Pa Chou and Huang Tsun. The Monday afternoon train came up as far as Feng Tai, but finding it in flames, it returned to Tientsin. Mr. Robinson, of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, was murdered at Yung Ching; and his companion, Mr. Norman, after being imprisoned, was also murdered. Report comes in of the burning of the station at Huang Tsun[†] and the destruction of the railroad there.

Wednesday, May 30: Five hundred foreign troops arrive by rail from Tientsin. The Americans had been at the rear of the procession in starting from the station, but Captain McCalla put them to "double quick," and they came in first at the Chien gate, with bayonets fixed. The Chinese offered no resistance.

Friday, June 8: While we are at breakfast, all the people from

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[*] A "compound," as used repeatedly in the diary, signifies a group of houses and courts surrounded by a wall, a familiar arrangement in Oriental cities.

[†] A town about fifteen miles from Pekin.

Tung Chou,[*] twenty-three in number, come in quite unexpectedly, their long parade of carts filling our alley. They had fled from Tung Chou at three o'clock in the morning, when it was considered no longer safe to remain, their Tao-tai having wrung his hands, and with tears begged them to leave, as he could no longer protect them. We had just about found places for all these people when the missionaries from all over the city began to pour in with baggage and an apparently endless troop of Chinese refugees. The compound presents a scene of indescribable confusion in the weird night light—piles of baggage everywhere, groups of melancholy Chinese squatting on the ground till some resting-place is found for them, and the foreigners wandering up and down. Finally all are housed. Ten American marines, with Corporals Hunt and Dalarene in command, come down to our compound as a guard. The gentlemen begin to fortify the compound, especially the church.

SUNDAY, June 10: Service is held in the fortified church, several outsiders being present. We spend the remainder of the day making cartridge belts for the gentlemen.

MONDAY, June 11: Word comes of the killing of the Japanese chancellor outside the Yung-ting gate. Fortifying goes on apace—barbed wire fences are put up, ditches dug, pointed stakes set up, outlook platforms built, walks dug up for bricks to close gates and windows, and a high wall is built across the court from our house to the front gate. The gentlemen are apportioned to regular guard hours and stations, and the ladies also have posts of duty to aid in managing the Chinese if trouble should come. The Chinese are being organized and drilled with spears. Sanitary, food, and other committees are appointed, and everything reduced to method and order. Meanwhile the ladies busy themselves making thin suits for our poor marines, who have nothing but their thick suits. Another detail of ten marines are sent to us, with Captain Hall to command the whole twenty. Mr. Squiers[†] and Mr. Cheshire went to the station to meet the 700 American troops who were expected, taking twenty carts with them for the soldiers' baggage. Alas! there were no trains and no soldiers.

WEDNESDAY, June 13: About 6.30 P.M. there is excitement and loud voices at the Ha-ta gate, and from the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society's upper windows soldiers can be seen on the wall looking into the street. Later, smoke and flame announce that our street chapel is being burned. All night long fires spring up in different parts of the city. (All the different mission compounds and Catholic churches were first looted and then burned, except the Pei-Tang,[*] which was guarded). Small-pox is discovered among the refugees, and precautions for isolation taken.

THURSDAY, June 14: To-day some of our number went to the Legation carrying the records, mission history, deeds, etc. A guard escorted them part of the way, the people scattering wildly at the approach of the party. Early in the morning a second burning of the Nan Tang,[†] which had not been totally destroyed, occurred. A number are believed to have perished in the flames. It is said that two of the Catholics went to the bell-tower and rang the bell as an alarm to the other Chinese converts, until the floor burned beneath them and they died at their self-appointed task.

FRIDAY, June 15: Last night for two hours awful sounds of raging heathen filled the air, and seemed to surge against the wall in the southern city, opposite our place. Some estimated there were 50,000 voices. "Kill the foreign devil! Kill, kill, kill!" they yelled till it seemed hell was let loose. As one lady expressed it, she felt as though she were in nothing stronger than a bird cage, while hyenas howled without. Major Conger,[‡] who was on the city wall till one o'clock with Captain Myers, said the Boxers were worshiping, going through incantations and burning incenses. The Germans had shot seven to ten Boxers who were drilling across the moat from the position occupied by the Germans on the city wall. Possibly this killing had something to do with the demonstration. Major Conger had previously sent word that he had received a note from Captain McCalla, dated Lao Fa,[§] June 12th, four P.M., saying he was on the way with 1,600 men and some guns. To-day he hears that 1,700 Russians may be expected at any time. A letter written by missionaries and one from Major Conger were sent out last night by three different messengers, a reward of $75 being promised to the one who should arrive first with a reply from McCalla. These letters urged Captain McCalla to hasten to our relief, though Major Conger said we were getting on very well, and the Captain should use his judgment about repairing the railroad as he came along. To-day two rescue parties who are sent to the assistance of the hunted Catholics at the Nan Tang—ten each French, American, and Russian marines, with Dr. Morrison, Mr. Brent, and Professor James,* find many of the poor people terribly tortured—some with wrists tied together and hands cut off, others with ankles tied and feet cut off, others dreadfully burned.

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[*] About fifteen miles east of Pekin.

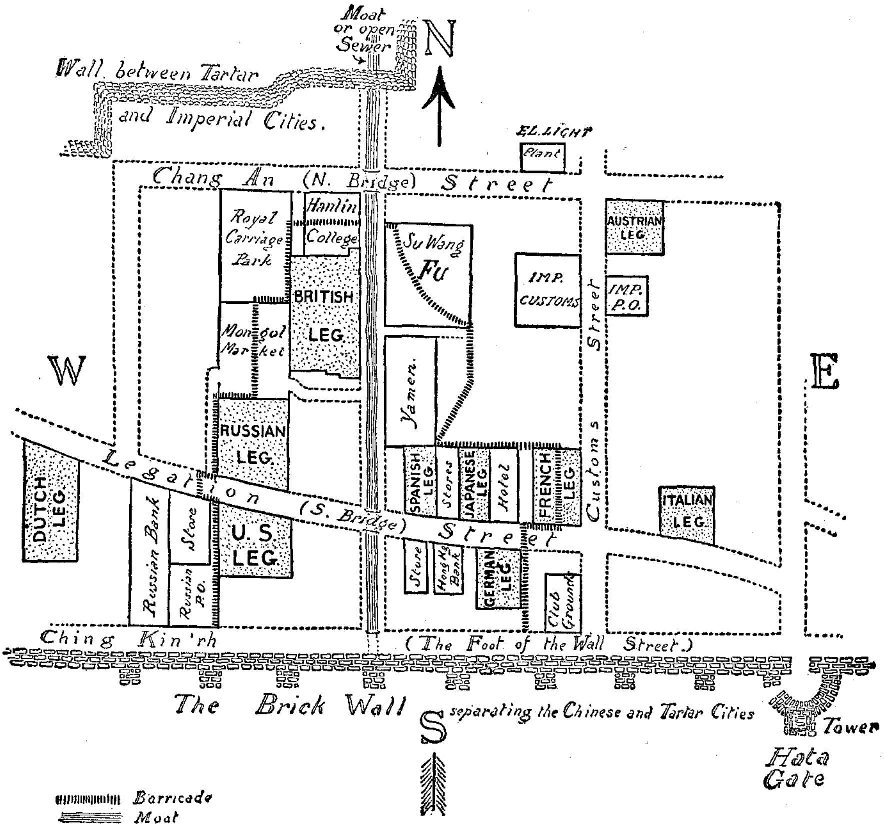
[†] Herbert G. Squiers, First Secretary of the American Legation at Pekin; Mr. Cheshire, Interpreter.

[*] The Pei-Tang is a Catholic mission, the only one within the walls of the Imperial City proper. It was gallantly defended throughout the seige by French and Italian soldiers, being the only other foreign possession besides the legation compounds which was successfully held against the Chinese attacks.

[†] A Catholic mission and church.

[‡] Edwin H. Conger, United States Minister to China.

[§] About fifty miles from Pekin.


Moat or open Sewer
N
Wall between Tartar and Imperial Cities.
EL. LIGHT Plant
Chang An (N. Bridge) Street
Royal Carriage Park
Hanlin College
Su Wang Fu
IMP. CUSTOMS
AUSTRIAN LEG.
IMP. P.O.
BRITISH LEG.
Mongol Market
W
E
Yamen.
Customs Street
RUSSIAN LEG.
DUTCH LEG.
Legation (S. Bridge) Street
SPANISH LEG.
Stores
JAPANESE LEG.
Hotel
FRENCH LEG.
ITALIAN LEG.
Russian Bank
Store
Russian P.O.
U. S. LEG.
Store
Hong Kg Bank
GERMAN LEG.
Club Grounds
Ching Kin 'rh
(The Foot of the Wall Street.)
The Brick Wall
S
separating the Chinese and Tartar Cities
Tower
Hata Gate
Barricade
Moat

PLAN OF THE BESIEGED LEGATION QUARTER.

SATURDAY, June 16: Miss Gilman overheard one of the smaller girls saying, "Well, if we *must* die, how lovely it will be for more than a hundred girls to go to heaven together." Another said, "And what a lot of stars Mrs. Jewell † will have in her crown!" The assembled girls sent one of their number to Mrs. Jewell to tell her they had observed how tired and worried she was, and they knew she was troubled about them; but they wished her to know they were all praying and were peaceful, and that if God was willing to spare them they should be glad; but that if they must die, it would be all right. During the day great fires rage in the southern city, and Chien gate tower is in flames. Huge columns of smoke fill the air. It is a sight both grand and terrible. It seems to awe and appall the Boxers, who never intended anything of the sort. Many of the large silk and other fine shops are burning, and numbers are said to have perished in the flames. The Hong Kong and Shanghai Bank estimates the loss from this fire at $5,000,000. The mob is looting and burning indiscriminately in the southern city.

SUNDAY, June 17: Work continued all day on fortifications and cartridge belts. Service was held in the church, but this time no outsiders dared come to it.

TUESDAY, June 19: At seven P.M. we receive a letter from Major Conger, saying that word has come from the Tsungli Yamen (Chinese Foreign Board) that the foreign troops were to take the Taku forts on June

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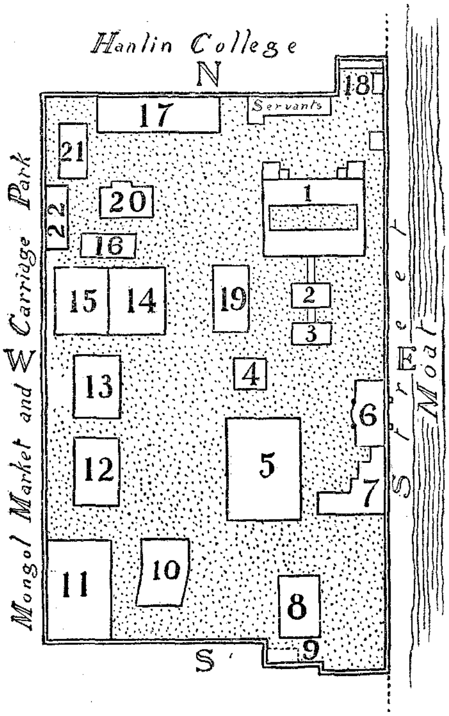
* Dr. Morrison, correspondent London "Times"; Professor James, English professor in Pekin Imperial University.

† Mrs. Jewell is in charge of the Girls' High School, having 150 pupils. Miss Gilman is an assistant.

20th, which meant a declaration of war, and they gave the foreigners twenty-four hours to leave the city. This announcement caused great consternation to all. Major Conger replied that so far as his Government was concerned, war had not been declared, that there were no facilities for transportation available in twenty-four hours, and he demanded more time. This was granted; but we were told to pack our steamer trunks preparatory to leaving as soon as arrangements were made for carts and escort. A general meeting was held by all in our compound, to decide what was best to do, especially about abandoning the Chinese Christians, which seemed inevitable, a thing which seemed very dreadful to all.

WEDNESDAY, June 20: About nine A.M., as we were all busy packing steamer trunks, great excitement was caused by the word that Baron von Ketteler, the German Minister, had been shot on his way to the Tsungli Yamen, and his interpreter wounded. Soon the interpreter was brought into our compound, and George* dressed his wounds temporarily, and then went to the German Legation to take word of the disaster and have them send a guard to take the interpreter there. It seems the Diplomatic Corps held a meeting last night to discuss the situation, and decided on a meeting this morning at ten with the Tsungli Yamen. Baron von Ketteler, being the only Minister who spoke Chinese, thought possibly he could make better terms if he went alone and talked over affairs, so he and his interpreter started early in their chairs. At the mouth of the Tsungli Yamen alley he was requested to dismiss his guard of German marines and have a Chinese guard meet him there. This he did; but no sooner was his guard out of earshot than he was shot through the head and instantly killed as he sat in his chair. 'Twas said to have been done by a Mandarin wearing a button of some sort. Captain Hall thought as it would be impossible to hold the compound against soldiers, our only chance would be to abandon it immediately, while it is still possible for women and children to walk on the street. He therefore sends word to the Legation that he wishes to be relieved, and sets the time for leaving the compound at eleven A.M., with no baggage except what we can carry in our hands. Then ensues a time of indescribable confusion, every one striving in the few moments available to plan what they will need most, and to find and pack it. The church entrances had been piled with trunks, partly for safe keeping and partly as barricades in case of necessity. We drag down and open the trunks, and the people crowd almost on top of one another in packing. At eleven o'clock the melancholy file takes up its march, the seventy foreigners at the front, two and two, the gentlemen, with their guns, walking by the side of the ladies and children, while behind follow over 500 Chinese refugees who have been with us all these twelve mournful days, the twenty marines with Captain Myers



PLAN OF THE BRITISH LEGATION COMPOUND.

1. *Residence of Sir Claude MacDonald.*
2. *Ting'rh—military officers and bank attachés.*
3. *Ting'rh—French priests, engineers, etc.*
4. *Bell tower.*
5. *Tennis court.*
6. *Gate house—Swedes, Portuguese, etc.*
7. *Second Secretary's house—Russians.*
8. *First Secretary's house—mixed crowd.*
9. *Cemetery.*
10. *Chancery—hospital.*
11. *Stable court—English people.*
12. *Mr. Tom's house—French people.*
13. *Mr. Cockburn's house.*
14. *Dr. Poole's house—U. S. Legation.*
15. *Mr. Carr's house.*
16. *Fire's Court—Isolation Hospital.*
17. *Students' Quarters—Germans, Japanese, Eurasians, etc.*
18. *Stable court.*
19. *Church.*
20. *American missionaries, Theatre, British marines.*
21. *Students' Quarters—mixed crowd.*
22. *Bowling alley—British marines.*

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* Dr. George D. N. Lowry, brother-in-law of Mrs. Lowry.

bringing up the rear—656 persons in all. Sad, indeed, did we feel to thus march away from our homes, leaving them with all their contents to certain destruction. We arrive at the American Legation and stand disconsolately amid our baggage till Mrs. Squiers invites us all in to a "pick up" tiffin of "stores," which Dr. Gloss[*] and I assist her in preparing and serving. It is now decided that we shall proceed to the final point of vantage, the British Legation.

The nationalities represented here (British Legation) are American, Austrian, Belgian, Boer, British, Chinese, Danish, Dutch, French, Finn, German, Italian, Japanese, Norwegian, Portugese, Russian, Spanish, Swedish. This does not include such as Irish, Scotch, Canadian, Australian, etc., nor a goodly number of Eurasians. They are divided into men, 245; women, 149; children, 79; total, 473; not including the marines, of whom there were 409, of the following nationalities: Austrian, 35; French, 45; German, 50; British, 82; Italian, 31; Japanese, 29; Russian, 84; American, 53.[†] The Chinese here number about 700 to 800 Protestants and 2,000 Catholics. They are housed in the Wang Fu, a handsome large place just across the moat, to the east from the Legation, which not only offers an abode for the Chinese refugees, but serves as a protection to the whole east side of this compound. It is defended by the Japanese and Italians, who will drill some of the native Christians who are supplied with guns. This afternoon Professor James, believing Jung Lu's word that we should not be fired upon, goes out on the north bridge and is seen to throw up both hands; some say he was wounded and fell in the moat; others, that he was led away by two soldiers. No one knows the real truth, only that he disappeared and did not return.

Thursday, June 21: To-day Sir Claude[‡] requests that Mr. Gamewell[§] take full charge of fortifying this place, and that committees be appointed with full authority to control our defenses. This is done. Mr. Tewkesbury[‖] is made head of the general committees. Other committees are appointed for fire, food, fuel, Chinese labor, foreign labor, sanitation, and water, and in a remarkably short time this motley crowd of many nationalities is thoroughly organized for the best good of all. Mr. Gamewell suggests the use of sand-bags in the defense, and the making of them begins, the church being headquarters for this work. Large fires are seen raging in many parts of the city. They are supposed to be the Methodist ladies' compound, Durbin Hall, Dr. Coltman's house, the customs, the post-office, and the Belgian Legation.

Friday, June 22: This afternoon the Chinese succeed in setting fire to some buildings immediately west of the stable court. The fire rages dreadfully, and all are much excited, for it seems that any moment the stable-court buildings may catch fire. A bucket line is formed to the well in front of the first *ting'rh* (police station), and a sight it was to behold, all nationalities and all ranks being represented in it, from the French Minister's wife (Madame Piclou) and Miss Armstrong[*] to the commonest Chinese coolie. It is amusing to see Mrs. Reid's[†] *amah* as she stands stamping her foot and yelling, "Cut off their legs, cut off their legs, then they can do no harm!" Finally the fire is subdued. To-day a German and a British marine are killed, and George's hospital assistant hangs himself.

Saturday, June 23: To-day has been one of great excitement. Five big fires rage close about us, and bucket lines are formed several times. Some of the fires are started by the Chinese; some by our people, to burn out places which are dangerous to us, because the Chinese may burn them or can fire from them. After burning the Russian Bank the Chinese start a fire in the Han Lin College, with a wind blowing from the north, which makes it very dangerous for us. Hardly is the fire under way, however, when the wind providentially changes and we are saved from that danger, though much hard work is required in passing water. Sentiment and fear of antagonizing the Chinese caused our people to refrain from firing this Han Lin College, the very foundation of Chinese literature and culture. The intense hatred of the Chinese for us is shown by the fact that they themselves set fire to this relic of the ages. Some of the valuable books are rescued and stored in Sir Claude's house, many others are burned, and others dumped into the fountain and lake to rot away. The wooden printing blocks are to be used for firewood. Among the very valuable books that perished were the "Yung Lo Ta Tien,"* the only one in existence, and the "Ku Chin Tu Shun," the only other complete edition being in the British Museum. It is said the destruction of this Han Lin Library is only paralleled by the burning of the Alexandrian Library.

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[*] Physician in charge of the W. F. M. S. hospital in Pekin.

[†] There were also thirty French and twenty Italian marines at the Catholic mission at Pei Tang, inside the Imperial City.

[‡] Sir Claude MacDonald, British Minister to China.

[§] F. D. Gamewell, professor in Pekin (Methodist) University; a son of the inventor of the Gamewell fire-alarm system.

[‖] Elwood G. Tewkesbury, who had been in charge of the college at Tung Chou, fifteen miles east of Pekin.

[*] Miss Armstrong is Lady MacDonald's sister.

[†] Wife of the Rev. Gilbert Reid of the Mission to the higher classes.

SUNDAY, June 24: To-day the Chinese do their first shelling, sending their shells against the Fu from some spot to the northeast. Sharpshooting has been going on all this time. Our troops on the wall—American, German, and Russian—make an attempt to capture the gun which has been shelling them from the Chien gate. They are unsuccessful in this, but forty of them kill about 200 Chinese. There was no time for a Sabbath service, as all are too busy with sand-bags, etc.

MONDAY, June 25: Another very exciting day. A Chinese appears on the north bridge with a white painted board bearing characters, in the nature of a flag of truce. No one goes out to get it, but it is read through field glasses. Mr. Tewkesbury and some of the British students talk with Chinese soldiers in the Han Lin College during the time of truce. They say they have killed all the Boxers and will now fire on us no more. Meanwhile, with Chinese treachery, other soldiers creep up to build an entrenchment very near us on the west, but the British fire upon them and force a discontinuance. Major Conger remarked that in any civilized country it would be possible for us to surrender and so save our lives, but to surrender here meant certain death; there was nothing to do but to try to hold out. No mail has gone out from Pekin since June 14th, nor have we received any. The Americans and Germans still hold the city wall† for a space which commands all the Legations, and have with the aid of Chinese coolies built breastworks for themselves there.

TUESDAY, June 26: The firing is directed mainly against the Fu. The Chinese seem wild to get at the native Christians, whom they know are quartered there.

WEDNESDAY, June 27: The usual nerve strain is endured all day from the bullets and shells. We shall forget how it feels to be without their sound. The nights are dreadful with the sound of shattering tiles and falling bricks, and there is so much echo in the courts that at night it is hard to locate where an attack is being made, and harder still to sleep at all. At eleven P.M. an alarm is rung at the bell tower for all to assemble there with their firearms. This is the second or third general alarm we have had, and they frighten us almost worse than the attacks.

THURSDAY, June 28: The Japanese find the Chinese digging a hole through the wall of the Fu. They purposely allow them to go on, and then fire on them from loopholes as they enter, and kill many of them. It was arranged that the Austrians were to fire at the same time from counter loopholes, but they did not successfully carry out their part of the programme. During the sharp fighting a number of the Chinese Christians sing the Doxology, and the Japanese, hearing it, stop long enough to applaud them.

FRIDAY, June 29: To-day Dr. Lippet, of our American marine corps, was standing in front of the sitting-room door of Major Conger's house at the American Legation, when he was struck by a stray bullet and seriously wounded in the thigh. Captain Wray (British) makes a sortie to the west, to capture the big gun that has been firing on us from there, but is unsuccessful. The shelling against the Fu is very severe to-day, and another of its big buildings is fired by the Chinese. Only the bravery of the Japanese holds the place at all. To-day many gentlemen are busy constructing bomb-proof houses, to which we may retreat if necessary. They are great holes in the ground, covered with timbers, mats, earth, and sand-bags, an opening being left at each side for entrance and air. Two sewing-machines for making sand-bags are being constantly run at the church, and two at Mrs. Conger's. Material of all sorts is used, much of it taken from temples and stores which our troops have pulled down or burned to add to our safety; also rich foreign goods from the shops of Kieruluf's, Imbeck's, and Tien Tai's, the latter's machines also being taken. Most elegant Chinese silks and satins, and quantities of linen and cotton goods in bolts, as well as foreign dress goods and suitings, elegant tapestries marked $5 and $10 a yard, bolts of velvet, corduroy, the costly satin and velvet hangings from the various Legations, rich table damasks, and brocades—all are being indiscriminately used for making the life-preserving sandbags which have proved so very useful. Besides the machine-made bags, hundreds are sewed by hand by the various ladies, schoolgirls, and Chinese women.

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* An unprinted encyclopedic collection of China's best literature in 22,000 volumes.

† The Pekin wall at this point is something over forty feet wide on top, furnishing ample fighting room.

Mrs. Conger and the ladies of her household busy themselves as well with making sheets, pillow-cases, and night-shirts for the hospital patients, there being now a great many of them.

SATURDAY, June 30: To-day the shelling and fire at the Fu becomes so furious that the schoolgirls are brought over to this side for good, and established in a large Chinese residence just south of here. Last night there was a terrific thunderstorm. It thundered and lightened, and the rain fell in torrents. This was bad enough in itself, but added to it was a most furious fusillade of bullets and shells, till it seemed that all the demons of evil and darkness must be let loose. Major Conger says that never in the Civil War did he hear anything to equal it. It was kept up from ten P.M. to nearly day, and there was little sleep for any one. To-day the Chinese try to make a rush in the Han Lin College, and are repulsed by the British. Our troops make a small rush on the city wall and kill quite a number of Chinese. To-day George was appointed to take Dr. Lippet's place as surgeon to the marines at the American Legation. An American marine—Tutcher—was killed to-day on the wall.

SUNDAY, July 1: To-day the Germans are forced to give up their position on the wall. Only three were left to hold the position, and it was too hard for them. This left the Americans so much exposed that they also retired, but later the position was retaken, Captain Wray (British) being wounded in the attack.

MONDAY, July 2: Last night many claimed to have seen a flash-light, and to have recognized it as one peculiar to the "Terrible." Others declare that it was not; that the Chinese make use of search-lights. The Chinese fire their big gun every two minutes. It is very dreadful. An immense number of fire-crackers are also set off, which adds greatly to the noise. At first the people would not believe the Chinese could be so childish as to make use of fire-crackers, but it is now an undisputed fact.

TUESDAY, July 3: To-day our troops on the wall try to get the guns and ammunition from the bodies of some of the dead Chinese whom they repulsed yesterday.

WEDNESDAY, July 4: The Chinese are certainly succeeding in wearing us all out physically by such nights as they give us; but it is a strange thing that, with all the noise, we learn each morning that no one has been injured. Our "Fourth of July" is being celebrated by the heavy cannonading of the enemy. Most of their shells fly wide of the mark, many of them going over into the southern city, where they must certainly do much damage to Chinese life and property. Military men know by the sound that at least every other shell is a blank. Mrs. Squiers entertains all the missionary children at a little "Fourth of July" tea-party. An American and an Italian marine are wounded to-day.

FRIDAY, July 6: To-day David Oliphant* is shot while felling a tree in the Han Lin College, the shot going from the left side through to the right. He lived about two hours. Last night was again a very, very noisy one. These nights grow all the time more exhausting. Another unsuccessful sortie is made from the Fu after the big gun to the northeast which does so much damage, the Japanese commander being killed and a Japanese and an Austrian wounded.

SATURDAY, July 7: The Chinese have mounted another big gun on the Imperial City wall, in which they have made two big loopholes like eyes. It commands the whole length of the moat, and makes it dangerous going over to the Fu. The Japanese over there certainly have a hard time of it. The shells for the Italian one-pound gun being about exhausted, Mitchell, American gunner, and a British military engineer, are struck with the idea of refilling the shells and of making new cartridges for the German marines. They find a lot of pewter over at the Fu and in some of the abandoned Chinese stores, and of this they make the bullets. Mitchell and some others also determine to rig up a gun in which they can use shells brought by the Russians by mistake. In a junk-shop they find an old cannon—breech-loader—of English make, marked 1860. It is first mounted on a jinricksha and taken over to the American Legation for trial, where it is found that the shot will carry through four walls. It is later put on an Italian gun-carriage and by some christened the "International," for it is a British gun on an Italian carriage, invented and fired by an American, and using Russian shells. The child of old Chia † is shot over at the Fu and will surely die.

SUNDAY, July 8: A short service is held in the church while shells fly overhead.

MONDAY, July 9: As the Fu is now almost entirely destroyed and very dangerous, the Chinese Christians were to-day moved over to the abandoned houses to the east and south of the American Legation, as these are all within our lines. The "International" is taken up into the students' quarters to fire against a Chinese barricade in the Han Lin College. She proves a great kicker, jumping entirely across the room and knocking down all the sand-bags. Later she is bound to a heavy beam to restrain her kicking spirit, and then taken to the gate-house to fire against the gun pointed at us from the Imperial City wall. One shot strikes directly in a porthole, and we imagine disables the gunners, as they have not been firing lately. This shot was the more remarkable as there is no "sight" on the gun. It is simply a plain barrel, and the gunner has to fire percussion shells from a breech-loader by using a long fuse. Bag-making continues all day.

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* David Oliphant, who belonged to the famous Oliphant family, which included Mrs. Oliphant the novelist, was a student at the British Legation.

† Servant in the Methodist Mission.

TUESDAY, July 10: Last night there was much stir in the city, and the sound of merry bugles and people calling. It was very disquieting. The attack on the Fu to-day is very severe. A Japanese is killed. The Italians prove themselves rather useless. To-day they stopped up their loopholes and then went to sleep. All the marines are badly overworked. Everything shows that we must depend most for our defense on the British, Americans, Germans, and Japanese. Our organization is now good. We have a bakery, and every one has duties to perform.

WEDNESDAY, July 11: Last night bugles were heard again, and a number of illuminating rockets were sent up. On the surface the day seems more peaceful than usual, but in reality there are more wounded by stray shots than on any day for a long time. A threatening barrier in the Han Lin College was knocked down by the "International." The greatest trouble with this famous gun is the length of time required in loading it, fifteen minutes for each shot. Many call it "Betsey."

THURSDAY, July 12: To-day the French catch several Chinese in the same place near the French Legation where they yesterday killed twenty. They kill some of them, but take one prisoner and bring him before Sir Claude. He is later examined by Mr. Pethic and Mr. Tewkesbury, and gives the following news: Tientsin foreign settlements were burned June 16th, and Taku forts taken five days ago. Tung Fu Hsiang and Jung Lu are in Prince Tuan's palace, and they three run everything. Prince Ching* will have nothing to do with managing affairs.

FRIDAY, July 13: There is hard firing almost all night and all day as well, in spite of an edict to stop firing. Dr. Morrison's house at the French Legation is undermined by the Chinese, a big fire resulting. The Chinese, 200 strong, make a rush along the street at the base of the wall back of the German Legation. The Germans let them pass, knowing the Americans will fire on them. When they reach the bridge, the Americans kill more than twenty, wounding others. As the Chinese run back east the Germans are prepared for them and kill about fifty, besides capturing a flag.

SATURDAY, July 14: A messenger who was sent out three days ago has returned. He says he was captured soon after leaving here, and taken to a temple, where he was dreadfully beaten and abused. Finally some friend recognized him, and he was then taken before Jung Lu. His letters were taken from him, and he was sent back here with a letter signed "Prince Ching and others." It is written in the formal language of an official document, and it refers to the messenger they had some time ago sent to the north bridge with a white board, to which we paid no attention. They were glad to hear that the ministers and their families were well, and they said if the ministers with their staffs would come out by tens, without arms, they would be conducted to the Tsungli Yamen and there cared for. This messenger is regarded as untrustworthy, and will be closely watched. The whole letter is thought to be a clever fabrication, and not from Prince Ching at all.

SUNDAY, July 15: There is service at the church this morning, conducted by Mr. Whiting. He reads Psalms xlvi., xlvii., xcvii. Mr. Norris also conducts a service in the British Legation dining-room.

MONDAY, July 16: Mr. Warren, British student, was wounded at the Fu, and died in two hours, at nine P.M. last night. Half his face was blown away. A British marine is dangerously wounded. About nine A.M. Mr. Fisher, an American marine, is shot through the right lung, and dies almost immediately. On the way over to the Fu, Captain Strout, British commander, is wounded seriously in the side, and dies at 11.30 A.M. Fisher is buried at two P.M. in the Russian Legation, where all the other American marines who have been killed are buried. Captain Strout and Mr. Warren are buried in one grave in this compound. A Chinese Catholic is killed on the wall. A consultation of physicians is held in regard to Nestergard's case, and it is decided it is unsafe for him to longer go about at will, so he is locked up. In a short time he is raving mad and frothing at the mouth. A pretty story is told of Chen Tsai Hsin, one of our schoolboys. While helping to dig a grave for one of the dead marines he blistered his hands. Some one pitied him, but he said, "No matter about my hands, it is my heart that hurts. To think of these foreign soldiers coming away out here to fight for all of us, and then being killed by my own countrymen in no decent sort of warfare. It is that which makes me sad." The Chinese women say there is no use to cry for themselves, but they cannot keep from weeping when they hear of foreign soldiers being killed or see them going about wounded. They always call them *tsa men-ti ping* (our soldiers). A grave was being dug for an American marine, and a Russian marine jumped in and began to dig. He was told that this was not necessary, that the coolies would do it; but he said, "I want to do it. He was my brother; we fought together on the wall, and I loved him." Mr. Squiers was appointed chief of staff to Sir Claude McDonald, commander-in-chief of the forces here.

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* Since appointed Peace Commissioner with Li Hung Chang, Chang Chih-tung, and Liu K'un-yi.

TUESDAY, July 17: Last night, about six P.M., the same messenger who had brought the letter from "Prince Ching and others" brought a letter and a telegram in cipher. The latter when translated read, "Washington, Conger, send tidings, bearer." Mr. Conger is puzzled, as the code can be none other than that of the State Department, yet it is incomplete, as there is no date nor signature. The letter was to Sir Claude in reply to his of the 15th, and, as before, was signed by "Prince Ching and others." We are told it was friendly in tone, says that more Chinese troops are come to make the situation safe for us. Almost simultaneously with the arrival of the messenger seven shells are fired, most of which fall right in the compound. Some think from this that the messenger is a traitor, and is to report where the shells strike and what damage they do.

WEDNESDAY, July 18: Major Conger asks in his reply to "Prince Ching and others" to have his cablegram completed, as he does not know from whom it comes. They send back the whole thing. The first message proves to be included in a cablegram from Chinese Minister Wu to his Government, which accounts for the lack of date and signature. Complete message from Wu is as follows: "United States gladly assist China, but they are thinking of Major Conger. Inclosed is message inquiring for his health. Please deliver and forward reply." Major Conger sent in cipher cable the following: "Surrounded and fired upon by Chinese for a month. If not relieved soon, massacre will follow." This the Tsungli Yamen promises to send. The English people, who have no love for their Minister, are remarking upon how friendly Major Conger is with his people, and how he comes out and tells them the news. To-day has been very quiet. One of the French students ventures too near the Chinese barrier and is captured and taken to the Tsungli Yamen. He sends back a note from there, saying that they have treated him well, even giving him a banquet. He told them we were short of fruit, so they are sending a lot of watermelons and other fruit to us. They are sent with the compliments of the Emperor. Some thought these ought not to be received. The French student is later escorted back in safety to our lines. One of our church-members—Chang—who had been sent to Tientsin as messenger, gets back. He is the first of all the many messengers sent out to return, and we fear the others have all been killed. He brought letters to the Japanese, German, and Russian Ministers. He started back to Pekin July 15th, having his letters sewed between the lining and outside of his shoe. He was searched three times, but escaped.

THURSDAY, July 19: The Chinese on the wall come out under a flag of truce and ask if they may remove their dead from the wall. Our troops are only too glad to have them do it. They wrap up twenty-two in matting and let them down over the wall into the southern city, where an immense crowd is assembled to view the grewsome scene. The stench is very dreadful. The secretary of the Tsungli Yamen calls, but the only talk is about the feasibility of starting a market for fresh fruits and vegetables. A man comes to the Han Lin barricade with seventy eggs tied about his waist in his girdle, and only two of the lot are broken.

FRIDAY, July 20: This morning a messenger is sent out by Mr. Tewkesbury, and succeeds in purchasing the "Pekin Gazettes"* for the current Chinese month. He reports that Boxers are to be seen everywhere except near the Ha-ta gate, where they (the Boxers) had killed three Chinese soldiers. In general the Boxers and soldiers seem to be on good terms. The soldiers say some 3,000 or 4,000 of their number have been killed.

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* The government official organ, the oldest newspaper in the world.

SUNDAY, July 22: This morning Captain von Strauch is fired on over in the Fu, the bullet passing through his hat. To-day thirty non-Christian Chinese, who have been living in our lines, are requested to move elsewhere, both because it seemed best to get rid of all such, and also to relieve the food question. They went, but were fired upon by Chinese troops on the wall as they went out. About noon little Elizabeth Inglis* died, and was buried at 6.30 P.M. Mrs. Gamewell and I were busy all afternoon making the linings for the little casket.

MONDAY, July 23: Last night the heavy rains melted into mud ever so many sandbags, and to a great degree spoiled the defenses at the gate-house. A letter is received by the Japanese Minister from which we judge the advance relief guard may be expected within a few days. This causes much rejoicing and high expectations.

TUESDAY, July 24: To-day an Italian is wounded in the arm and a Chinese Christian killed, so it seems that, even in the midst of what is *called* a "truce," there are enough bullets to do plenty of damage. About five A.M. Mr. Narahara, second secretary of the Japanese Legation, who was some time ago wounded in the foot, died of lockjaw. We hear that some Boxer deserters sent out as spies by the Japanese report that the Chinese are preparing to attack us again.

WEDNESDAY, July 25: At midnight last night Mr. Duysberg, interpreter at the Dutch Legation, crept out beyond our barriers on the city walls and secured 280 rounds of ammunition and one uninjured gun.

FRIDAY, July 27: To-day the messenger Chin-Tzu-Hsi, Nan Tang gate-keeper, returns after eight days. He reports the Emperor and Empress Dowager still in the city. Boxers patrol the streets in small bands. Four days ago a ragged, dirty foreigner, hatless and coatless, was captured by Tung Fu Hsiang's† soldiers and brought to Jung Lu. The Boxers assembled, and demanded him, but Jung Lu sent him for safety to the Shun Tien Fu Yamen. Some believe this man's reports, others not. The foreigner referred to is Mr. Nestergard, the Norwegian, who is rather out of his head at the best of times, and since we have been in here has become so raving mad that he has had to be shut up. He really escaped and ran away, and all supposed he would be killed by the Chinese. To-day there was sent in with the compliments of the Tsungli Yamen 1,000 catties of flour, and over a hundred each of watermelons, cucumbers, egg plants, and squashes.

SATURDAY, July 28: To-day a sixteen-year-old Chinese boy who went as messenger to Tientsin returns. His letter had been wrapped in oiled paper and put in the bottom of a bowl of porridge. When he was being let over the wall his bowl was broken, so he wrapped the letter in a rag around his finger. He was caught by Boxers and made to work eight days. Finally he reached Tientsin, where he remained only two hours, and then started back with a letter to Sir Claude from the British Consul, saying the troops were getting ready to march. It is estimated that from July 10th to 25th 2,800 cannon-balls or shells came into these premises, between sixty and seventy striking Sir Claude's house alone. There have been as many as 400 in one day.

SUNDAY, July 29: To-day Nestergard, the crazy Norwegian, is returned by the Tsungli Yamen. He declares that all the money in the empire would not hire him to go out again. A good deal of apprehension is entertained on account of what he may have divulged of our position here. He will be guarded.

TUESDAY, July 31: The Chinese now have a series of barricades extending from the Chien gate to the wall of the Imperial City north of us. One of the strangest developments of this siege is the latent musical talent that has manifested itself. It started by Mrs. and Miss Woodward,* Mr. Hobart, and Mr. Verity forming a quartette to sing to the hospital patients. Then they began to sit out at the bell-tower in the evening and sing popular songs and hymns, in which every one joined. One night they sang "My Country, 'tis of Thee" and "Star Spangled Banner," then thinking that in such a cosmopolitan place the songs of no one nation should predominate, they asked the British marines to sing "God Save the Queen"; and so it grew, night by night, till one night we had the national airs of Great Britain, the United States, Germany, France, Italy, and Russia sung by representatives of each country. As "God Save the Queen," "The Star Spangled Banner," "Die Wacht am Rhein," the "Marseillaise," and "A Mighty Fortress is our God" floated out on the breeze in turn, and in turn were applauded by all the other nations, the effect was certainly thrilling and inspiring, and made one's patriotic blood flow quickly. It will be one of the memories of this siege well worth carrying away and not soon to be forgotten. I copy a few stanzas of a song written by the Rev. C. H. Fenn*:

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* Daughter of Dr. John Inglis of the Presbyterian mission.

† Prominent Chinese general of anti-foreign sentiment.

* Chicago people who were visiting Mrs. Conger. The other two are of the Methodist Mission.

PEKIN SIEGE.

To the tune of "TRAMP, TRAMP, TRAMP, THE BOYS ARE MARCHING."

In the city of Pekin, with its ancient walls of brick,
And its streets for mud and filth afar renowned,
We have been besieged for weeks, by a beastly Chinese trick,
And the buildings all around us burned to ground.

CHORUS:

Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching;
Cheer up, comrades, they will come;
And beneath our various flags
We shall breathe fresh air again
Of the free land in our own beloved home.

From all nations we have come on a peaceful mission bent,
Be it preaching, customs, railroads, or what not;
China wanted not our help, so she stupidly has sent
For the Boxers to exterminate the lot.

CHORUS.

We have rice and corn and wheat, store of grain for weeks to come;
Pony steak and stew we find not bad to eat;
Why need we at all to count on imperial favor's crumb,
Be it watermelons, squashes, or fresh meat?

CHORUS.

We've a cannon old and tried, from a junk-shop saved by chance,
Which we fire upon the enemy with glee.
When they first did hear its roar, how it made them hop and dance!
For our "Betsey" is a wonder for to see.

CHORUS.

We've been kept in best of cheer by the blessed ladies fair,
Who have worked with might and main to help the men.
Of the wounded and the sick they have taken best of care,
And have made a "million" sand-bags lacking ten.

CHORUS.

The following are two stanzas of a song composed by Miss Woodward after we had concluded that McCalla must have turned back after starting to our relief:

MARCHING THROUGH PECHILI.

McCalla's dashing sailor boys will never reach Peking,
So the heathen Chinee said, and 'twas a daring thing;
For they had forgot, alas, to reckon with our "Ping,"
While they are marching from Tientsin.

CHORUS:

Hurrah! hurrah!
The troops will set us free;
Hurrah! hurrah!
Give Chin Chin one, two, three.
So we'll sing the chorus from Peking to the sea,
While we are marching through China.

We've lived on rice and horse-meat for the last six weeks or more,
All because the heathen here don't like the "open door";
We look for help within the week, and then we'll make them sore,
For we'll all be marching to Tientsin.

CHORUS:

Hurrah! hurrah!
It's quiet for a while;
Hurrah! hurrah!
It makes us want to smile;
For the Chinese on their barricade are waving flags of truce
To detain us longer in Peking.

WEDNESDAY, August 1: Up to to-day the roster by nations of those killed and wounded is as follows:

	Killed.	*Wounded.*
Austria..........	4	9, and 1 civilian
France..........	9, and 2 civilians	20, and 4 civilians
Great Britain...	3, and 2 "	15, and 7 "
Germany........	10, and 1 civilian	13
Italy.............	7	12
Japan............	5, and 5 civilians	11, and 5 "
Russia...........	3, and 1 civilian	12, and 1 civilian
United States...	7	9, and 1 "

To-day the Chinese soldier reporter says the foreign troops have retreated from Chang Chia Wan to below Ho-Hsi-Wu, which news cast a great damper over all of us. The shooting from the barricade on the north bridge continued all day in a lively way. It now seems probable that the troops have not even started from Tientsin to our relief, and we have been here over six weeks. We all feel very "blue."

THURSDAY, August 2: This evening there is very great excitement over the arrival of another messenger from Tientsin (a Methodist church-member named Yao), bringing five letters—two to Major Conger, one to Captain Myers, one to Sir Robert Hart, and one to me. People stay up till late at night waiting for them all to be posted. One of Major Conger's letters follows: "Tientsin, July 28th. Had lost all hope ever seeing you again. Prospect now brighter. We had thirty days' shelling here and nine days' siege. Thought that bad enough. Scarcely a house escaped damage. Excitement at home is intense, of course. Our prayers and hopes are for your safety and speedy rescue. Advance of troops to-morrow probably. McKinley and Roosevelt nominated. Also Bryan (Democrat), Vice-President unknown. RAGSDALE, U. S. Consul."

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* Presbyterian missionary.

FRIDAY, August 3: Ever since the lunatic Nestergard escaped and told the Chinese they fired too high, they have been firing lower and making it more dangerous than ever. Many think Nestergard should be shot, and Sir Claude himself has threatened to do it if there is any more trouble from him.

SATURDAY, August 4: The diplomatic body sends a request to the Tsungli Yamen, asking that they be accorded the same privileges in the way of freedom of market which the Chinese Ambassadors enjoy in foreign lands. Major Conger and M. De Giers, the Russian Minister, voted against this, both because they thought it compromised our position to ask any favor, and because it might encourage the Chinese to starve us out if they knew we were short of food. However, "majority ruled." The Americans as a body had opposed any such action being taken, and had sent a committee to express their sentiments to Major Conger.

SUNDAY, August 5: The Tsungli Yamen sends word to the Italian Minister that King Humbert is dead, and they hope he will not grieve too much over it. They have sent word to their representative in Italy to attend the obsequies.

THURSDAY, August 9: Last night Captain von Strauch heard sounds in Mongol Market and went to the Russian Legation, where he could look down our west line. He found the Chinese digging a ditch, with the evident idea of undermining our barricade. Marines made a charge on them and drove them back. Mr. Du Prie then crept into the ditch, where he found a bag of powder and fuse, which he brought in. After this there was a general attack by the Chinese, lasting some time.

FRIDAY, August 10: About two A.M. Mr. Du Prie again crawled out into the ditch which the Chinese had been digging in the Mongol Market. He saw four Boxers come out. The leader said, "There are only a few devils holding this place, and we must take it again." The soldiers, knowing Mr. Du Prie was there, and fearing he was in danger, fired and killed one Boxer, and Mr. Du Prie brought back his sword. This event brought on a general attack, which lasted some time, and was the most fierce we have had since before the truce.

SATURDAY, August 11: Last night about 8.30 there were most beautiful electrical effects in the clouds. These were followed about 9.30 by very heavy thunder and torrents of rain.

SUNDAY, August 12: Last night the usual attack began about eleven P.M. When it had continued fiercely for some time, we heard shrill whistles, shouting, yelling, and hurrahing, and suddenly the firing ceased. Investigation showed that the Italians at the Fu had put their fingers in their mouths and made the shrill whistles, and then yelled and hurrahed, and the Chinese were so frightened that they actually ceased firing. A message came from Prince Ching and Prince Tuan, asking to come and have an audience on Monday at eleven A.M. The audience was granted, to be held at the Spanish Legation.

MONDAY, August 13: To-day every one is exhausted. Mr. Knobel, Netherlands Minister, is wounded in leg. The Tsungli Yamen send word that Prince Ching and Prince Tuan are now too busy to come to the audience which they arranged, and draw attention to the fact that we killed one of their brigadier-generals and twenty-eight men during the firing last night.

TUESDAY, August 14: Last night was certainly the most frightful we have had. Although they had fired all day yesterday, the Chinese began with renewed vigor about eight P.M., at the very moment that a terrific thunderstorm with lightning and torrents of rain set in. Shells, bullets, and fire-crackers vied with the noise of the elements, while our big guns, the Colt's automatic, the Nordenfeldt, the Austrian and Italian guns, and "Betsey" added to the noise; for our men were wild, and felt like doing their best, for it was now certain that the foreign troops could not be far distant. In fact, the boom of the distant cannon could easily be heard, and no one felt like sleeping, had it been possible in the din. Our American gunner, Mitchell, is wounded. All the morning we have heard the thundering of the foreign troops, and while it seems too good to be true, our hearts rejoice that deliverance is near. The Chinese exhausted themselves last night, and have doubtless spent the day in fleeing. Between three and four o'clock this afternoon the British Sikhs came through the water-gate, and the rest of the foreign troops came pouring in from various directions. We are released and saved after eight horrible weeks.

HOW THE LAW CAME TO JENKINS CREEK.

By Charles Warren,

Author of "The Governor's Rehearsal," and Other Stories.

INTRODUCING SANDY WILCOX, THE WASHORE COUNTY SHERIFF.

THE smoke had drifted out through the doorway and was floating dimly across the narrow street and up into the dark spruces on the mountain side opposite. The big, brown, wet blotch on the floor had been hastily covered with sawdust. The broken chair had been thrown behind the counter, and the barkeeper was picking up broken bits of glass, and mournfully inspecting a shattered window through which one of the bullets had flown wide.

A look at the three cattlemen, intent on their game of "frog," and the circle of five miners around the rickety poker table, busily re-piling their scattered chips on the frayed and dirty green cover, would have given no one any reason to suppose that only two minutes before a dead man had been carried out of the saloon, while his murderer had walked out unmolested and unaccompanied by any officer of the law.

Yet that was exactly what had happened at twenty minutes past eleven on Sunday morning in the most popular of the numerous saloons of the town of Buckhorn, a place euphoniously named "The Gus and Jim's."

Buckhorn, on Jenkins Creek, had the distinction of being the most unsafe town in all Washore County. A distinction it certainly was, for the rest of the county would have received extremely high marks in any competitive examination for lawlessness.

Buckhorn's character was largely due to the fact that it was not only at the hub of half a dozen rich, gold-bearing gulches diverging toward the north, but also at the apex of one of Montana's most fertile cattle valleys stretching southward. The consequent presence of both cattle punchers and placer miners in one small town of restricted area was not likely to conduce to a state of extreme peace or amicability; and, in fact, the result had been an amount of pistol practice that had left few of the buildings in Buckhorn unscarred by bullets, had qualified every citizen as an expert, and had greatly overstocked the little graveyard.

Therefore, when Reddy Flagg, rich in his week's clean-up from the riffles, had met Joe Staley, just paid off on his return from Merriman's round-up, had won his whole pot from him, and in return for some slight provocation or other had shot him through the heart (after having one bullet pierce his own left arm and another whisk off the tip of his ear), the conflict created hardly more than a ripple of interest. It had disturbed the various games going on only because of the imminent danger of an upset of tables in the lively wrestling match ensuing before either of the combatants had been able to reach his gun; and the circle of poker players had interrupted their play just long enough to see that the fight was a fair one, in which neither party was taking an underhand advantage of the other. They had also, for a moment, secured advantageous positions out of the range of the weapons. Then, while the lumpy body of the less skilful Staley was being carried out by three of the loafers around the saloon, they had quietly resumed their game.

It was with surprise, therefore, that they saw one of their number push his chair back from the table, throw down his hand, and rise with the words, "Boys, this business has got to stop."

Two of the players looked ugly, apparently finding in the speaker's words an insinuation of trickery in the game.

"I've thought so for a long time, and now I'm certain of it," the speaker continued, standing with his back against the bar, as if he was making an address. "There's altogether too many promiscuous deceases about this town fer the good of the community.

Now, I'm not a-goin' to preach, but I'm talkin' God's truth when I say there's too many dead men about this here town to make it attractive to settlers. I'm no more pertic'lar than the next man, but I've got my fill," continued the speaker, "an' I'm goin' to do my best from now on to put a stop to it."

A mocking laugh came from one of his auditors. Wilcox flushed, but affected to disregard it, and continued:

"This sort of thing is played out in a modern, up-to-date community. We're 'way behind the times. You're tryin' up here in this year 1895 games ez are dead an' rotten in every other minin' region in the West. I've been about everywhere in the last twenty years, an' I know what I'm talkin' about."

"Ef you're goin' to make a speech, Sandy, you'd better take a drink. You must be dry after all this yawp," interrupted Alf Nolen, owner of the Lone Hand claim.

"I'm in dead earnest, Alf; you can't josh me out of this. An' ef you fellows would take hold we could pull this town out of its bloody sink. Why, what is it that keeps Eastern capital from comin' in here and buyin' up your minin' claims an' my own and makin' us all rich men? Nothin' but our rotten reputation for bein' the most careless set of scoundrels with a gun that ever fingered triggers!"

"We don't want the Eastern money sharks in here," growled one of the miners.

"You don't, don't you? Well, you want their money pretty badly, even ef you don't want them. And you won't get either ez long ez that sort of thing goes on," he added, pointing with one foot to the heap of wettening sawdust.

"No, sir; I tell you, boys, we've got to make a break, an' we've got to have a little law an' order up on this blamed creek, an' the sooner it comes the better I'll like it."

"Well," interjected Bill Cooper, cattleman, "hain't we got a justice down at Hawkton? Hain't we got a constable up here, an' hain't there such things as sheriff an' coroners round in Washore County?"

"There are. I grant you that," answered Wilcox. "There are. An' a more disgustin' lot of fawn-hearted, water-livered, quaking-kneed, scared, double-dealin' office grabbers I never want to see. Why didn't some one of them have the sand to yank Reddy Flagg just now into custody? What has he done but just committed a plain, solid, cold murder? You know jest as well ez I do there won't be a thing done to him; an' old twaddlin' Livermore will hold a coroner's inquest an' report 'unavoidable accident,' jest ez he's done on every killin' for the last six years. No, boys, I tell you, it's got to stop."

"Oh, cinch your talk," came from another of the cattlemen, as he looked up from his game of frog. "You're too loose with your tongue, Kid."

Kid, or Sandy, Wilcox suddenly stood up straight, and his hand went instinctively to his hip. Then he controlled himself and retorted: "An' when the time comes that we have a sheriff who'll have sand enough to jug a man, the jail will be filled up fer the whole first six months with cow-punchers."

The poker crowd gave a yell of derisive laughter, and the three cattlemen looked as if they were about to make a rush for them, but, taking account of their superiority in numbers, apparently thought better of it.

Then one of them replied: "Well, Kid, if it's got to stop, so long as you say so, I suppose it'll have to—but, why don't you stop it?"

Wilcox was silent a moment, then he said: "That's jest what I'm goin' to do." A totally unplanned idea had developed like a flash in his brain, and he paused in order to grasp its full significance—and also that its announcement might fall with due weight upon his companions. "I mean it. This ain't any fairy dream. I'm goin' to stop it, fer—I'm goin' to run for sheriff myself in this county, next election."

Sandy Wilcox could pride himself on having given the town of Buckhorn two genuine surprises in one day.

"The h—l you are!" shouted Bill Cooper.

"Hear the Kid talk!" said Alf Nolen. The crowd rose from the tables and surrounded the slight, youthful figure of Wilcox, who could not conceal a momentary look of pride at the sensation he had created. And as each man filed up and took his own brand of liquor, exclamations began to fly round: "That's the stuff, Sandy, my boy." "Go it, Kid." "We'll help you out."

Before Monday night the miners on lonely claims up the gulches thirty miles away, and settlers on solitary, fenced ranches forty miles down the Great Buffalo Basin, had heard the news that Sandy Wilcox, of Buckhorn, was going to run for sheriff, and that if he should be elected, a revolution in the order of things might be expected in Washore County.

After the first glow of excitement had been dulled, the crowd was talking it over down in David Stoner's general store.

"I don't say ez how the Kid ain't right," remarked Scammell; Scammell was a stage-driver of experiences on many routes, and had probably lived through as many "hold-ups" as any man of his age. "It does seem ez ef p'raps ye couldn't set on the coat-tails of Progress and holler 'whoa' much longer. It's the natur' of things to sort 'er git up and git. The rest of Montanna is gittin' kind 'er peaceful like, an' I s'pose we've got to come into line too. But Buckhorn has been a lovely place fer a gent with a sportin' natur' who likes excitement. It's been a lovely place while it's lasted," he repeated with a sigh.

"It's the railroads that's done it. It's them ez is the cuss of the West," observed "Hen" Dranger, another stageman, who in the cattle season acted as an expert yearling brander on the round-ups; "it's the railroads that's doin' it, and changin' the West from what it was. Montanna used to be ez nice and lively a place ez anybody could want. Now it's gittin' too blamed quiet fer a decent, self-respectin' man to live in. Why, back in the '70's, up Helena way — them was the times—when there was ez many ez six stages coming into Helena every day, everybody feeling good, all the drinks ye wanted, passengers tossing out the color. Now look at it!"

"There'll never be another Montanna anywhere in the world like the old Montanna was," Scammell rejoined.

"You men are soft," said big Jim Warster, who had the reputation of being the most loud-mouthed as well as the most dangerous of all the mining population of Buckhorn; "I'd like to see the man or the men that could put the law on any one in this town jest fer killin' a man in a good fair and square up and down fight. Kid Wilcox can't, nor any other dozen men like him."

"That's right," added Bill Cooper, "the law's all right ez it is on this creek; and if we need a change we can change it ourselves. We don't need a little loud-mouthed rooster gittin' up and kickin' because he can't stand the sight of a little blood."

"Ye know ye'd not care to sit there and say that ef the Kid was here," observed Friend, the assayer. "He's small, but he's pretty chipper himself with his gun. Do you remember Bill Stimson?"

Cooper ignored the question. He did remember Bill Stimson. In fact, all the town remembered him. That was the only time the Kid had been known to shoot. It was about a year after he had located his claim. His shooting had been rapid, accurate, decisive, and effective. From that day on no one had seriously worried the Kid.

Cooper saw the force of the illustration and continued his remarks with a more subdued air. "Well, anyway, this fuss only amounts to this. Jim Staley was the po'rest shot, an' he got a hole through him, an' the whole thing was ez pretty an' open a game ez I've ever laid my eyes on."

"That's so," put in one of the deceased Staley's own comrades. "This here town and what happens here is all right, an' if Kid Wilcox can't stand it, he'd better clear out of the valley an' settle back East—in—in—in Boston."

"Wilcox 'd better look out how he tries to jump the sheriff's claim. There ain't much lean gravel in Sheriff Barnes. He's good pay-dirt every time, an' we'll look out for him. He's a nice, good-natured man, ez knows when to jump in an' when to look on at the game," growled another miner.

"You'd have been lookin' through the gratings, I guess, long ago, ef he hadn't been so good-natured," remarked Friend to the last speaker.

"There ain't no use talkin', boys," said Scammell, looking worried at the effect of the last speech upon the person to whom it was addressed. "The Kid's some right—not that he don't go too far; but he's some right. The reputation that this here Creek has got ain't none too good. Buckhorn oughter be the county seat, an' you know that, Jim Warster, ez well ez I do. Hawkton ain't no call to be the county seat, ef Buckhorn was the place it oughter be."

At this point the conversation had become so heated, and signs seemed so to point to the imminence of the use of guns as arguments, that Stoner, the proprietor, announced that his store was now to be closed for the night, and that any gentleman who wanted to continue the discussion had better do so outside in the street.

Thus began a political campaign such as Washore County had never witnessed before. At first Sheriff Barnes treated the whole matter as a joke; in fact, most of the citizens of the county did the same. But those who were best acquainted with Mr. Alexander Wilcox knew that his two nicknames in Buckhorn were not without significance.

"Kid" had been applied to him ever since his arrival six years before, when, in his restless search for the evasive big, single nugget that was to make his fortune, he had come over from Idaho and located the "Dolly" claim on the Creek. His youthful appearance and slightly built body had been then and still were deceptive. But a grasp of his hand disclosed muscles like strands of steel rope. The nattiness of his figure was emphasized by his manner of dress. For, unlike all the other inhabitants of the valley, Kid Wilcox was extremely careful in his attire. He alone of all the miners or cattlemen wore regularly every Saturday night and Sunday a starched white shirt. Whether he possessed more than one of these articles was not known; but this shirt was always scrupulously clean, being starched for him, free of charge, by Molly Laverick, the general laundress for the more opulent citizens of Buckhorn, who expressed herself to him as being glad to have "some civilized work to do once in a while." He also occasionally wore the only long-tailed black cutaway coat in the region. These garments had at first been the subject of many gibes; but the miners grew weary of such jesting when they found that it produced not the slightest effect upon the Kid.

He furthermore had that thin upper lip, that very light yellowish hair, and those blue eyes of the dull gray kind which men versed in a strenuous life learn from experience to associate with dangerous possibilities. The dwellers in Montana well knew that it was not the sinister, black-haired villain of the story books who was to be feared. It was the man with the gray-blue eye and the thin lip who, if pushed, was pretty sure to have no hesitation in "shooting to kill."

His nickname of "Sandy" was recognized as something more than a mere by-product of Alexander. Several acts of peculiar courage had given it a fitness of its own.

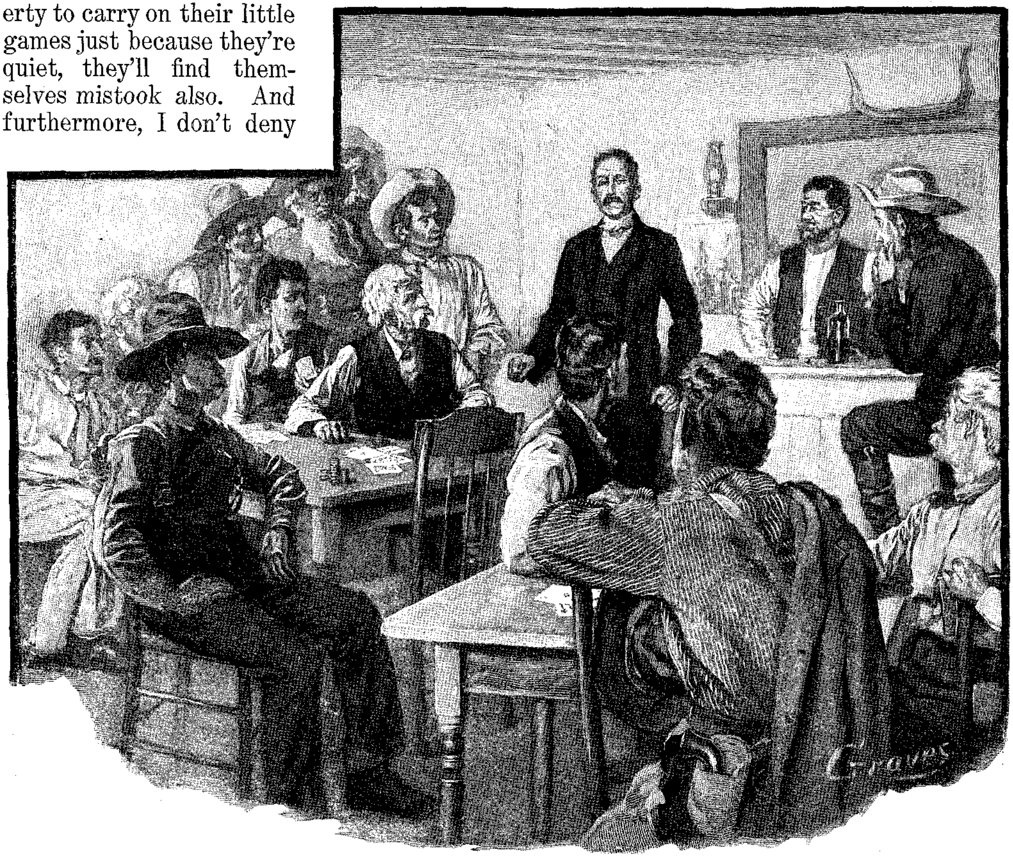
Wilcox's plan of campaign was very simple and very effective. It was to obtain a personal interview, if possible, with every voter in the county. Washore County, though having at times a large floating population, had not a very long list of regular voters.

So, wearing, apparently with a view to the dignity of his candidacy, his white shirt and a new black felt hat, he went on his tour of canvass. Up the gulches he rode, stopping at every claim where a heap of fresh dirt showed that tailings were still being piled up, conversing with the owner or worker, and earnestly arguing his position. Whether it were rock road, log road, wagon trail, mule trail, or simply a rocky scramble up the sides of the gulch, it made no difference to him and to his quick, hard, tough-footed Indian pony. Sometimes he would leave his pony outside and crawl into the bowels of the mountain, along the low tunnels, ice-cold as if the snow had pierced down through from the white peak on top; and, meeting the quartz miners, he would point out the advantages to them of peace and order in the county. Up Corpse Gulch, where the hydraulic miners were roughly tearing the face of the landscape to pieces with their brutal, irresistible, glistening, round white stream, he preached the benefit of the introduction of capital in the valley. But his argument was not confined to the material and financial side of the question. In his rude way he gave them a new idea of the unlawfulness and wrong in the system of indiscriminate killing that had made the valley notorious.

During the last two weeks of the campaign he turned his pony southward to where trails through the soft buffalo-grass turf gave more grateful footing. He rode down the wide, fertile basin, scantily black-specked with cattle, and rimmed in by gently sloping brown mountains, on whose sides the dark shadows shifted with the passing of the clouds above. At every ranch he stopped and plead his own cause. Often he found only a woman with a lot of children at home. On such occasions he took especial pains to make his argument plain; for women were scarce in that part of Montana, and their influence was powerful and well distributed over all the men-folk of the ranch.

But in the midst of all of his pleas for a *régime* of law and order, he retained his grip on his hearers by always insisting that he had no intention of trying to change the Valley into an "Eastern" settlement. His contempt for the East was as great as theirs.

"No, boys," he used to say, "the county ain't goin' to be any place fer sucklin' babes or young innocents, even ef I get in. But what I'm drivin' for is this. I'm goin' to see to it, ef I'm elected, that Washore County, and Jenkins Creek in particular, shall be a place where a peaceable straight man who keeps his mouth shut, the drinks out er him, and his hand off his hip pocket, can live if he wants to, without bein' forced to practise target-shootin' every spare moment. And ef there are any loud-mouthed bullies who try to worry a good, quiet citizen, why, they'll find that Kid Wilcox will be red-hot on their trail. On the other hand, ef there are any low-down card sharps or stage stoppers who think they'll be at liberty to carry on their little games just because they're quiet, they'll find themselves mistook also. And furthermore, I don't deny that there's some occasions when the use of a gun is not only pleasant, but also judicious an' necessary. No one need be afraid that I'll shut down on anything like that. No, boys, the thing I'm opposed to is this here promiscuousness and letting loose on any man who happens to be round, jest because he differs from your opinion. That's the kind of thing that's goin' to stop ef I get in."



"'I'M GOIN' TO STOP IT . . . FER . . . I'M GOIN' TO RUN FOR SHERIFF MYSELF.'"

It was not until the last two weeks of the campaign that the supporters of Sheriff Barnes awakened to the necessity of the most active work if they expected to re-elect their candidate.

Notwithstanding their efforts, however, the Kid was elected, though his majority was not large. To say that his fellow-townsmen of Buckhorn were astonished at this result would be inadequate. They had become so accustomed to the sight of the Kid working along steadily at his rather barren claim, that the idea of him as sheriff of the county was almost inconceivable.

At once the whole Creek was split into two factions, the Kid's supporters and his opponents. His opponents, headed by Bill Cooper, Jim Warster, and Alf Nolen, maintained that "no such fancy Reform rackets as the Kid's should be sprung on this here creek."

The other side was equally insistent that the new sheriff "be given a fair show." If he wanted to enforce the letter of the law in Washore County, "why, give him a chance—a little time to see what he can do and see how it works."

As soon as Wilcox was sworn into office he initiated his revolution by removing every deputy sheriff in the county and replacing them with the most nervy, calm, steadfast, iron-willed men that he had met with in the long rides of his campaign up and down and across the valley. The next thing he did was to call in person on the local constables in each township and inform them, to their consternation, that whoever allowed any breach of the law to go unheeded without making an arrest, should be arrested himself on the ground of being a party accessory to the crime. Such instructions and warning startled the constables out of a long career of careless inactivity. The third thing he did was to have posted all over the county copies of the statutes of Montana relating to criminal assault, robbery, manslaughter, and murder.

Having made this radical start, Alexander Wilcox waited to see what would happen when he was called upon to put his theories into practice. He did not doubt that something would happen, and that, too, very soon, for there was ill-concealed discontent and rage among a large portion of the inhabitants of Jenkins Creek Valley.

He was sitting on the steps of the "Palace" Hotel of Buckhorn three nights after his assumption of his new office, when he saw fat Gus Heinneman trundling as rapidly as possible up the road.

"Sandy, Mr. Sheriff, you petter come ofer to mein saloon. Chim Vaister's got his gun out and svears he'll kill any man who comes in, and I know not vat to do, nor does nopoddy else know vat to do."

Wilcox nodded to himself, then sauntered slowly after the excited German. He found a crowd of miners outside "The Gus and Jim's" looking perplexed and uneasy, while from inside came a sound of breaking bottles and the crash of thrown chairs.

"Jim Warster's cut loose," said Friend to Wilcox, "and swears he'll shoot the first man who goes in there. He's had two shots already at Reddy Flagg, but Reddy'd been careless and left his gun over to his room, so he jumped out the window and has gone over to get it. There'll be lots of trouble when he gets back."

Just then Wilcox heard a yell down the street and saw the outraged Flagg tearing up with a pistol in his hand.

He did not hesitate. "Arrest that man," he shouted to Henselt, one of his new deputy sheriffs whom he happened to see in the crowd, and he pointed to Flagg. "I'll attend to Warster's case myself." With that he started for the door.

"For God's sake, Kid, look out," cried several men; "he'll shoot." Wilcox answered not a word, but walked calmly up to the door of the saloon and kicked it open. As it fell back, Warster, inside, now insanely drunk, gave a wild howl and raised his pistol. Wilcox walked straight ahead without a movement of the muscles of his face.

"Put down that there gun," he said sharply, but calmly. "Put down that gun, you drunken brute!"

Warster glared at him, as if paralyzed by his inability to understand his opponent's tactics. The room was small, so that a few steps brought Wilcox within four feet of the big miner.

"Put it down," he reiterated. The weapon was hesitatingly, uncertainly lowered in response. In a flash Wilcox made a dart for it, seized it out of Warster's hand, and before Warster could grab him, brought it down with a hideous crack on the miner's skull. Warster fell like a lump of lead. The crowd outside had pressed in and there was awe-struck silence at the feat they had just witnessed.

"Take that out," said Wilcox, contemptuously kicking the inert body. "No, don't carry it out, drag him out—drag him out down the street and throw him in the sluice." He pointed to a sluiceway which ran along some claims behind the houses on the other side of the street. "Let him lie there an' cool off; an' to-morrow, when the water's got in him and the drink out of him, he'll perceive, p'rhaps, that this kind of thing is all out of date nowadays on Jenkins Creek."

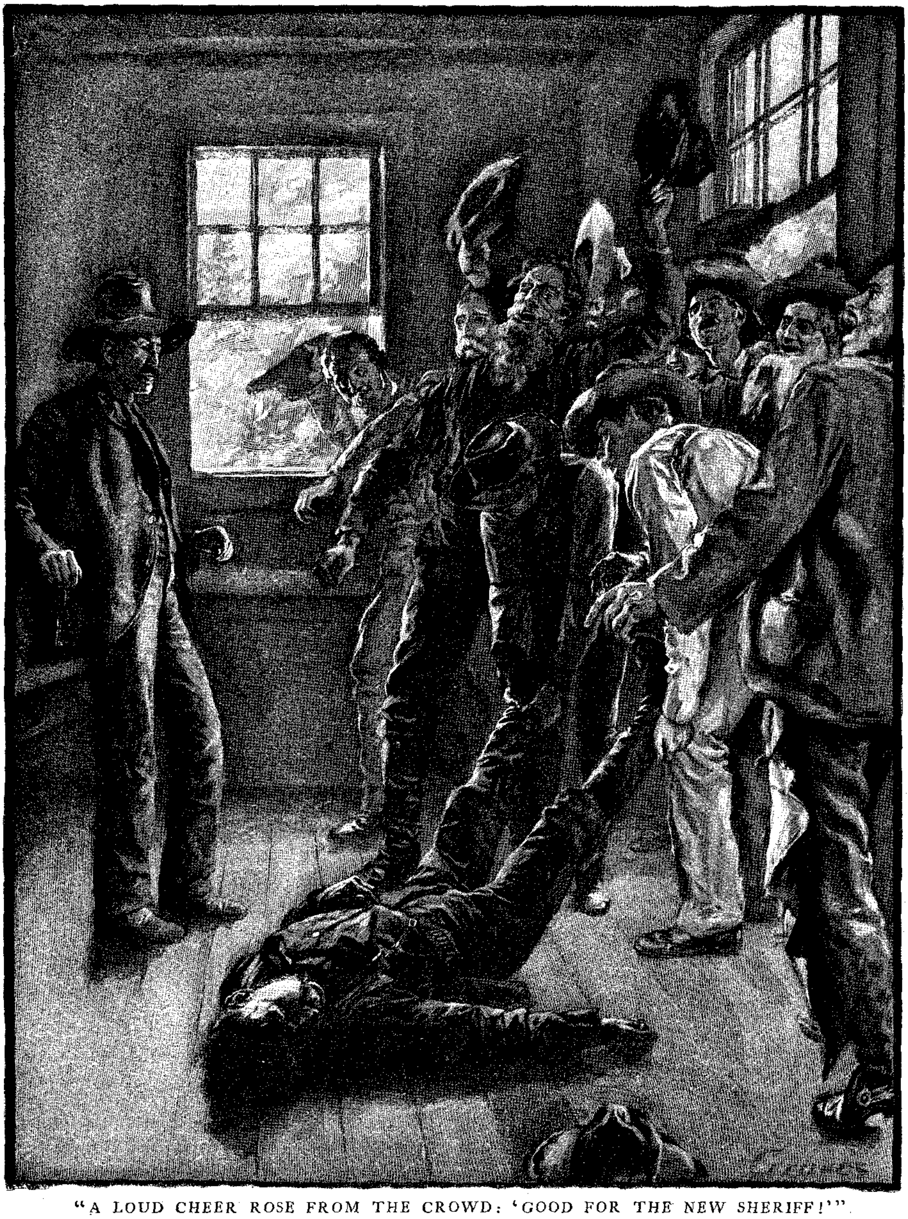
He stopped, and then suddenly a loud cheer rose from the crowd: "Good for the new sheriff!" And even Reddy Flagg, who after a struggle had been disarmed and was now in Henselt's hands, gave a grin of appreciation.

"The Kid," he said, "has got more nerve than any twenty men in the county. Wasn't that as pretty a piece of work as you ever saw? I didn't believe in his ideas before, but ef that's the way he's going to carry them out, d—— it, I guess I'll support him!"

"This is only the beginning of the trouble, but it's the beginning of the end, God willin'," muttered the sheriff as he resumed his seat on the piazza of the hotel.

His prophecy was perfectly accurate in both particulars, for the next evening, after a hard day's work on his claim, when he strolled into Dave Stoner's store there was a hush of alarmed expectancy as Bill Cooper, Jim Warster, and four other turbulent spirits came up to him. Their attitudes and looks were menacing. Warster had a large swelling on his forehead, and his clothes were tumbled and bedraggled.

"Alexander Wilcox," he said after a very evident effort to control himself, "this valley's too small to hold both you and me."



"A LOUD CHEER ROSE FROM THE CROWD: 'GOOD FOR THE NEW SHERIFF!'"

"I guess you're right, Jim," answered the sheriff, chewing reflectively on a toothpick. "After this, Wilcox, I give you fair warning, ef one of us is missing, it won't be me ef I kin help it."

"Jim," said the sheriff, after a pause as if he were digesting the last remark, "I s'pose you mean that for a threat. Did you happen to know that for that threat I could have you bound over to keep the peace or jugged?"

"Bring on your d—— law and let's see any man jug me," shouted Warster, losing his temper.

"No," Wilcox answered; "I merely thought you'd like to know that you're breakin' the law. I'm not goin' to jug you, though it's my duty to do so, but I guess I can protect myself. It's to protect the safety of other men that I'm goin' to have the law observed in this county."

"You daren't arrest me," Warster sneered.

Wilcox flushed and bit his lip.

"Well, p'raps not; though I guess you'll have hard work makin' the boys believe it, I'm afraid—how is it, boys?" He turned to the breathless crowd around. There were murmurs of approval. "But I'll tell you one thing, Jim Warster," he continued, "I don't propose to have you shoot me down in the dark, or when I'm off my guard, or whenever seems best to you. If there's goin' to be any shootin' I'm goin' to have a fair show at it myself—and I'll tell you the little game I've got fixed up fer me and you. It's a good, open game, and, by God, you'll come into it or I'll have you run out of the county fer a gutless bully."

"What's yer game?" growled Warster.

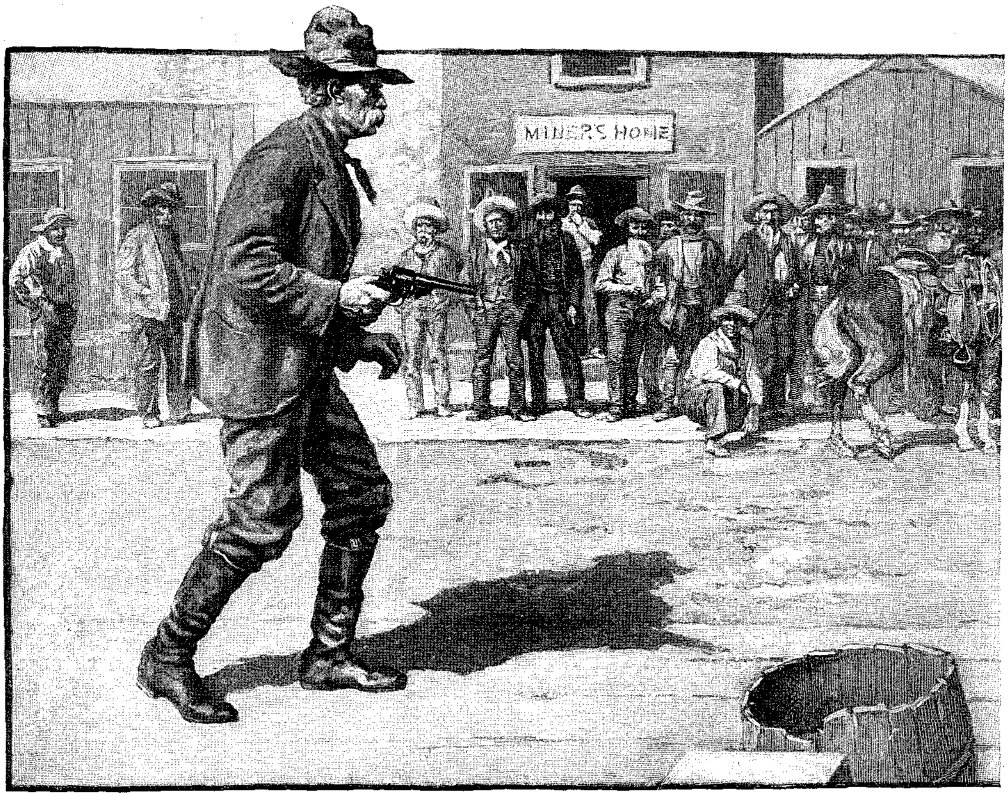
"Well, I figured it out like this," continued Wilcox slowly and reflectively. "Jim, you're spoilin' fer a shot at me. An' I don't deny as how 'twould give me considerable pleasure to put a hole in you. I guess anyhow there'd be a kind er aching void in both er us onless we got satisfied on this point. I ain't going to have nothing unfair 'bout this deal. It's goin' to be a good straight shuffle. The odds on the game's goin' to be even an' everything out in the open. An' it's goin' to be jest about this way. To-morrow morning at eleven o'clock, when the sun is well up over the mountains and shining across the street, you an' me we'll start, one at each end of this town. You can take this side of the street an' I'll take the other. We'll both walk down to where the cross-road crosses the street, an' goes down to the creek. Then when we reach the end of the plank walk at the cross-road, fire straight at each other; and ef anything happens to either of us, that squares our account fer good and all. That's my plan. Ef I'm killed—well, that settles everything; but ef I'm not killed, it 'll mean that I'm goin' to have order up in this valley ef I have to kill every d——d one of you to get it."

Warster stared at the sheriff in blank amazement. No one else said a word. All were startled into silence at the originality of the plan. Dueling was an unheard-of thing in the creek; and this particular form of dueling had a unique, cold-blooded horror.

Warster attempted several times to speak and then choked down the words. Finally he said, "I'll do it."

"Remember," said the sheriff coldly, "ef either you or I fire before we reach the edge of the plank walk, that will be murder; an' one of us will be hung for it, ez sure ez there is a God in heaven."

Men talked in low voices the rest of that evening in Buckhorn, and an air of unaccustomed, strained solemnity seemed to



"'JIM . . . WALKED ALONG LOOKIN' FIERCE, AN' HOT, AN' UGLY, WITH . . . HIS HAND ON THE TRIGGER ALL THE TIME.'"

hang over the town. The more they thought of it the less they liked it, but the greater became their admiration for the little sheriff.

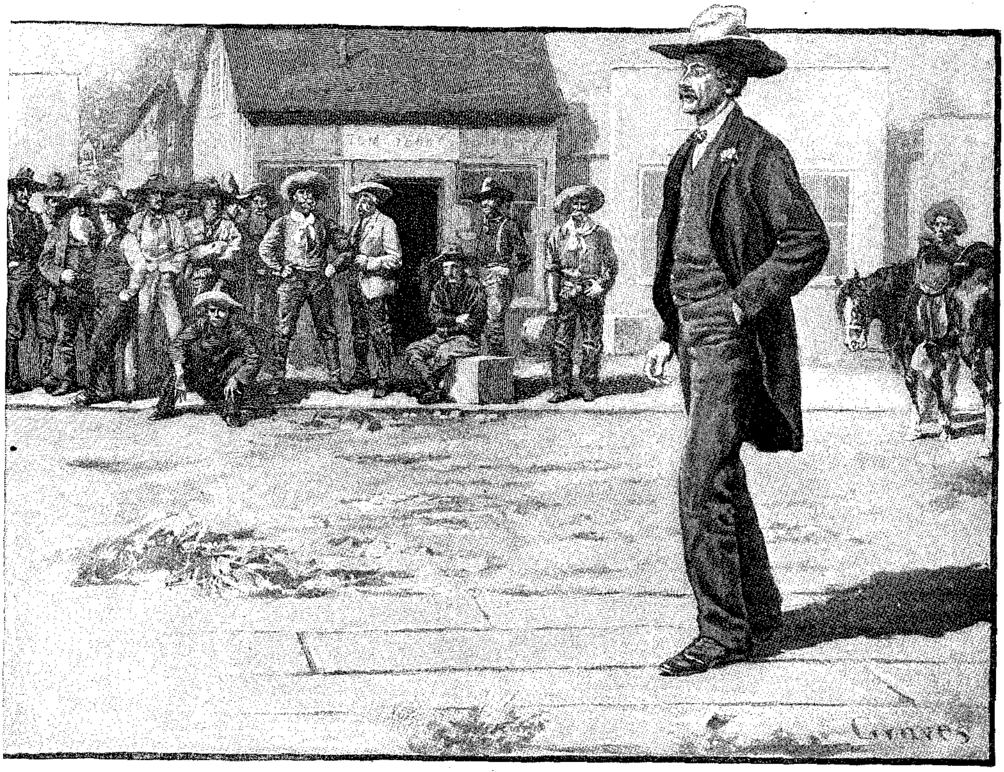
The next morning, by half-past ten, when the sun shone clear over the tops of the mountain and down into the little town, the one long street of Buckhorn was filled with miners and cattlemen. Again the news had flown far and wide up the gulches and down the valley, and there was no work done that day by any one; all had but one idea—to witness the sheriff's brand-new plan for promoting order in Washore County.

Meanwhile the calmest and most absolutely unconcerned man in the Creek was Alexander Wilcox himself. He was sitting up at his cabin, smoking a pipe and looking down at the gravel piles fringing his claim below. He was dressed with great precision, in his stiff white shirt, his cutaway coat, and a pair of new trousers bought for the special purpose of dignifying the day of his installation into office. As a finishing touch, carefully stuck in his buttonhole was a late autumn flower. Big Jim Warster in his cabin, on the other hand, was giving little thought to dress. He knew that the sheriff was a good shot, but he knew himself to be a better one. In fact he was called the greatest expert with a revolver in the valley. He also knew that, if there was any advantage in position, his side of the street, being most in the shadow, was the better. Notwithstanding these considerations, Warster was not easy in his mind. This newly invented game of the sheriff's was a little too unusual for him.

It had been arranged that the two men should meet at "The Gus and Jim's," that they should then repair each to his own end of the street, and begin to walk down towards each other. Warster was the first on hand at the saloon, and he grew nervous as he awaited the sheriff's arrival. Finally Wilcox sauntered in, looking cool and undisturbed, though somewhat whiter than ordinarily.

"A fine morning, boys," he remarked. Then the two walked out, and amid great silence they turned their backs on each other and walked towards their respective starting points.

The story of the sheriff's new game and how it was played has been often told in Buckhorn, but never better than it was re-



"'THE SHERIFF . . . WAS A-STROLLIN' ALONG AS SLOW AND CARELESS LIKE EZ EF HE WAS GOIN' TO GET HIS MAIL.'"

lated that very night by Nat Scammel to Hen Dranger, who had been obliged to miss the event of the day owing to his duties as stage-driver at Hawkton.

"Ye never saw anything like it, and ye never will if ye live to be a thousand and three years old, Hen," he narrated. "There we was, thick ez fleas, all lined up and down the street, only keepin' pretty well clear er the cross-road where the shots was likely to fly. Well, sir, them two, big Jim and the little sheriff, they got down to their ends of the streets plaguey quick, and then they jest a-started to walk for each other. Jim, he was in a kind er hurry and walked along lookin' fierce, an' hot, an' ugly, with his gun in his belt an' his hand on the trigger all the time. When we looked at him I tell ye the stomach fell right out of us. We said good-by to the sheriff, fer Jim always was a nasty shot.

"Well, Hen, we looked up the street t'other way, and I swear ef it hadn't been so darned serious we'd 'a' laughed right out. As it was, ye could hear a pine needle drop; there warn't a word nor a snicker. But darn my socks, ye'd oughter seen the sheriff. There was that blamed little cuss a-strollin' down the plank walk, with his natty tail coat, and his lavender pants, and a darned little sprig of flower stuck in his buttonhole. There he was a-strollin' along as slow and careless like ez ef he was goin' to get his mail, and, ye'd never believed it, he was whistlin' a tune; yes, sir, jest a-walkin' and whistlin', the darned little cuss; and he didn't have no gun out, though of course we knew he had it somewhere where he could reach it handy an' get it out lively when he'd strike the end of the plank walk.

"Well, sir, he jest a-walked on like that, ez ef he was a-goin' to a Sunday-school picnic. Then we looked back at Jim. Well, Jim was tearin' along in jest the same ugly way, an' we all see as how he'd get to the plank walk end first, an' would have a chance to get his gun in rest for a sure aim. Well, sir, that made us pretty scared for the little sheriff, because ye know what Jim was with a gun; but pretty soon the sheriff hove plainly in sight of Jim, an' then we saw Jim look kind er surprised. His fingers sort er went up and down on the trigger, an' he looked pretty white—dangerous white. But ez he watched the sheriff strollin' along, so natty and calm-like, it seemed ez ef big Jim got nervous. Then he didn't seem to hurry so much, an' sort er wabbled ez ef he didn't know but what he'd better go slow too. The Kid kept gettin' nearer an' nearer, not lookin' across an' down the street at Jim at all, but jest whistlin' softly with his gun still hid.

"Well, Hen, that sight must have unnerved old Jim, for—ye won't believe it when I tell ye—when the little sheriff was about eight feet away from the edge of the cross-road Jim Warster he gave one big yell, threw up his hands, an' before we could tell what was happenin' he dove into the door of Slade's butcher shop, right by where he'd got to, an' didn't come out. So when the Kid got to the plank walk an' pulled out his gun to fire, he looked across an' there wasn't any one to fire at.

"Well, sir, ye never saw anybody seem so surprised in all your life. No, sir; he was jest amazed—I know it, because all he did was to stand there and laugh softly in a kind er silly way.

"Then he put his gun back into his pocket an' said, 'Well, boys, the fight's over an' ye'd better get back to work. But before ye'd go ye'll all have a drink on me. I think,' says he, 'the law is going to work first rate in this county.'

"Well, ye oughter have heard the boys cheer him. The Kid can own Buckhorn now, there's no use talking.

"And Warster? Well, Jim ain't never turned up to-day, and what's more he never will. He jest dove into that shop an' out the back door an' down the creek an' down the valley, an' ye'll never see Jim Warster at this creek again, never, I tell ye.

"What was the matter? Jest lost his nerve. Caved in teetotally. Jim always was a bully, an' when the time came to be a real man he hadn't the stuff in him to stand up an' shoot with that nervy little cuss comin' along so clipper an' cool an' careless-like on the other side of the street."

Scammell was right in his two predictions. From that day Mr. James Warster was neither heard of nor seen in all that region. And from that day Mr. Alexander Wilcox, sheriff of Washore County, owned the town of Buckhorn and its inhabitants. And that was the way in which law came to Jenkins Creek.

LITTLE HALLELUJAH'S CONVERT.

By Alvah Milton Kerr.

THEN there was "old" Barrett, trainmaster, who held that when an engineer had once gone, unkilled, through a head-end collision, he was never so much a man of courage afterward. Perhaps the grumpy old chief's contention was grounded on fact, for what man, having faced such monstrous peril, could be quite the same again? But Nat Shandon's deed at Muley Fork gave Barrett's theory a refutation so marked that I, for one, never heard the "old man" "chew" that argument more. Doubtless Barrett would have felt the contradiction less had he liked the young engineer better, for Shandon was a bit hard of control—so fond of fast running, indeed, that Barrett had threatened to discharge him more than once.

It was Shandon, you know, who brought the Star Route its first fame for quick service by driving the 407, hooked to Governor Graham's special, across the State in two hours and forty minutes. The hostler ran the engine into the house, when the hot clip was finished, with her frame cracked and her driver flanges whittled to knife blades. Barrett was wroth, being gray and conservative; but Superintendent Joy, younger and of the new school of haste, slapped Shandon on the back, and praised him. He was getting in some new passenger engines, Baldwin compounds with seven-foot drivers, he said, and Shandon would be expected to see what sort of speed lay in the first one that should arrive. That one proved to be the famous 990. Shandon liked the idea immeasurably, but approved it quietly. He would do his best, he said.

Prior to the Governor Graham run, Shandon had "snapped" a dinky caboose from the tail of a wild stock-train on the eastern division, taking the string down a grade and around a curve so fast that the little caboose flew the track, turned over, and skated across a frozen creek, injuring several people. Shandon was charged with being reckless from drink, but investigation failed to make the accusation stick.

Next came the experience in which Shandon met the monster face to face, that dementing thing which Barrett averred made cowards of engineers; for it was he who sat on the right-hand side of the cab of the old 200, going up Angel Pass, when Jerry Burns came down with the big 722 and piled the gulch with ruin. Jerry was not at fault, for he couldn't hold seventeen cars of steel rails on a slippery mountain track when something was wrong with the brakes. Jerry and the firemen of the colliding engines jumped, with natural and calamitous results; but Shandon stuck, and saw the supreme vision.

Shandon was a large man, or perhaps, to put it more precisely, a big boy. Even such gravity as seems natural to one approaching life's thirtieth year was rarely his. When his hand was on the throttle and the machine was going fast, he was sometimes sober and looked his age; but for the most part he was "cutting up," was almost disagreeably exuberant, indeed, especially when he came into the despatcher's office, as he sometimes did, and literally stampeded us with his pranks. At times he was as rough as a grizzly, after he had indulged in a cup too much of that which he designated as "most elegant booze." But he had a great heart, a prodigal benevolence of nature that kept him always looking for the pay-car, and a fearlessness of railroad officials which, to men who suffered the normal trepidation of beings who might at any moment lose their jobs, was fairly appalling. As I remember him, he stood something more than six feet in flat-heeled shoes, was powerfully fashioned in body and limb, slightly stooped in the shoulders, with head and face nearly handsome, but almost too small for his frame, and medium-sized gray eyes that looked square into the eyes of other people and danced with bantering smiles.

Barrett could not understand him, and on that account, and for the more prickly reason that he could force no sign of subserviency from the man, disliked him. But Joy, who was of larger nature, liked him unreasonably. At least, we despatchers thought so by the time he had pushed Shandon, over Barrett's protests, to the best passenger run on the line. But the affair at Muley Fork settled it all.

Life in Round Hill, the division station, was not a dry thing, save in the higher social functions: there it was quite arid, full-dress occasions being almost unknown. Nearly every one was active, and the building and repairing of cars, the overhauling of engines, the constant despatching and returning of trains, and all that goes to make a pulse-point on a great transportation artery, are things of unabating interest. These we had in plethora.

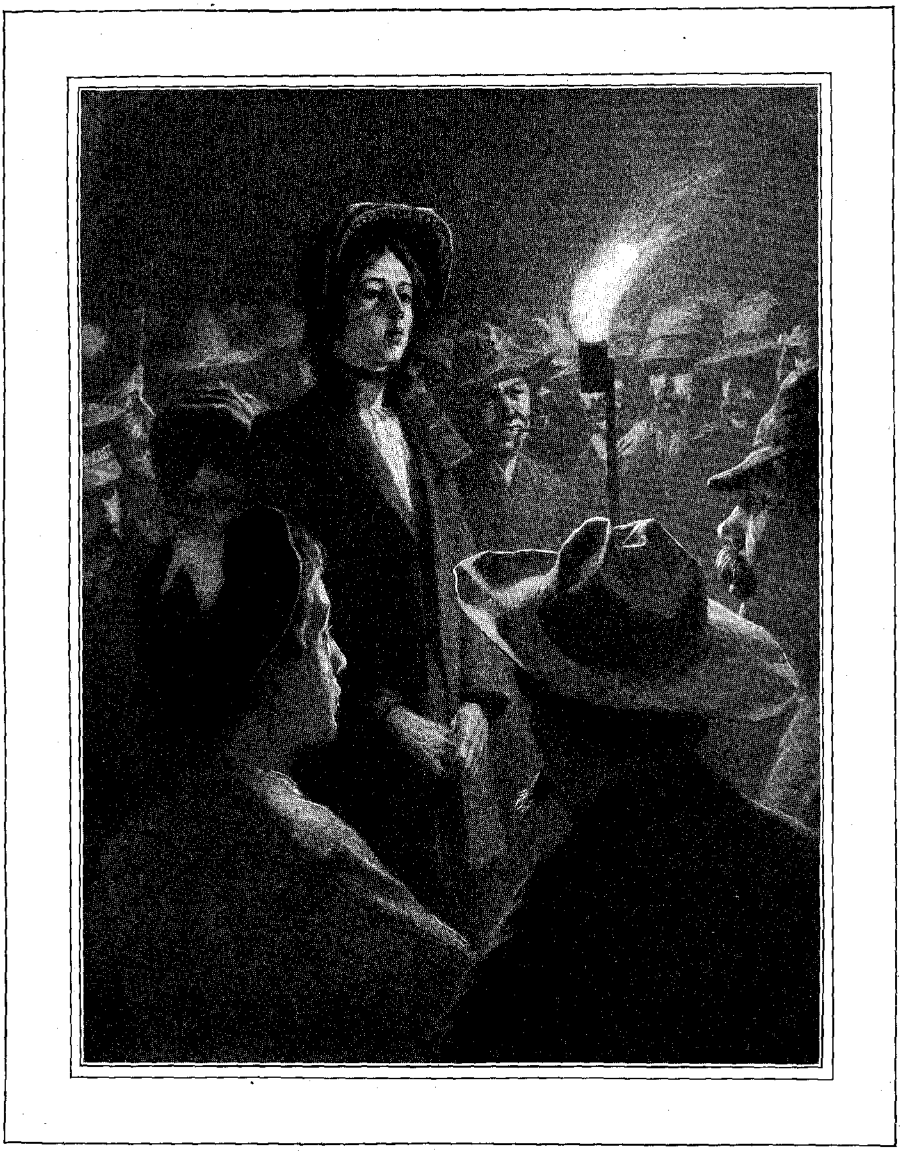
Round Hill, too, was a "wet" town, for what town beyond the line of the Rockies could hope to excite the envy of its rivals unless its saloons outnumbered its stores? The place was wicked, not with the brutal abandon of the mining camp, but chiefly in the way of recreation. The men, largely denied, by the exactions of their trade, the restraints of the church and the refining niceties of polite life, "broke loose" occasionally, being human. Perhaps it was for this reason, or because it was agreed that an aggregation of Western railroad men could perforce not be else than in need of grace, that the drums and tambourines of the Salvation Army startled its main street *habitués* one February evening. The "Hallelujah People" had arrived.

To the eye and ear of the Round Hill populace the spectacle was not at all religious, but, on the contrary, distinctly worldly, even ridiculous. They did not then know, what most of the world has since learned, that back of the noise and "circus" methods of this Army of Love lay a mighty, benignant purpose for the uplifting of the weak and fallen among mankind. Hence Round Hill laughed, the saloon-keepers especially; but later these last showed their teeth in different fashion.

Nat Shandon was passing, on his way to his engine, that first evening, and paused a moment to see what was going on. Three persons, fronting a crowded sidewalk, were singing in gleeful fashion. Two of the singers were girls, and each of these rattled a tambourine. The third was a middle-aged man, clean-shaven and happy-looking, but with the tracery of outlived dissipation thick upon his face. At times he beat a bass drum with force and unction. Each was habited in the uniform of the Salvation order.

Shandon's initial impression was that street fakirs were selling Wizard Oil, Herbs of Wonder, or something after that sort, and he began cracking jokes as he laughingly looked over the heads of the crowd toward the singers. Even when the three strangers knelt, and the man's voice rose in prayer, the crowd, and Shandon as well, continued to laugh and jest. But a moment later one of the girls stepped upon a box at the edge of the sidewalk, and looked round on the torch-lit faces of the curious concourse. Instantly Shandon was a serious man.

The young woman was small, and had a face thin, faintly olive in tone, delicately featured, with big, dark, sorrowful eyes that dominated the countenance. As she looked down on the faces of the crowd a little smile ran about her lips, an engaging yet pathetic gleam of appeal which somehow mingled friendship and pity curiously. Shandon felt the look and the spirit of the face enter him as something that passes to the heart of matter and leaves no sign or wound. He drew in a deep breath, glanced up at the clear stars overhead, dropped his eyes to the crowd, and made a movement as if to go. His world had suddenly changed. Then he turned toward the



"SHE BEGAN TO TELL THE STORY OF THE CRUCIFIED AND RISEN LOVER OF ALL LIFE."

face again. "Shut up!" he said to a noisy fellow at his elbow, unconsciously ending the gruff command with an oath.

The girl was speaking. Shandon listened a moment, then pushed on round the crowd and in nearer the speaker. Her voice was thready from hoarseness, yet sweet with sympathy and tenderness. She was telling why they had come among the people of Round Hill, of the work of love they hoped to do, of the friendship and help they craved. Then, with lifted eyes, she began to tell the story of the crucified and risen Lover of all life. Rapturously, with ineffable appreciation in look and tone, she told of His compassion and the uplifting, saving power that came to men from loving Him. She told it, not as priest or preacher might, but as only a delicate girl could, with a subtlety of feeling and a spiritual intuition impossible with men.

Many in the crowd grew quiet; others continued stirring about, scraping such merriment as they could from the odd situation. Shandon listened, looking at the girl with level, earnest eyes. Old as was the story, he felt it as something almost new, the beautiful resurrection of a tale worn well-nigh threadbare and meaningless in his childhood years. Still to Shandon the personality of the speaker was far more than the story. Her delicate figure clad in plain brown; her pathetic, tender face, in its frame of black bonnet and dark ribbons tied under the chin, sent something like a cry of pity through his great body. He had felt the charm of more than one woman, but it had never been as with this one. Why should she subject herself to such publicity? Why should brutal people be permitted to jeer at her? A tipsy brakeman a few feet from him was interrupting the speaker with loud remarks and drunken gestures. Shandon, with sudden fire in his veins, reached in, and drew him out in a tiger-like clutch. With an angry grip on the nape of the man's neck he whirled him about, and pushed him roughly from the crowd, and almost flung him into the mouth of a dark alley near by. The girl paused, and looked after them oddly, pityingly. The crowd roared with laughter.

Shandon looked down a moment at the outline of the fallen man. "Get up and go t' your boardin'-house!" he growled. "Don't you disturb the—the meetin' again." He turned, and came toward the crowd, but passed around it, and paused in the middle of the street, and looked toward the speaker. The girl stepped down from the box, and took her tambourine from the hand of her sister worker, a blonde young woman wearing the insignia of a cadet, while the lieutenant, the man who had beaten the drum, mounted the box and began speaking.

The little brown captain drew toward Shandon a few steps, and lifted her sorrowful eyes. Then she came nearer to him, and put out her hand. He took it timidly, feeling himself suddenly touched with a kind of trembling. Bystanders were grinning, and nudging each other, but he did not consciously see them. The face of the girl, sad, though faintly smiling, and the big appealing eyes, looking out of a shadowy half-circle that told of overwork and shaken health, enthralled him. "I want so much to thank you, but I shouldn't," she said. "It wasn't right to use the man roughly, to take him away. It is such as he that Christ is seeking; poor, blind soul, he is so much to be pitied!" There was something like tears in her voice.

The big engineer grew confused, shifting from foot to foot as he looked down upon her. "I didn't know—I didn't understand—I'm—I'm sorry," he stammered. "But, Miss," with a sudden clinching of his fists, "you can't expect a man to let any one disturb or insult you. I won't stand that; 'tain't right and proper."

"The Saviour didn't mind such things," she said softly. "He loved the erring; when they maltreated Him, He strove the more to help them. We try to feel as He did."

"Well, I'm not—not religious; I don't understand the feeling; 'tain't hardly human, seems t' me. Anyhow, no—no man shall break up your meetings when I'm 'round," he said, with a flame in eyes and cheeks.

She put out her hand again, and it clung a moment in his, while a gratitude she could not suppress shone in her eyes. "Then you'll come to our meetings? God bless you," she said, her tone both a benediction and caress.

"I don't know; may be," he stammered, and hurried away toward the round-house.

When he had gone a hundred feet or more, he turned and listened an instant. The lieutenant was telling how, after years of dissipation, he had elected to end all in suicide, when the Salvationists brought him to know God's love, and that had freed and saved him. "Hallelujah!" came the voice of the little captain, and she and the cadet broke into pealing song.

"Hallelujah—Little Hallelujah," murmured Shandon, as he went onward, and again, "Little Hallelujah," tenderly, wistfully, as he crossed the main track and saw his engine steaming down toward the station.

"You said you was comin' round to look the machine over, Nat, 'fore I brung her out of the house, but I couldn't wait," said the hostler, as he jumped to the ground from the gangway of the engine.

"She's all right," said Shandon absently, as he swung himself up the step, but whether he meant the mighty 990 or "Little Hallelujah" was not apparent.

"Something wrong with Nat," muttered Ridley, the fireman, an hour later as they rolled away through the mountains.

Shandon's face was grave, yet with a kind of light in it. His grimy left hand, always on the throttle lever, seemingly did its work involuntarily. As they rushed into the echoing gorges he aroused himself, and looked keenly ahead and back at the swaying string of glowing coaches. But in the long open valleys the dreamy light stole back into his face, and he looked up wistfully to the great dome of stars and the moon plowing the silver fields of snow on distant mountain tops. Something new had come into his heart; he felt, but could not analyze it—a holy kind of tenderness that had the little captain and the seeming hardships of her life at the core of it.

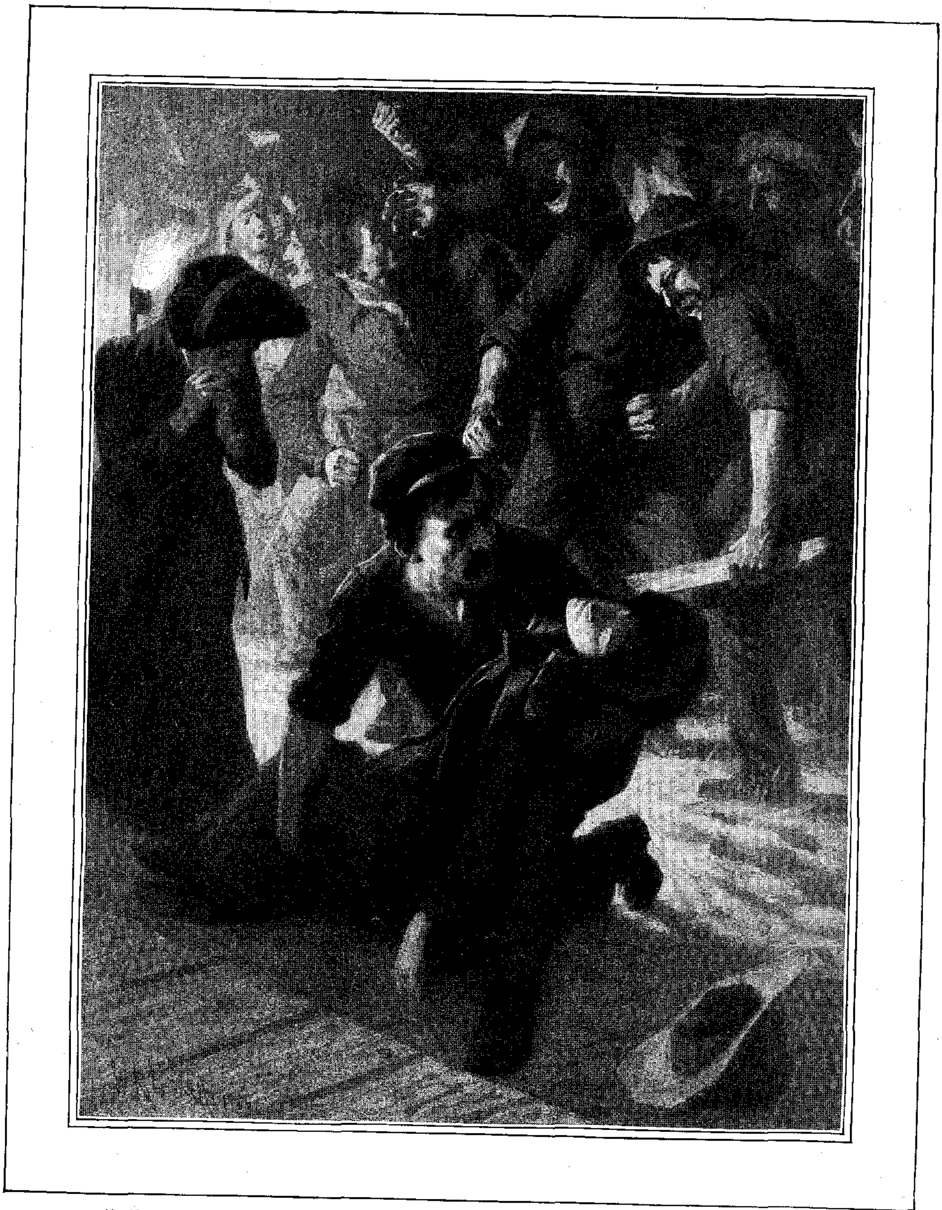
He wished that she had not given herself to such unwomanly labor, had not offered herself as a target for ridicule, gibe, and sneer. She was one who ought to have her life in a warm home-nest, with a true man's love as a shield between her and the brutal world. But in what fashion was it his affair—he, big, rough, sinful? His questionings and solicitude were preposterous, he admitted; yet they clung in his consciousness sweet, disturbing, insistent.

When he pulled into Round Hill on the return trip, the following evening, he had his mind made up to let the little captain and her meetings alone. But he did not. He passed down through Main Street when he might have gone to his lodgings by a shorter route. He found the Salvationists, with a larger and somewhat more respectful audience, laboring at the point of their first attempt. "Little Hallelujah" was preaching. He stopped some distance away, and listened, a gloomy, brooding look in his eyes. At the end of ten minutes he shook himself together and went onward. In the morning, with an odd throb of dismay, he found the little captain and the cadet seated opposite to him at the breakfast-table in the dining-room of his boarding-house. Later he learned that the Salvationists had secured a small hall on Main Street, which was to constitute "the barracks," and that the lieutenant, like a true soldier, was bunking on the floor of the hall with no more easeful thing than a blanket about him. The "lasses" would camp there later, in a little room partitioned off at the rear. They had come to make a campaign against sin in Round Hill. The fight promised to be long. When Shandon sat down at table, the little captain inclined her head to him in recognition, but was quiet and reserved, only at times her big brown eyes wandered to his face, leaving a queer tremor at his heart.

After that, events went quietly through four evenings. Then a storm of opposition broke upon the heads of the Salvationists, the three soldiers sent into the mountains from that strange Army of Love which has covered the planet with its camps. The saloon men were in a rage; the meetings of the Salvationists drew the drinkers from the bars. Hired roughs began to pelt the girl-warriors and the lieutenant with mud and divers sorts of offensive missiles. Shandon fought two bloody fights in the streets of Round Hill in their defense. Barrett discharged him, but Superintendent Joy at once reinstated him, and Barrett resigned, only to find that Joy would not accept his resignation. In the faces of the three Salvationists grew a happier glow, their preaching was more loving, their songs more spirited, their prayers more fervid. They were fighting to save men; the battle was full of joy.

Then there came a terrible night. A great crowd stood in a faint mist of rain listening to the little captain's impassioned pleading. The lights glimmered along the saloon and store fronts, the flame of the army torches wavered and smoked near the girl's head, the lake of faces about her was full of glinting eyes. With yearning and pity in every gesture and tone, she poured out her message of love. Shandon stood not far away, pale and suffering dumbly. Then there came a rush of heavy feet, men lunged yelling through the crowd, people were overthrown, there was surging and confusion, missiles whistled through the air, and the little captain suddenly toppled and fell backward from the speaker's box, a bleeding wound on her forehead.

With a gasping moan in his throat, Shandon leaped in and gathered the slim figure in



"SHANDON LEAPED IN AND GATHERED THE SLIM FIGURE IN HIS ARMS."

his arms. He rose up, holding her as one might a child. His face was dead white, and he swept two blazing eyes over the confusion of faces about him. "If I only knew the man that did this—you mob of cowards!" he cried, with hoarse, shaking voice. "This girl is an angel—she fetches you a message of love—you stone her in the street! I'll whip you man by man as I find you—you that are puttin' up this outrage!"

He turned about, and utterly unmindful of what might be thought or said, strode across the street and down the opposite sidewalk toward the boarding-house. "Little Hallelujah—poor Little Hallelujah," he muttered, as he looked down upon her face lying pallid and blood-stained against his shoulder. When he came to the house, he set the door open with a big, impetuous foot, and pushed his way into the hall. The landlady came out of the sitting-room with sudden paling countenance. "They've killed her—they've stoned her," said Shandon chokingly. "Where shall I lay her?"

They placed her on a bed in a room off the parlor, and Shandon rushed away for the company's surgeon. When he returned with the surgeon, the blonde cadet and the lieutenant, with several other persons, were in the room. Shandon went out, and stood on the porch by the main entrance. At the end of half an hour the surgeon came out. He looked at Shandon understandingly. "A pretty bad concussion—stunned her—but she'll be all right if kept quiet," he said. "She's a soldier, sure enough. As soon as she came to she wanted to go back into the street and speak." He ended with an odd grunt of laughter.

Shandon's lips moved, but he did not speak. An aching lump sprang into his throat, and he turned away and strode off to the round-house.

At sunset the next day he came softly into Hallelujah's room. The girl lay propped up among her pillows, wan and weak, a white bandage about her brow. She laid a Testament, which she had been reading, on the counterpane before her, and looked up to Shandon with a welcoming smile. The big engineer stood through a breath or two awkwardly turning his hat in his fingers, a swift surge of emotion visibly sweeping him at sight of her "I wanted to see you—to find out how you was gettin' along," he said, with apology in the tone.

"You are kind, so kind. Bring a chair and sit here, won't you?" she said. Her voice was sweet and cool, and grateful to hear.

He drew a chair near her by the bed, and sat down. She put out her slim hand, and laid it on his. "You are a good friend, and I thank you. There is something growing in your heart, I think—something that concerns me, but I don't want you to—I am not worth it—there is something so much greater, so much sweeter—you understand, don't you?" She turned her eyes to his appealingly.

Shandon returned the look steadily, yet his hand shook under hers. "I only understand that I—that I love you," he said. "I want to take you away from this thing you are doing—to marry and protect you."

Her eyelids fluttered shut, and she lay in silence a little time, but she did not take her hand from his. "You do not really know who I am—what I have been," she said slowly, with eyes still closed.

"I do not care," he said.

Her lips moved. "Human love is a blind, strange thing—sometimes it is good and saving—sometimes. I have tasted it—it is sweet." Her eyes opened on his again. "I am older than, perhaps, you think. I am twenty-six. I am the daughter of a minister. I revolted against the seeming tyranny of the—the higher duty. Afterward I loved a man—worshiped him—he led me astray. Both he and the child are dead."

Shandon's hand closed on her's quiveringly. "Poor little girl—how bad you've been treated! Won't you come to me—I love you so?" he said huskily.

"I have drained that cup—personal love. You—your love—would be different, I know. I would like to taste it; but large as it seems, it is a little thing beside the Great Affection, the impersonal love that yearns for all mankind. Cannot you understand—to fix the heart on only one—it is a toy beside the splendor of a planet!" Her big eyes, luminous with the thought and the ecstasy of it, dwelt upon his face.

He sat looking down, a kind of numbness creeping upon him. "Then I am as the rest—to you? I am but a part, an atom of the whole."

Her fingers tightened on his hand. "I would sin by saying that were true," she said caressingly. "Yet can you ask me to take the cup? Once it would have satisfied me, now it would not. I have drunk at the fountain of Universal Love, the great God-cup; it is strangely, inexpressibly sweet."

He fell flaccid, hopeless, gazing at her dumbly.

"You would marry me, would try to make me happy, *only me*. How much sweeter, more unselfish, to work for the salvation and joy of all mankind. The object would be infinitely greater, your reward of happiness infinitely larger. You understand, do you not?"

He stirred restlessly. "I seem to see—somehow—a little, but I cannot feel it," he said desolately. "I want only you."

"You must enter into God's love. It will fill you, and then you will love as He loves, caring tenderly for all life. Love grows by use; even Jesus, I believe, kept himself from sin only by constantly doing good. Let me help you a little, let me lead you—just one—step."

Her eyes closed, and she began praying for him, plaintively, simply, softly. When she had finished, he arose, a struggling sob in his throat. She took his hand in both hers, and each looked at the other through tears. "You will be good," she said, "you will be great in the best sense, won't you? I am so little—only one—almost nothing. Think of the thousands of sick, the unsaved, the fallen. Forget me in thinking of them, because it is better for you, and because I might lose myself in loving only you."

"I—will—try," he struggled to say, and turned and went out, shaken to the soul.

That evening he passed along Main Street on the less frequented side. A larger crowd than ever was at the old point of meeting. In their midst he saw Hallelujah on the speaker's box, a white bandage across her forehead, preaching with a glow of light on her face. The town marshal stood not far from her, a cordon of big-fisted men from the railroad shops stood about her, men who had sworn that Round Hill should not be again humiliated by having a woman stoned in its streets. Shandon tried to listen, but could not for the tender, aching, strangling thing at his heart. "God bless her; she is greater than any man," he faltered, and went onward, out through the town into the still valley, under the big white stars, facing the sphinx of silence in the moonlit fields. At seven in the morning he mounted the 990, and took the express east, and the drama of Muley Fork was played under that span of the sun.

It was a stage for tragedy, that region where the Muley River bored through the mountain bases and met the Grand, eighty miles east of Round Hill. At the first step the larger river bent round a cliff's bottom, and flowed eastward through a gorge. The track, looking from the west, approached the gorge on the right side of the Grand; but at the mouth of the pass crossed the river by an iron bridge, and curved eastward at the cliff's base. A half mile east of the bridge the cañon widened, a sloping mountain lifting on the left, a towering wall of rock beetling on the farther side of the river. At the foot of the steep slope the little town of Midgley clustered, above it the broad, slanting bosom of the mountain. On this beveled sweep, which ran upward thousands of feet, were dark green clots of pine, dents that were valleys, and mighty snags of rock, poured round with gleaming rivers of snow. Two mines opened mouths in the mountain's white face, thrusting out dark tongues of trestle-work and trailing gray beards of waste. Between and a little above the mines fell a depression of the earth, closed in the foreground with a dam thirty feet high and nearly 200 feet in length. Behind the wall hung ten acres of water, force for the machinery of the mines and the stamp-mills and supply for the town. On that day, at the warm end of February, a thin sheet of water a hundred feet wide flowed over the top of the dam, and every heart in Midgley was uneasy. Just east of the town, less than a quarter of a mile from the railroad station, the opposite range opened ruggedly, letting Muley Fork into the Grand through a narrow gorge. Fronting the opening through which the Muley came, on the railroad side of the Grand, the cañon broadened, leaving a clear half acre or more through which the track went eastward.

This was the stage, with a setting of stupendous scenery; uprushing walls of chaotic stone, gigantic cleavage here and there, soaring silvery necks of distant peaks, white sloping mountain-shoulders, breasts of crags shaggy with forests, and tiny Midgley down in the cañon with 10,000 tons of water hanging above it.

The land had been warming for a week, and we in the despatcher's office and the crews of the road had been dealing with annoying earth and snow slides, not large, but ominous of disasters. Upon a hundred mountains—perhaps a thousand, great and small—snow lay softening; the frozen streams began to break; down in Midgley gorge and over in the Muley's bore there were popping and crunching noises throughout a day and night; then came the morning of Shandon's eastern run.

As he sat at the throttle his aspect was that of an older man; within a few days his rollicking boyishness had gone. Without understanding why, Ridley, the fireman, looked at him with increasing respect. Grave but alert, Shandon watched the track ahead. On the way to the Grand several bridges, spanning swollen streams, had to be inspected before crossing with the train, and the 990 plowed through two mud slides, leaving gravel and stones wedged between the slats of her pilot. The sun seemed warm as in June, and the air had the balm of late April in it. Here and there on distant mountains Shandon saw broad black streaks, showing the way of avalanches. Early in December rain and sleet had fallen, leaving a steely coat from which the melting snow now slipped, when unrestrained by natural dams, sweeping to cañon and valley in boiling torrents.

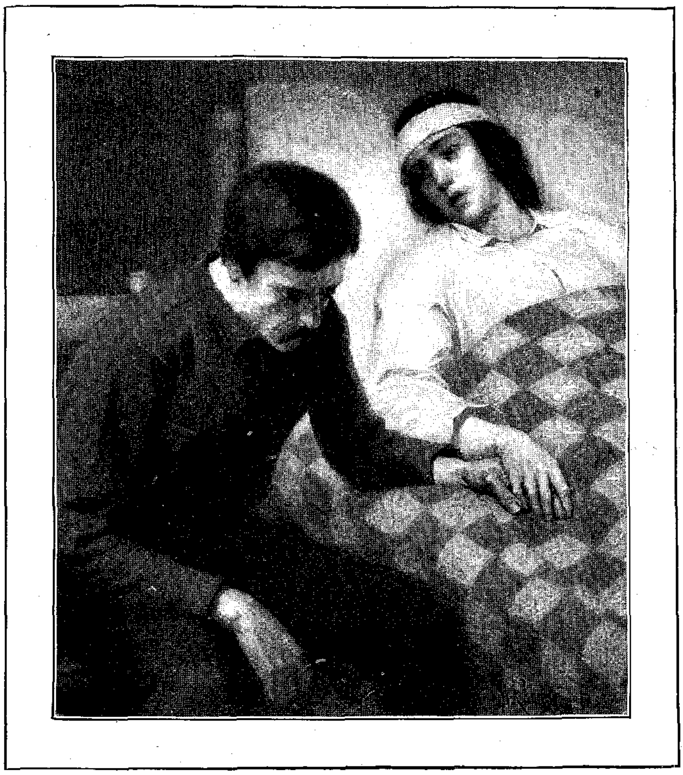
Shandon went carefully. His train should have been at Midgley at eleven-thirty; it was two in the afternoon when they made the Grand. A chaos of ice lay piled against the center pier of the bridge. Shandon got down, and walked across. Momentarily tremors ran through the iron structure, but it seemed firm. Above the bridge the river had a heaped, swollen look, and was filled with grinding masses of ice. Shandon mounted the engine, and pulled slowly across. The last coach had hardly left the eastern span when, with a tearing crash, the span broke from the crumbling center pier and plunged into the flood.

At Midgley they found a red signal out, and a freight train on the siding. Looking eastward, they saw the cause: Muley Fork, mad with its burden, was pushing a moving, grinding ridge of ice clear across the track into the northern cañon wall. Looking up the mountain-side, they saw the whole front of the reservoir streaming, a long veil of glittering glass. Would the dam hold? What if the snow on the steep, open slope to the left of it should break and sweep into it, irresistible in force, incalculable in weight? Here and there were small, black spots like spear-heads on the white, gleaming slope, starting drops of the avalanche. The Grand, freed in a measure at the bridge, was climbing its banks, momentarily backing up from the ice gorge at the mouth of Muley Fork. Midgley and the express and the freight lay in a frightful trap.

Shandon got down, and looked about him. The conductor came running forward. There were crying and hysteria along the track. A hundred people or more, the populace of little Midgley, were waiting for the train. Six or seven sick persons, on improvised stretchers, lay on the station platform. There were three sick people on the train. What was to be done? The hale and strong might possibly escape up the mountain; but the reservoir and the snow, the women and the children, and—the sick!

"We must clear the gorge, and take 'em over Angel Pass into Peace Valley," said Shandon, half to himself. "Lot of folks goin' to lose their lives here. *She* said to think of the sick and helpless and any sort of people in trouble. Say, Phil," he shouted to the engineer of the freight, "run down ahead, and let me kick my train in on the siding; then you hook onto the coaches, and stand ready to follow me through. I'm goin' to cut the ice-pack in two."

The conductors of the freight and passenger both protested. Nothing but destruction for the engine and death for the man who drove her could result, they declared. But Phil Lyon, chewing hard on a piece of



"SHE PUT OUT HER SLIM HAND AND LAID IT ON HIS."

tobacco, said coolly, "All right, Nat; only you'd better let me buck the ice first."

"No, I have the right of way; it is my duty, not yours, Phil. Pull down quick, and let me kick in. There will be forty feet of water in this gulch in twenty minutes if that gorge ain't broken," said Shandon.

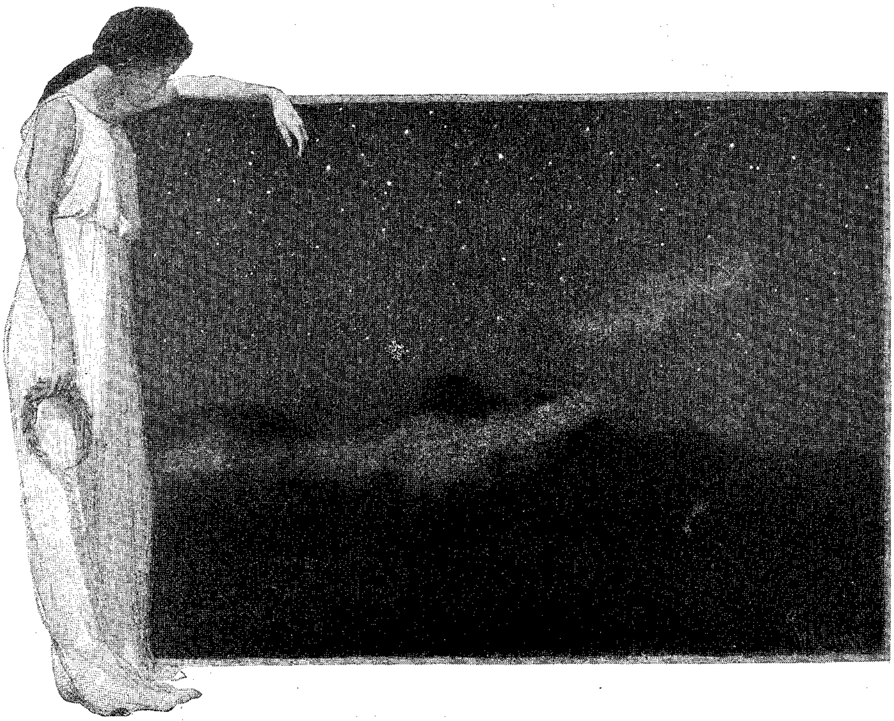
Then there was wild hurrying, the clashing of drawheads and the hissing of steam, rough shouting and shrill crying, and moans from the sick who were being carried aboard. The Grand was lipping the rails of the main line, its waters heaped with groaning and grinding windrows of ice, as Shandon backed the great 990 for the charge. He sent her back clear to the fallen bridge before he reversed for the terrible plunge. Ridley had gotten off at the station, and Shandon sat alone in the cab. There was a babble and clamor of echoes through all the cañon. He drew in his breath, and held it an instant, then threw the throttle wide. The huge machine leaped forward with a roar from stack and exhausts. Beautiful and mighty she swept down the perilous stretch, her iron skull set for the mounting ridge of ice. What the people heard as she passed was a long roar of thunder; what they saw was a glimmering monster flash by with a gray iron face at a window. Then there was a booming crash, a great gush of water and ice blocks in the air, and the monster was gone.

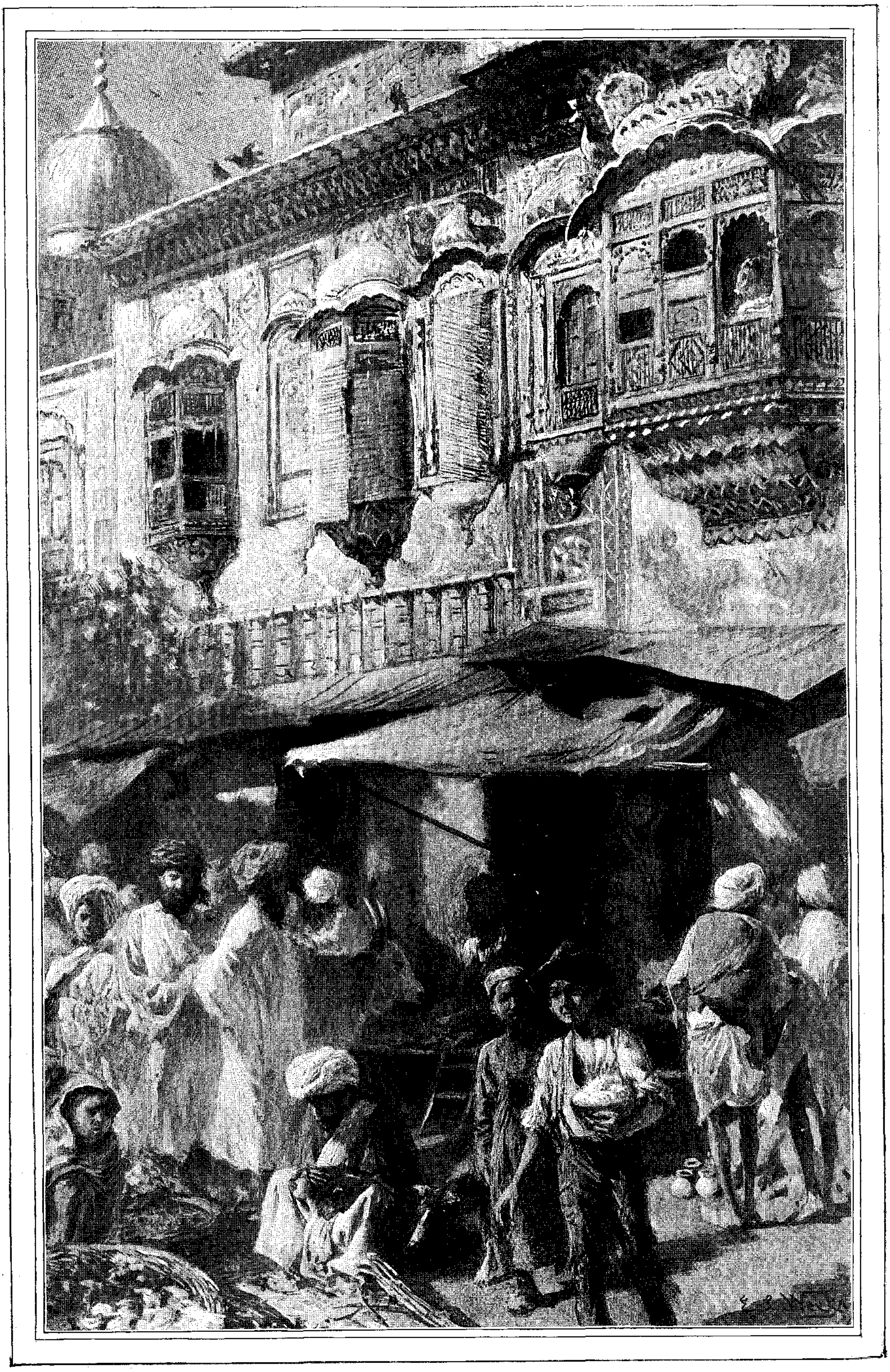
Lyon opened his engine's valves, and the express rushed after her, plowing onward through water and crashing ice into open ground. What Lyon did not see some on the rear coaches saw, a sublime and terrifying spectacle on the mountain-side—the smoking rush of a thousand tons of snow into Midgley reservoir. With the impact half the water of the inclosure seemed to gush outward over the dam's crest like a gigantic silver banner, bending downward as the structure burst. And tiny Midgley? Well, no human life was there.

They found Shandon's engine 300 feet beyond the ice-pack, lying on her side. Stack, bell, sand-tank, cab—everything was gone. Battered and stripped she lay, a hissing wreck. They pulled Shandon from some wreckage rearward from the engine. He was hurt beyond mortal help. As he hung in Lyon's arms he spoke but once. "Tell Hallelujah," he murmured, "the little captain—back in Round Hill—you know—tell her I tried to love and save 'em all—but I—loved—her—the—best."

That was all. They laid him on cushions in the baggage car, and pulled onward around the curve, up Tudor Gulch, over Angel Pass, and down into Peace Valley.

He was buried there.





Drawn by Edwin Lord Weeks.

KIM BEGGING IN THE MOTEE BAZAAR.

(*"Kim," by Rudyard Kipling. See page 122.*)